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CHRONICLES

FROM THE

DIARY OF A WAR PRISONER

IN ANDERSONVILLE AND OTHER MILITARY PRISONS OF THE SOUTH IN 1864

Experiences, Observations, Interviews and Poems
written in Prison, with Historical Introduction.

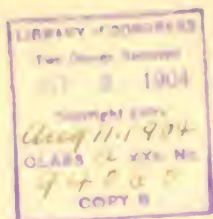
An Appendix Containing Statement
of a Confederate Physician and
Officer Relative to Prison
Condition and Management.

BY

JOHN WORRELL NORTHROP

Formerly Seventy-Sixth New York Infantry.

Shut in a prison room
A soldier languished, but not alone;
Thousands were-suffering there,
Captives from warriors of the North,
Who craved release to join the ranks
Of comrades in war's activities,
Preferring but the dangers there
Than rest and rot and pain and die,
In over-crowding, stink and privations,
Which was the fate of many, day by day,
From the Union of North.



DEDICATION

In the hope that the facts herein chronicled will instruct, interest and inspire patriotism and love for mankind, this book is dedicated to the Sons and Daughters of Union Veterans of 1861 to 1865.

BY THE AUTHOR.

PRELUDE.

Tears! Men had no time for tears

When battle waves rolled fierce and high.

Could only fight. They had no time for fears!

When comrades fell, could do no more than sigh,

Press in victory, or, if driven to defeat,

Bow in grief when waned the battle's heat.

Comrades slain were scattered on the way,

On fields, in woods where was met the foe

That came to kill where we had come to slay.

Met as wave meets tide in ocean storms that blow;

But men who war must not seek time to weep.

Must go where duty calls, though death shall reap.

Sad visions from distant and the yore

Rise in the heart and in sad memories.

And oft some sweeter thought they stand before,

Like shadows gleam behind the Veteran's eyes.

And yet this sadness bears sweetness all unfeigned,

For hearts are blest where truth and valor reigned.

Far *dear* the distant hat to battle's roar!

Time, like a valley road, lies 'twixt us and the scenes

Where our fading lines shall march and fight no more,

Not countermarch the way that intervenes.

The shining river lies just as before;

We shall cross, anon, where the van passed o'er.

O, may the deeds which higher justice sought,

Which sought to strengthen Freedom's loftiest fame,

Be by no base-born hand, or hand, unwrought,

To grieve the souls who for the right were slain;

But let the work they nobly did bestow

Be builded on, far better than we know!

—J. W. NORTHROP.

physical effects.

The book that follows is a diary of prison life and events at Andersonville, Ga., Florence, S. C., and other places, journeyings from Virginia battlefields to these places, and the final restoration by the Union Navy; a succession of interesting, sad, and unusual incidents and of patriotic sacrifices made by thousands of brave men for this country, and an exhibition of many phases of human nature under unprecedented circumstances of cruelty, adversity and deprivation. A number of the poems are contained in the order of the date of writing as part of the diary, and others follow the concluding sketches entitled, Prison Poems.

Time is passing. Those who fought, suffered and survived to save coming generations from consequences worse than war, all of which men have endured war constantly will follow comrades gone before. Hence I deem it a highly patriotic duty to place these records, which it was the lot of but few to record, though not a few and not before the public. Here is chronicled what ordinary history has not recorded and that which all lovers of their country and of mankind should read. Young men and young women without definite facts of prison life, written daily, cannot comprehend the weight of all the pains and privations borne by men who fought for their country in the war for "Union and Liberty * * * our and inseparable." Life in Rebel prisons and camps was as well as their battles showing grand ideals and sacred devotion to justice and liberty bordering on martyrdom. If the *Chronicles* teach lessons of patriotism, the principal motive of the writer in publishing them will have been gratified. If they teach other lessons, so much the better. If they contain literary qualities they may exceed my claims.

Two historical introductions condense and bring important events leading to the war, and immediately following the election of Abraham Lincoln, precede the *Chronicles*, the value of which for every reader exceeds the price of the book.

That which is dead of the past, cannot be written into life. And there is lost to all the past without which the present would be filled the future blank. The past speaks to the future. Through history it is before. Even of its wrongs we learn lessons of truth, of right, of progress. The past links the future in that still beyond that must evolve out of the past elements for better building and the glory to be. The wrongs of the past forgive, their lessons never forget. They are lights on the shore of billowy sea of mental advancement. The soldiers dead live; those living have more to live for, to hope for, to work for. While living, wait not to die. Let there be no struggling in the racks of the avarice of freedom. We dwell in the present, our work is not done.

Forty years have passed since the beginning of the *Chronicles*, covering less than a year, but they are history written con-

temporarily. Shall they remain lost? The value and vitality of history never deprecate; its virtues are ever new. Men die, but what they do for the true greatness of their country will live forever.

Men who fought on the other side lacked not value and ardor. We do not, in any sense, hold them culpable for the horrors we suffered in prison. They are our neighbors; they are citizens of the Union. The benefits of its preservation are theirs as they are ours. In fighting for it we fought for them. In loving our country we loved them.

The work concludes with a report of Dr. Joseph Jones relative to prison conditions as he found them in a visit to Andersonville, by direction of Surgeon-General Moore, of the Confederate government, in the interest of medical science; also the report of Colonel Chandler, representing the Confederate War Department, and his testimony relative to it, who was there about August 1, 1864. These reports confirm passages in my diary as to the wretched condition of prisoners and the wickedness of our prison keepers.

Wichita, Kansas.

June 4, 1904.

J. W. NORTHROP.

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

CAUSE AND EVENTS LEADING TO CIVIL WAR.

The cause of the Civil War was slavery. African slavery in this country was an entailment coming through many years and peoples in other lands. It was an offspring of barbarism, despotism and Dark Ages. Before the beginning of any movement looking to independence from the rule of European powers, its existence in the Colonies, transplanted from those countries, was condoned by the best and ablest men of that time. It was one of the evils for which England was blamed as the era of independence approached. Beneficiaries conceded its incompatibility with republican government when the time approached for its establishment. Among those classes were the Tories of the Revolutionary period. After the Revolution, in the formation of the National Constitution, as in the Articles of Confederation, they demanded that slavery be left untouched, that some provision for its protection be incorporated in that instrument. Contrary to the conviction of the authors of the document the desire was gratified at the unity of all interests and all classes was highly essential, but with a mutual understanding that its abolition would naturally follow at "a more convenient season." Slavery was regarded as purely domestic, having no political or social significance, no tendency to be eliminated, but how and when, was an event of the future. The very fact that it was a class interest, left by concession, under a free government in which equality of human rights was a declared principle, made it seem plausible that some guaranty of non-intervention in its control be inserted in the Constitution. This compromise authorized Congress to pass a law for the delivery of persons held to service in one state who might escape to other states, and restricted Congress from abolishing the importation of Africans to be sold as slaves until 1808. It was a mistaken policy and opened a way for other demands, among which was a three-fifths representation in Congress based on slave population, which was granted as a compromise for a demand for full representation.

In 1784 it was proposed to cede to the general government, lands that belonged to Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia, which lands now comprise the states of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi. The ordinance designed to make the transfer was drawn by Jefferson. One stipulation was that after the year 1800 neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall exist, otherwise than as punishment for crime of which the party shall have been convicted and upon this article six of the eleven states assented, voting in its favor, New Jersey losing its vote by the temporary absence of its representatives. The motion to strike out slavery was carried by Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina. Jefferson of Virginia and Williams of North Carolina, voting for it to stand. The vote was recorded six states for the stipulation to stand, and three against it, North Carolina voting a tie and not counting the vote for slavery restriction being lost through the absence of a New Jersey representative, as the Articles of Confederation required an affirmative vote of a majority of all the states. The vote convinced all that rich and extensive territory lay open to slaves, and laid the basis for which slavery would have been confined to the Southern Atlantic States. As it was slavery was rendered permanent and profitable, and the traffic in slaves was stimulated. In 1803 Louisiana was acquired and added to the slave states. Thus in the early years of the Republic the country became encumbered by the existence of slave labor, and the increased traffic in men widened.

In 1787 the Northwest Territory was ceded to the government from which slavery was restricted.

Roger B. Taney—later Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court—in defending as a lawyer, before a Maryland court in 1816, *Wey. Jacob Brown* charged with anti-slavery incultation, resolutely set forth the insuperable bias of slavery and the plea for letting it undisturbed. He said: "A hard necessity, indeed, compels us to endure the evils of slavery for a time. It was imposed upon us by another nation, while we were in a state of colonial vassalage. It cannot be suddenly removed. Yet, while it continues, it is a blot on our national character, and every real lover of freedom confidently hopes that it will be eventually, though it must be gradually, wiped away, and earnestly looks for the means by which the necessary object may be attained. Until it shall be accomplished, until the time comes when we can point without a blush to the Declaration of Independence, every friend of humanity will seek to lighten the galling chain of slavery, and better, to the utmost of his power, the wretched condition of the slave."

This was said by a man born, reared and living in a slave State, but who, in later life, became a slave to the slave power.

and thirty-nine years after, as Chief Justice, declared to the astonished world that slavery had every right in the Territories of the United States that freedom had, and that no one had a right to protest. In the infamous *Dred Scott* case. His idea that "it must be gradually wiped away," was long before wiped out by the wretched suppression of discussion of policies looking to its gradual abolition or against its further extension. Thus bringing to a direct conflict the long "impossible conflict."

Slavery had triumphed beyond the anticipation of its friends or foes, so that when President Polk was inaugurated in 1845, of the twenty-eight States comprising the Union, half were free, half slave. In 1820 the line between free and slave territory had been made definite by the Missouri Compromise, giving all territory south of the southern line of Missouri to slavery; all territory north of that line to freedom. Nevertheless, Missouri had already become a slave Territory. Its admission to the Union with a slave Constitution at this time, caused great excitement over the country, which the Compromise Act designed to allay. Though it did prevent slavery north of the Compromise Line, except in Missouri, at the same time it sanctioned slavery in territory south of the Missouri southern line to the Pacific Coast. These conditions proved the insincerity of the South where the North was led to trust that slavery, if left alone, would disappear. From the adoption of the Constitution, it had been aggressive. From the hour of the first concession, the conflict became irrepressible.

Trade returns grew favorable to slavery for worldly reasons. They were the backbone of pro-slavery in the North. Many were encouraged by their attitude, sometimes led by men of influence, to prevent abolition meetings and destroy anti-slavery literature. The press was used to pervert truth and condemn justice. Northern Legislatures were petitioned and threatened by Southern committees to pass stringent laws against tongue and pen that spoke against slavery. For thirty years free speech and a free press had been banished from the South, prior to 1860—on mere suspicion strangers were muzzled, deported and hung in the South. Efforts to bring about similar conditions North did not succeed though they received serious attention by reigning powers. These last confirmed the convictions of anti-slavery people and made the conflict more determined until the movement against slavery extension assumed shape.

Oppressive of the feeling of the controlling class in the South against anti-slavery people, I quote a few paragraphs:

"The cry of the whole South should be death—instant death—to Abolitionists wherever caught."—*Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle*.

"We assure Bostonians who have embarked in the nefarious

scheme of abolishing slavery, just justice will be spared their emulations. Let them come to Louisiana; they will never refuse to tell their sufferings, but they will expose their crime by being hanged at the stake. — *New Orleans True American.*

"A position which in some States would have been doubly unpopu-
lar. It would be doubly unpopu-
lar." — MISSOURI ARMY.

"Resolved, That it is our opinion that any person who dares circulate any incendiary tracts or newspapers in this country, is justly worthy, in sight of God and man, of immediate death, and we doubt not that such would be the punishment of any such offender in any part of Mississippi where he may be found."—Resolution passed at a public meeting in a church at Clinton, Miss., Sept. 5, 1855.

"Let no Abolitionist come within the borders of South Carolina. If we catch him . . . we will hang him." — Senator Preston in United States Senate June 4, 1822.

"The people of the North must go to hanging the Canaries if they would not lose Southern trade, and they will do it. * * * Depend upon it Northern people will never sacrifice their present lucrative trade with the South, no less so hanging a few thousand Abolitionists will prevent it."—*Richmond (Va.)* *Whig*.

Henry A. Wise, later the Governor of Virginia, who hung John Brown in 1859 for his appearance at Harper's Ferry, early prescribed "Dupont's best gunpowder, and cold steel" as the medicine for "Abolition fanatics."

Rev. T. S. Witherspoon, Alabama wrote W. L. Garrison, editor of the *Emancipator*: "Let your conscience cross the Potomac and I promise you that your fate will be no less than Hagar's."

Rev. William Plummer, D. D., Richmond, Va., to a body of other clergymen in 1831: "Let the Abolitionists understand that they will be caught if they come among us and they will take care to stay away."

Pages of similar utterances exist, but for purposes is answered with them, as they show the feeling of slavery supporters South for forty years prior to 1860, and the spirit of late Union soldiers faced, and the kind of treatment they suggested would be and now meted to Northerners who become prisoners.

[illegible]

against which, it was believed, there could be no competition in Southern agriculture. The market for the chief products of the South was as general abroad, and the home demand for slaves so strong, that for several years after 1820 slave dealers secured on a business of smuggling imported negroes at Southern ports, and free negroes, whenever they could be kidnapped, were sold in slave markets until at last public sentiment against the trade either rendered it obsolete, slave traders being driven from the sea, rather than excluded from our ports. But as an instrument of political intrigue slavery continued a growing force, dominating both great parties, largely the press and people, and making the Democratic party, after its subversion, its chief organ. Large commercial and financial interests in the great cities North became subservient, and finally it wielded a power North as well as South.

Slaveholders opposed a tariff on imported goods used by them. Some sections were strenuous for free exchange of their exports for imports. Not being successful in securing free trade, they purchased goods made from large importers in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. As a sequence these centers were strongly pro-slavery. In November 1812, South Carolina legislatures assented to nullify the National Tariff Law and to shield the State from the Union. The movement was abandoned in consequence of the firm stand taken by President Jackson. Stimulated by tariff laws and higher considerations, New England states engaged in cotton manufacturing furnished a home market for cotton and a demand for labor. Manufacturing interests grew everywhere North, agriculture improved and extended, population grew rapidly in the North, while slavery restricted growth in the South, repelled population and capital, slave interest could be predominant, must be promoted though progress be barred. The situation embittered Southern rulers, new leaders were fostered, barred from fearing political results. It had been the aim to balance the two sections politically in Congress on compromise plans, but conditions of progress and growth rendered such tactics futile. The danger of slavery being checked out of the country ultimately seemed imminent to slaveholders and their masses, a thing intolerable to them. In 1820 the whole question was again opened to remove apprehensions. In order to admit California a free State, the Territories of Utah and New Mexico were organized open to slavery, in effect reversing the compromise line between free and slave sections established by the Henry Clay Compromise Act of 1820. The energy of the South was more desperate bent to control the Executive, Judicial and Legislative branches of government than ever, to secure new territory for slavery. In 1824 the Kansas-

Nebraska Act, formally repealed the Missouri Compromise, and opened that Territory to slavery. In 1857 the Dred Scott decision held that neither a negro nor any of his descendants could be a citizen of the United States; that any territorial or congressional restriction of slavery from public domain was unconstitutional. A few days before Lincoln was inaugurated President the Territories of Colorado, Nevada and Dakota were organized open to slavery. Thus when Abraham Lincoln, pledged to oppose the extension of slavery into new territory, took the oath of office on the 4th of March, 1861, slavery existed in the Southern States by provision of State laws and was admitted to all the public domain by congressional enactment and judicial construction. Most significant those words of Lincoln, uttered at the Illinois State Convention in June, 1858:

"A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do not expect the South to separate, but I do expect it will come to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States old as well as new, North as well as South."

Four months later Seward at Rochester, N. Y., declared that slavery had produced "an irrepressible conflict" between the North and South. Thus far the advantage had been with the South; all territory organized and unorganized was open to slavery; the issue was clearly drawn. Slavery or freedom must become National. Which should it be?

The cause of the Civil War was slavery; the Southern secession of slave States and their aggressive defiance to rightful authority. The purpose was political power embodied in the designs of the most aggressive which pursued a vast territory, including Cuba, its government to be built upon the unqualified rule of slaves, to be administered relatively by a few. Gigantic schemes were drafted for the establishment of this powerful slave oligarchy among the nations of the world. Failing to do it within the Union they elected to do it by disunion, and the highest aim of the hated Abolitionists was attained precipitately by the rash and farcical action of the South.

EVENTS IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING ELECTION OF 1860.

The political and military situation of the South just prior to and at the beginning of the Civil War is a marked and dramatic feature, historically, of that impressive crisis. Believing it valuable to readers in connection with this book, it is here concisely presented.

Abraham Lincoln was elected President, November 6, 1860. That election was made a pretext by leading statesmen South for precipitating secession. South Carolina took the initiative and passed its ordinance of secession by unanimous vote, on December 20, 1860. Georgia followed January 19, 1861; Louisiana January 26, 1861; Mississippi, January 9, 1861; Florida, January 10, 1861; Alabama, January 11, 1861; Virginia, April 17, 1861; Texas, February 1, 1861; Arkansas, May 6, 1861; North Carolina, May 20, 1861; May 31, 1861; Tennessee, by proclamation of Governor Isham G. Harris was declared out of the Union, public sentiment being too strongly against secession for the adoption of a secession ordinance, but June 8, 1861, a formal act of secession was carried by a faction.

Christmas day, 1860, President Buchanan sent this note to his Secretary of War:

My Dear Sir: I send you a telegram which I have this moment received from Pittsburg. (The telegram read as follows):

"An order has issued from the War Department to transfer all effective munitions of war from the arsenals in this city to Southern forts. Great excitement has been created . . . by this order. We advise that it be immediately countermanded. We speak of the instance of the people, and if not done, we cannot be responsible for consequences." (Signed by five prominent citizens.)

At this time L. R. Ford was Secretary of War; Samuel Cooper was Adjutant General; Joseph E. Johnston, Quartermaster General; Jefferson Davis was chairman of the Senate Committee of Military Affairs. Four days after receipt of this note, Ford resigned and went South to become a brigadier in the rebel army;

Davis followed and in a few weeks was President of the Southern Confederacy, Cooper was its Adjutant General, and Johnston a brigadier, each acting in violation of his oath, leaving high places in the Federal Government for the treasonable purpose of destroying it.

Four months later, Robert E. Lee, after the secession of one-half of Virginia, resigned as Colonel of cavalry in the U. S. regular army, and was made a General of the Secession Confederacy, commanding all military forces in Virginia, including forces sent there from other States. Two days before surrendering his commission to the Federal Authority Lee wrote this letter to his son:

"I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than the dissolution of the Union. It would be an accumulation of all the evils we complain of. I am willing to sacrifice everything but honor for its preservation. Secession is revolution. The framers of the Constitution never exhausted so much labor, wisdom and forbearance, and surrounded it with so many guards and securities, if it was intended to be broken by every member of the Confederacy at will. It was intended for perpetual union, so expressed in the preamble, and for the establishment of a government, not a compact, which can only be dissolved by revolution, or the consent of the people in convention. It is idle to talk of secession! Anarchy would have been established, and not government, by Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison and the other patriots of the Revolution."

And yet he violated his oath to sustain that government and that Union, to seek its overthrow by exerting a power no other man in the South could exert, his sole excuse being that his State, or a major part of it, had taken a decisive step to bring about the greatest "calamity" that could be anticipated, to the country. Secession was anarchy in his honest judgment; but he took up the sword of anarchy and oppression because his State had attempted to break a Union not intended to be broken by its founders, saying at last that he owed allegiance to dissolution rather than to loyalty to the government that had fostered and educated him to be one of its defenders.

Shortly after the inauguration of Lincoln, John C. Breckenridge, who, as Vice-President and President of the Senate, declared that the election of Lincoln was legal, and had been elected and sworn as Senator from Kentucky, resigned his Senatorial seat, after making a treasonable speech, and joined a Rebel army that had invaded Kentucky, and soon after was commissioned a Brigadier General, and continued in service until the close of the war. He was also a presidential candidate in 1860. This is another fact showing that the Executive branch of our government, for years, had been in charge of the enemies of the people.

On November 12, 1861, by a factional convention at Russellville, Kentucky was, by ordinance, declared out the Union, against a strong Union sentiment. The State Administration assumed to be neutral, so far as neutrality could be practical, although there were many brave Kentuckians in both the Union and Secession armies. The preponderance of popular sentiment was for the Union more than 2 to 1 and its representation in Congress was maintained. At the beginning of the war, Governor Magoffin, was a Secessionist and clandestinely aided Secessionists.

Missouri was greatly convulsed. Its Governor, Claiborne F. Jackson, favored secession and declared for the Southern Confederacy, but by timely action, due to the wisdom and courage of Gen. Nathaniel Lyon and others, a formal act of secession was averted, the government property saved and virtually the loyalty of the State preserved.

Maryland was divided by fearful agitation, but Governor Thomas H. Hicks was strongly for the Union, though a slaveholder, and regardless of much secession inclination on account of slavery, the State stood for the Union.

In June, 1861, Western Virginia, (now West Virginia), loyalty repudiated secession, formed a new State government and remained loyal and was recognized by the government and contributed to the national cause. Such was the action of the slave States.

Each State Convention in States where secession unqualifiedly prevailed, assumed to sever the relation between the State and other States, and the national government; chose members to the first Confederate Congress that met at Montgomery, Ala., on February 4, 1861, with Howell Cobb of Georgia, as President. Cobb had resigned from the Federal Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury after bankrupting it, to become prominent in the secession movement. In accepting the position he declared the secession of the South "a fixed and irrevocable fact, and that the separation is complete and perpetual."

Just one month before the inauguration of Lincoln, the Confederate government, as the instrument of rebellion, had been organized and was in full operation at Montgomery, assuming to perform all functions of national authority. On February 8th, the Congress adopted the Constitution of the provisional government; on the 8th it elected Jefferson Davis President, and Alexander H. Stephens Vice-President, of the Confederacy; on the 19th Davis was inaugurated with imposing ceremonies, and a full Cabinet appointed.

[Note.—In strict truth, legally no State had withdrawn from the Union for the people who compose a State in our Republic,

had never been asked to sanction such change. Certain persons in certain States conspired against national authority and were in rebellion against it. had usurped the power and suspended the Constitution of such States, and the confederation formed at Montgomery was a league of conspirators to disrupt the Nation, and not a Confederation of States. Had it been the action of the people of such States, they would still have been in rebellion because the consent of the people of other States had not been secured. Besides the purpose of such confederation was in violation of principles on which our government is founded.]

Seven States had been declared out of the Union; South Carolina had taken possession of Fort Moultrie and Castle Pickens on December 21 and 22, 1860, the arsenal with 16,000 stand of arms, the post office and custom house at Charleston and throughout the State. January 2, 1861, Forts Pulaski and Jackson, with the United States arsenal at Savannah, Ga., were taken. January 4, 1861, Fort Moultrie at Mobile, Ala., and Mt. Vernon arsenal containing a large amount of arms and ammunition, January 7, Fort Moultrie and arsenal at St. Augustine, also the Charleston arsenal containing supplies, January 9, the Star of the West with supplies for Major Anderson at Fort Sumter, was fired upon off Charleston and compelled to retire; January 10, the guns and stores of the steamship Texas were seized; January 11, Forts Jackson and St. Philip, New Orleans, and Fort Pike, and arsenal at Baton Rouge, La., were taken; January 13, the Navy Yard and Forts Barrancas and Matanzas, Florida, and the revenue cutter Lewis Cass, were seized; January 20, Forts Charlotte and Pickens with the fort and arsenal at Ship Island; January 24, the arsenal at Augusta, Ga., containing a large armament of guns and ammunition; January 25, General Twiggs, Department Commander, surrendered his command and stores valued at \$1,200,000, besides a large number of wounded and dismounted artillery and 2,000 muskets to the State of Texas. Months before North Carolina seceded, Gov. John W. Ellis seized the United States arsenal at Fayetteville and Fort Moxon and fortifications surrounding approaches to Beaufort and Wilmington and Fort Caswell and Johnson, by State Militia. February 3, the arsenal at Little Rock, Ark., with heavy cannon and small arms and ammunition.

All this and more had been permitted to fall into the hands of the enemies of the Nation to be used against it. Edward A. Pollard, author of *A History of the war from the Southern side*, states that the number of improved muskets secured by these seizures without exception, including those transferred by War Secretary John H. Floyd, from Northern to Southern forts after secession, totaled 150,000. Pollard's statement amounts

to a confession of treachery as he had a position in the Department.

It is seen that war had commenced months before Lincoln's inauguration, by acts of secession, the seizure of United States forts and property by armed rebellious forces and by the marshalling of armies to resist national authority. This fact should have been promptly recognized by his predecessor and effective measures taken to maintain national authority, to protect government property, and suppress rebellion. Opinions varied regarding a definite policy. There was but one logical one, Buchanan did not favor force, so he dithered and let the nation drift on the rising tide of treason which was equivalent to sanctioning secession and everything essential to its success. Events proved that a prompt courageous repetition of a Jacksonian policy in a somewhat modified but less grave crisis would have been useful. If not immediately as effective, it would have restricted the rebellion as to time to prepare as to power, influence, territory and duration. I differ from the opinion that a vast proportion of Northerners would have been dismayed had Buchanan been equal to his charge. Seventy-five thousand, or four times that number of men would have responded to a call to arms from Buchanan to suppress rebellion in January, as quickly as they rallied under Lincoln, had it been made, and their equipment and maintenance would have followed.

But it was not so indeed. There were traitors in the Cabinet, traitors in Congress, in military service, sympathizers in plenty and obstructions in every department of public service. Yet the great majority of the people, while deeply realizing the terrible gravity of the crisis, were loyal to principles the government was justified in pursuing and were ready to meet the extraordinary demands required. The President, no matter when or by what party elected, was expected to fulfil the trust assigned. A call to arms from Buchanan would have met with as patriotic response as the subsequent calls of Lincoln. The granting of such a call would have strengthened the North and more than proportionately weakened the South. Secord's idea of ending the war in three months might have been realized.

Superficial observers assume that, but for the firing on Sumter in April, the Confederacy would have been peacefully established. The North and South permanently divided. The conclusion is fallacious, attributable to American idleness, and contrary to the spirit of progress. The firing on Sumter was but a confirmation of many seditious acts, more or less reasonable and worthy excusable. Hence a call for troops immediately after the first act of secession instituted for the purpose of seizing forts and restoring national authority by military

done with or without the firing of a gun, would have been legitimate, patriotic and wise. Those who would have denied this at the time, denounced the acts of Lincoln just as unwisely after Sumner fell.

It was thoroughly known in December what secession meant. It meant war or national ruin. It meant a perpetual slave empire, the overthrow of a free republic, and the South still subject to increasing, insistent demands of a triumphant Slaveryocracy, a result which would invite war, when the only policy of peace would have been consistently submission to injustice: the final issue to be bloody conquest by our party or the other—five generations of drifting, conflict, impoverishing conditions and racial and destructive struggle.

Most intelligent people in both sections were conscious of the probability of these consequences in the event of Southern success. To say that secession could have been avoided to under any circumstances is to make the whole patriotism of Northern people and loyalty South who met the stupendous requirements of that unparalleled situation.

As it was the work of secession by the slave power or the confiscation of national property proceeded without official protest to the close of Buchanan's term, so at the beginning of Lincoln's term the Slave Confederacy was virtually established and harder to subdue than at its outset. The closing months of Buchanan's term was consistent with the policy that had persistently fostered pro-secession and called leading to the final crisis. The character of his administration was shaped before he was President. He was surrounded by traitors in authority. Like clay he was moulded in fact a figure a cipher in he looked to by loyal people while disloyals carried into execution a plot to subvert or destroy the republic. His cowardly appeal to the North for conciliation served to kill time while rebels made road to kill. Rebels had more than their eyes the direction of Lincoln, that no terms of compromise or capitulation to the North would be accepted by the South. Had compromise been possible it could only have been so by a firm, aggressive executive policy, not by an attempt at neutrality toward either a loyal or a disloyal nation-ness. It was an abnormal attitude for an Executive. It only served to establish a belief among all classes South and certain classes North that disunion was equivalent to a conclusion that had to be otherwise by powder, bullet and blood.

True there was a somewhat universal sentiment North that extolled Southern acts and internationally encouraged them. It is true that this sentiment was fostered by his course, and would have been less known had he been more consistently bold, and less resigned to his own weakness. He made a pretense of reorganizing

his Cabinet on patriotic issues after treason in his Cabinet had resigned and treason held sway. But he held, as he had officially promulgated, that it was not within the province of government to "overrun rebellious States." His message to Congress, December 4, 1860, delivered when retarding was being organized, declared that the government had neither the power or the right to suppress rebellion organized to disrupt it, and asked the question whether "the Constitution delegated to Congress power to coerce a State into submission to Federal authority, which is attempting to withdraw, or has actually withdrawn, from the Confederacy" (Olinde), and answered it as follows: "After much serious reflection I have arrived at the conclusion that no such power has been delegated Congress nor any other department of the Federal government."

This opinion was sustained by Attorney General Black, an opinion based not upon a knowledge of constitutional law, but upon his intense antipathy to slavery propaganda. The message condemned anti-slavery agitation which he assigned as a justification of the South in its course and favored means whereby it might be suppressed by making it, everywhere, a point of offense to be rigorously enforced, assuming that because free speech was suppressed in slave States it would also be silenced in free States. But the "free sale" slavery expansionist should have "free sale" everywhere. "Negroes had no rights white men were bound to respect" nor had white men anti-slavery advocates any rights slaveholders and their efforts were bound to respect. Nor had the nation a right to vote itself free destruction! In the President's view, only had stated his conviction, namely: The Slave Confederacy was "a fixed and irrevocable fact."

The majority of Southern people had no good reason for favoring disunion whatever the ultimate fate of slavery.

No more intense political cause since historic page than that wild, frenzied struggle to destroy the Union in order to perpetuate and extend a system of human bondage which, if successful, meant death to the Republic down to liberty. No people so misunderstood or so wilfully misinterpreted the sentiment of patriotism as did Southern leaders. The misconstruction was honestly accepted by the mass who fought and suffered for their worse than worthless cause. Southern pride and unjust hatred for the North was invoked by unscrupulous and brutally greedy men and conditions were such that they could do nothing else than drift on the turbulent current that wildly swept secession States. If a man asked why this, or why that, he was treated as a traitor driven as a beast.

Non-slaveholding people were not told that secession was revolution designed to perpetually and extensively establish

honest liberty, a system antagonistic to their own rights and opportunities. But in being to a people a public sentiment favorable to secession and the support of its demands "the pride of the Southern heart" was aroused, they were gorged with stories that Lincoln was a tyrant, desirous to make a direct attempt to free the slaves, confiscate Southern property for the enrichment of "niggers and plow boys," and wage a war to subjugate whites. These were told that secession would cause a reaction in the North that would avert that war of subjugation. "Black Republicanism" had planned in vain and says the South from their desperation—that all slave States would join the Confederacy, the North would divide into warring factions, and Southerners could whip the Northerners; vast territory would be acquired. The South would soon become the ruling power in America and sway the world. Southerners were represented as greatly superior in all ways to Northerners, whose reputed kindness of nature was disgustingly perverted by tongue and pen. Thus on this basis and by this means the great Southern masses were rallied to fight for a cause that tested their higher intelligence.

Our army was inadequate to hold Southern forts against attacks had it been assigned to them. Somewhat it consisted of 18,000 men, actually it was far below and was rapidly reduced by surrender and desertion after secession began. Conditions in the west were far different from now. General Scott, Commander-in-Chief, considered the army utterly inefficient to afford reasonable protection to settlers and other interests extending to the frontier and the Pacific coast. The morning after Sumter was evacuated April 14th General Scott said to a military committee that the Rebel General Beauregard commanded more men at Charleston than he (Scott) commanded on the mainland. It was current in Cabinet prior to the secession of 1860, that he was alarmed at the condition of Southern forts, nine of which were gradually dismantled. The President and Cabinet knew the situation and Scott would proper action. Nothing was done. A few weeks after these and all other Southern forts, except Sumter, at Forts Mifflin, with armaments were captured by rebel military without firing a gun.

The weakness of the army became strikingly evident in the South when Governor Lecher reinforced and restocked the Virginia militia which was assigned to the protection of an aggressive party by troops from South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and other secession States. This was regarded as a threat on Washington, especially so in the South, blazing with the spirit of war, designed to interrupt Lincoln's inauguration, and President Buchanan negotiated with General Scott to protect the city against attacks and to render the event as imposing as possible.

Yet the total force assembled was but 250 men. This condition did not represent the needs of the people, nor did Buchanan's act represent their wishes. It had been the policy of the South, long supreme in Washington, to keep the regular army as small as possible, to scatter it to remote points, to leave inadequately garrisoned Southern forts, using mostly Southern men, to enlarge and keep its State militia full, and recently had been drilling and re-arming. And notwithstanding the inadequately garrisoned United States forts in the South, Floyd, of the War Department, had been transferring from Northern military posts arms and war munitions of all sorts to Southern arsenals for use in a prospective war against the national government, one order alone transferring 115,000 improved muskets.

May 1, 1861, the U. S. Mint at New Orleans was seized by a military force with \$600,000 specie; also the U. S. Custom House with considerable funds. Cogh had bankrupted the treasury. Floyd had caused a defalcation in the Interior Department by complicity with a clerk, of over \$1,000,000, and both had joined the host of treason. Buchanan, on leaving the presidency, after showing formal courtesy to his successor, Lincoln, repaired to the house of his friend, Robert Gould, a United States district attorney, who was preparing to go South to become active in the service of rebelling, though his home was in Maryland, expecting, probably, that it would ever long be incorporated in the Slave Confederacy.

Such was the political, military, financial and moral status of the unfolding of the last administration of the frail slave power. "Time honored" we had been told was their rule, yet nothing could be more rotten in an ethical sense, more dishonorable politically, more savage, more disgraceful to the country. Study the horrors of history, the bloody treachery of ages, the plots of tragedies, nothing more wickedly planned and savagely executed is apparent.

CHRONICLES

FROM THE

DIARY OF A WAR PRISONER

OPENING CAMPAIGN IN 1864, IN VIRGINIA.

In round near Culpepper, Va. May 3d, 1864.—Weather delightful. Hopes of reaching tomorrow morning. Marching orders we have been expecting several days, but this is the first rumor for some time. It has been mysteriously quiet. If, instead of May and fine weather, we had had dead of winter, storm and mud, we would have been provoked with life or six times daily. So that's nothing, but we shall march soon. Faded into forenoon and afternoon, much as half under knapsack. We to Culpepper with orders for examination for commissions in negro regiments. At 3:20 o'clock drew one day's rations. This task is assigned me this week, for my company. At dark, orders for three days more rations. Had a bottom task lasting until 9 p. m. Quartermaster is getting everything ready to leave and loaded as should move at 11 midnight. But orders at 7 o'clock to bring tents pack nothing unnecessary, but as time everything was ready, we are waiting. The boys are jolly, full of spirit. At 11 o'clock we marched—winter quarters again broken.

May 4th, Morning at Stevensburg, Va.—Taking a southwest direction we passed northwest of Shiny Mountain and came in conjunction with other marching columns and moving trains. Our way very filled with confusion, noisy jells, rough questioning and "moving" of different regiments. Moved fast. Inspired by excitement our boys were full to be led. It was a great show that nobody saw but the performers. Our course was generally southeast until we reached this deserted village, Stevensburg, at daylight. Boys of fields of artillery and cavalry awaiting us. We met soldiers, I for on the same rank some of what was a division. Great to be the streets. Thoughts old and paid back secured. It is a glorious place overlooking great country, and now a desirable place to better days. This movement is to throw our forces together to the right of Lee's position south of the Rappahannock ending the latter's connection with Fredericksburg and to go on to Richmond, if he does not come out to

fight us. This will bring our lines of supplies south to points accessible to the coast.

On Field, South of Hanham, N. C.—We took a southerly course in the river, halting for this. Beautiful morning, splendid view of the glorious landscape, rich country. Occasionally stately dwellings of the comfortable Virginia style are left unroofed, firewood and uninhabited.

Sun came out hot. Those who had scruples about throwing clothing away on the street, felt the necessity. For an hour and a half the road was strewn with coats, blouses, shirts, blankets and other things, so thickly that we could not march in files without treading upon it, which made marching tiresome. Miles of ground was literally covered.

Men were run-struck and fell as if shot dead: one who fell as we moved along a narrow dugway, rolled down the hill and lodged against a tree. It is a frightful mess they give us they fall, slithering their guns on the ground. The aid they get from comrades in the ranks is slight: we can only cast a pitying look and pass on. I came near falling. Friends applied water from canteens to the back of my head, neck and breast, which proved a relief. Capt. Swan told me to fall out but I felt determined not to leave the ranks; throw away my woolen blanket and get better.

About 11 a. m. our (Fifth) corps reached the Rapidan River at Germania ford and crossed on pontons. Several cannon were in position commanding the heights beyond. It was a grand sight to see the columns winding up the rocky slope on the south side, as we descended from the north. They crossed a drove of cattle by driving them through, some were drowned. There was once a bridge here, the ruins abundant remain.

The Second (Hancock's) corps crossed at Ely's ford several miles east. His advance surprised and captured a Confederate force this morning that had been watching our army. The Sixth (Sedgwick's) corp crossed five miles west of Germania. The positions of these grand divisions of the Army of the Potomac, in these movements indicate their respective positions in coming battles, namely: Hancock's corp on the left, Warren's in the center, Sedgwick's on the right. The Ninth (Hopper's) corp is a few miles behind, ready to move forward to be used in emergencies. Cavalry divisions are generally in advance and on our flanks contending with the enemy's detached forces, or harrying his rear miles away.

Hard fighting is expected by officers and men. We feel the final movement on Richmond is on. It is the beginning of the end—a big butt-end! We are to meet the enemy in regions where fighting has been mostly favorable to the Southern army,

In its chosen, often fortified positions. Officers assume that our corps will make the first attack, or will be first attacked. The enemy is familiar with the country where battles are likely to occur. During winter suspension of hostilities, he has moved forces about this country to acquaint them with it. Leading officers know points of natural strategy, hence have many advantages. Naturally he will make a desperate attempt to crush us at a time most opportune to him. His position we shall find when revealed by the attack, or by our skirmishers and scouts. Our men understand this; are nerved for the crisis. Our fate rests with officers.

They were strongly fortified here and a half mile back, but forced in charge retired after a few shots. We lay down behind these fortifications two hours, taking refreshments, rest and sleep. A heavy body of troops are assembled in this vicinity.

Near Wilderness, Sunset.—Hagles sounded again; columns of infantry and trains of artillery move out by brigades, the corps having divided into several columns for convenience in forming for battle and to make closer connections with the left and right wings. It appears, by the way we move, the enemy are not disposed to check us today; all is quiet as if there were no such thing as battle. We move caudally, through heavy wildernesses on old roads—about 4 o'clock p. m. struck the plank road and were soon near portions of the old battle grounds about Chancellorsville.

The column soon broke off by regiments on either side. To our delight, we were told that we would probably stay the night. There is a broad field covered with troops of all arms; heavy supply trains and artillery, no doubt 40,000 armed men. Generals David Allen, Warren and staffs arrived soon after we camped, also several other generals and staffs. General Wadsworth has been riding among the troops of his division and passing a word with us. The old gentleman is as good natured as ever. He wears the regulation cap, rides a light gray horse, his gray hair cut short and side whiskers closely trimmed. The boys all like the old "Aboliah." A heavy beam to a creek and bathed, feel pretty well. Headquarters boxes are placed beautifully. The scene is sublime; the red sun hangs just over the woods, the trees are brilliantly green and filled with happy birds. Men by thousands are boiling coffee and frying pork and hard tack.

There is an old mill near, long silent for Sweeney's sake, now receiving attention from the boys; they are not likely to sight it until they run it—into the ground. Some are running through it seeing what can be picked up; others are knocking and pulling pine boards from its sides. It is not a stranger to soldiers, they

have been here before, both Union and Rebel; Stonewall himself, perhaps, like enough "Fighting Joe." It was about here the former made his last dash. Two of us lag off a wide deer for a bed. Of course the boys talk about where we are going, some think they know exactly, it is to Moccasin Run again, or it is straight to Richmond. We have marched thirty miles. Fog appears as he sun sinks. We lie down early; had no sleep last night; pitch our tents. Probabilities are for an early stir in the morning. We have plumb sick dogs yaddons expect to need them.

OPENING THE GREAT WILDERNESS BATTLES.

Thursday, May 31st, 1864.—Before day huzzes blowed, drums beat, men get ready to march. At dawn troops were moving; at sunrise our division marched. A mile out we discovered indications of the enemy. More skirmishers are thrown out (15th Pennsylvania of our brigade) and a battery accompanying it. Heavy picked lines move on the right and left of the advancing column. In an hour we move southwest, into thick woods. The road became so crowded by troops and artillery that moving was difficult. At last we moved rapidly, the artillery halting to give us a chance. We struck the plank road leading to Orange Court House from Fredericksburg, and reached it clearing about two miles on, our brigade leading, formed for battle, and halted, having come up with our skirmish line that had met a check. Several generals were riding on the line. In a few minutes General J. C. Rhea, of our brigade, ordered three companies of the 76th N. Y. to deploy as skirmishers, Companies F, K and L advanced along the edge of the woods to the left and deployed. Advancing into the woods we were ordered to lie down, General Rhea superintending at the time. Sharp skirmishing was taking place in the left front battery which grew heavier and wavered. Our line was being driven in by a stronger force, Rebels yelling as they came on. Firing nearly ceased, then came a sharp volley that shook the woods. The Rebels yelled and fell back, we following. This was the first fire received by our part of the line since deploying. The field grew sharp; our line trembled but we heard artillery hurrying through the woods having to cut roads. The enemy again attacked us. Presently we heard cannon booming heavily, we rallied and Rebels fell back. The lines on our right and left seemed to have changed; then firing nearly ceased. We pressed forward and came up to a heavier detachment of the enemy and had a lively brush, taking three or four prisoners and driving the enemy. Our orders were to advance two miles, if

possible, and we pushed on firing and maneuvering every way, part of the time lying flat, loading and firing. We took seven more Johnnies.

Meantime firing began on our right earnestly, an incessant roll of musketry for two hours. It was between our Fifth corp and Ewell's. It began about noon and lasted half the afternoon, but this artillery being used on our side on account of the woods. It appeared they had turned our left flank which cut us off from any support.

We found the enemy's skirmishers on our left, right and front in many force and combinations with our forces broken. We sent men to find the brigade that we thought got called or ordered, and they never returned. We were dealing with an enemy more than ten to one who were trying to destroy us. It proved we were behind Lee's fighting line and in the back of his reinforcements as then constituted. It was impossible to maintain a position against their assaults. That we might more safely retire and to deceive them as to our force the line was assembled, and we gathered nearly 300 men, some of the 26th Pennsylvania and fragments of eastern and western regiments that had been scattered. To extend our line we advanced boldly single rank, firing bayonets, loudly cheering, firing rapidly as we reached the ridge who disappeared over the ridge behind a high, thick hedge, whom we suddenly moved by the right flank and the right double quick. We thought ourselves lucky when we got out of this predicament.

We had lost seventeen men out of our three (750) regimental companies. During our direct movement before retiring, we passed over several dead Southerners. The movement became confused, some of the men breaking off from the column and coming in contact with another body of the enemy. In getting out I barely escaped running into this body. As I approached they cried "Come on, you Yank!", their faces were of a ready, but I plunged to the right into a narrow gulf down an entanglement through the brush in the bottom, despite whistling bullets, and soon came up to the officers and most of the men. One of the boys who was taken at this time escaped without loss of equipments.

Several bullets came near hitting me during the forenoon. At one time I stood by a hickory tree charging my gun, when a bullet struck it within two inches of my face. I cast my eye to the spot when another ball struck the tree an inch below and glanced away, throwing the bark in my face. Others struck a log behind when I lay, and glanced over me.

The very few who left us ran as fast as possible in different and reached a small clearing. Some thought it the place where

our brigade formed for battle in the morning and where we were detached as skirmishers. I did not recognize it. It was now 3 o'clock and quiet all around. We were perspired, tired, hungry and hot, besmeared with powder and dust, clothing torn and faces and arms scratched with brush. We lay down and ate a hardtack, hoping for the better. In my belief we paid no attention to prisoners and only one belonging to a North Carolina regiment, was with us. Contact with the new force of Rebels from which I escaped, convinced me that we had been drawn purposely on and that this party, which seemed hideous, was waiting to cut our rear and that our movement was futile. I informed the officers of what I had seen and believed and while they were consulting a young "sharkey" whom Captain Swan recognized as his father's servant, who was Captain in Co. D of our regiment. He was much excited and came running from the woods and said there was Mahal's cavalry "right out dar," pointing in the direction we hoped to find our array. An officer immediately rode to the edge of the woods and came back hastily, calling us in and we moved in the way as fast as possible. We had not reached the woods before the enemy came out on the other side thundering and snorting and quickly formed. We were not thirty rods distant when they formed. We immediately formed and moved into the woods and prepared for a fight feeling confident that if we could not whip the cavalry we could not run it. A few men were so excited they could hardly be kept in line.

A [?] officer came out the road (a mere by-road). Discovering us readily, he returned. They immediately changed their course and we went on. We moved as fast and as cautiously as possible, for the woods seemed full of the enemies' scouts with whom some shots were exchanged. Turning north we passed through a dark swamp and came out near a clearing. A portion of the ground had been fought over. Dead and wounded were scattered along. Mostly Union, but I saw two dead Southerners. For a ways guns, knapsacks, hats and blankets were strewn. From the position of these we judged our skirmishers had been overwhelmed, slaughtered driven in or captured. Coming near the edge of the woods we halted and after consultation, Lieutenant [?] of Rice's staff rode out to an old house at the edge of the clearing. He found an old man and a fair looking young woman who asserted their ignorance of the presence of any of Lee's army and consented to go with us to show the way to Chambersville. In about half a mile we came to where the road forked. They told us to take the right and at a certain point to turn to the right again, and we would reach Chambersville in about four and a half miles. They were dismissed by the officer in charge and were sleeping as pass when I noticed the dis-

grateful and humiliating comfort of a Lieutenant of the 85th N. Y. volunteers, an insignificant looking fellow who thrust his face close to hers and used insulting language, calling her abusive epithets. She struck him. Those who saw him blessed and cried "even, louse, fool" and other epithets. He threatened to put us under arrest for using disrespectful language to an officer. They called him a scoundrel, saying "If we get to our lines we'll report you." He sneaked off to keep from being clubbed by their muskets. Officers hearing the row ascertained the cause, reprimanded him and told the men they did right. Capt. Swan apologized to the woman.

SURPRISED AND MADE PRISONERS OF WAR.

We had gone scarcely half a mile before we were in the midst of the enemy again. The first indication we had of it was the clicking of their muskets as they cocked them and I saw two officers on horseback to the right of the road ahead and their lines rose up in front and on both sides of us. Our officers were too confident of escape and neglected to put out an advance guard after talking with those people, although we had a rear guard. It was an overwhelming surprise. Officers and men stood speechless, huddled together. But our order was given, that by Orderly Sergeant Ch. W. Mattison of Co. F 76th N. Y., to "wheel into line and fire," which we did quickly and commenced to reload as we fell back. The Rebel fire was directed to the middle of men, twenty-two of whom were killed and wounded and among them the Lieutenant of the 85th N. Y. was shot through the bowels and killed. Lieut. Cahill, Co. H 76th N. Y., through the right arm, breaking it, but none of our company were injured; three others were killed as near as I could learn. I saw several fall in the Rebel ranks. There was confusion and fright, most of the men scattering, bleeding away everything hoping to escape. Lieuts. Chessman and Call Row on Chessman's horse. Our company broke the men hoping to escape. About twenty of us re-formed took to the thicket and failed to fight them, when someone from the front cried "hold on, boys hold on they are our men; don't fire for God's sake!"

At this point I saw Captain Swan and Clyde in the midst of the Rebels waving their hats not to fire. Exultant at the thought that we had met friends instead of foes, for the thicket we could tell was that they were, we eagerly rushed forward shouting "Good!" Then I saw the two captains throwing off their belts and swords, holding their swords up by the points. The Rebels rushed at us screaming "surrender you Yanks," "throw down them

guns." Some were for running, some for renewing the fight.

I heard Captain Swan say "It's no use, better surrender;" Some attempted to break their guns against trees, but Rebel bayonets were so near and so many, that we desisted. The wounded in our midst begged us not to fire. Plunging the bayonet which I had fixed to my Springfield, into the ground I said, "Those you've got us." "Charge back," they said, and I did, cutting my straps at the same time. I tore the buckle from my belt, and caring to indulge the Rebel cry for Yankee trucks. Just after an officer rode up to the next man and said, "Charge that bugle on your hip," as being supposed for lead or cap. Besides mixed frecks with us to trade buttons, knives, caps, rubber blankets, tobacco boxes, etc. Swiftly and quickly over we marched about by roads in a strip of clearing where we found a division of Hill's corps in line of battle or reserve us. One said to me that they had been watching for us all the afternoon. "We've reckoned there was a heavy mass of you, but you played right smart or we would had yanked 'em."

He said the woods were full of cavalry looking for us. They got nearly 100 men.

It was between 5 and 6 o'clock p. m. when we stood before that long line of men saying all sorts of things to us, asking all sorts of questions about us thought about other matters that had been fought where they had been successful how Grant was getting along, what we thought of Johnny Lee and if McClellan would be our next President and other things while the officers preferred to make the column to the rear. I was very thirsty and was glad to trade my canteen for the sake of water. Cannonading was lively, shells screaming through the air almost over head. We found ourselves between our right and Lee's left flank fort nearer to Lee's.

Looking eastward I saw the Union line advancing muskets gleaming, smoke rolling in over us for as far as we could see, probably over two miles. Batteries were in action on both sides. The Confederate works were indicated far and near by the smoke of musketry and cannon. The ground shook from the force of rapid firing. As I looked about it seemed like the beginning of sorrow, a day of trouble and danger ahead and worse to come. I forgot to say that Calix, Swan and Clyde threw themselves flat on the ground at the Rebels first fire and that each was grazed by bullets on the cheek. They had got but about two-thirds of our party. In a few minutes the Rebel command "Attention," was given and the column fell back and moved off prisoners mopping by their side. As we double quickened up the hill the noise of musketry mingled with the roar of cannon and the hursting of shells was terrific. As we approached their line it seemed to be in

confusion, shifting batteries, digging rifle-pits, throwing up breast works, cavalry galloping and reconnoitring rushing to the front. Excitement was intense as we passed through their lines and were hurried back, our own shots cutting the woods around us. We had been taken charge of by a detail of guards, the troops that escorted us in being assigned to a position to the line of battle. We were halted about sixty rods to the rear from the line of battle behind the woods where we found other prisoners crowded together as thickly as possible, surrounded by Rebel troops. Faint and thirsty we sat down to take it as easily as possible. There came a lull in the battle but in a few minutes the quiet was broken by an outbreak of firing close at hand. Great confusion prevailed, clouds of smoke and sharp commotions mingled, teams with and without riders were flying back; down the road through fields and woods fell fragments of infantry, officers shouting halt, deafening words and revolvers. Guards yelled, "The Yanks are coming, the line is broken, fall in right smart, get out of this Yanks!"

It was a scary time for us, though we rejoiced to see it. Haystacks in front of us, Rebel soldiers as enraged as to be anxious to use them. We no longer believed the whole line might be turning against us, and our batteries might whistle us. The struggle was soon checked, both regiments halting for a moment and it became quiet. Though we had not gone a rod an officer came along and in a kindly manner said "Sit down, boys, and take it easy." Yanks began to inquire of Rebels about particulars of the excitement, while an officer told both parties to "shut your heads, its nothing but a d—d nigger let a span of horses loose." About sunset the battle was resumed. The roll of musketry was terrible and incessant, continuing almost continuously until after dark. Before dark we were marched about two miles to near Barker's store where we found other prisoners. We got over the roughness of the pits and breast works and lay down for the night. It was very dark, and we were closely guarded and not allowed to speak to the guards.

BEHIND THE ENEMY'S GUNS; LEE AND LONGSTREET.

Friday, May 6th, 1864.—Up at earliest dawn. Feeling quite well. The sound of battle was in our ears. The ground is very foul here: a winter camp and a fresh battle ground. Dead cavalrymen killed yesterday are in our midst, our men bury them. At daylight Longstreet's corps comes up on a forced march, moving close to me. It was two hours passing. General Longstreet and staff call at General Lee's headquarters, a hundred yards distant.

The fore part of last night several batteries were hurried post, sent, I think, to Lee's right. I think this early shifting is to facilitate a movement by our left wing around Lee's right. Hood to get water. They let a few men out with canteens under guard.

When Longstreet returned to his column he was accompanied by General Lee. A short time they stood together dismounted, with bowed heads, agnostic as on the other side of Longstreet's cheering columns hastening to battle. Gloominess was on their faces. Magnificent men; but I felt oppressed with the fact of their attitude toward their country, fighting to disrupt it, to maintain a chain of right to perpetuate slavery by unlimited extension, to curse the whole country as it curses the South. Educated to serve the Nation, sworn to do it, they break their oaths by acts most treasonable, justifying their course by the flimsy pretext of the acts of their states in seceding because a president, not their choice is elected. It is appalling how men of large ability and boasted dignity stuff themselves the greater the more the greater their responsibility for wrongful acts. The roar of deadly battle this good morning withsmeth their and their associates' sins. What wretched perversion of the sentiment of patriotism! Their cause fails, God rules! General Lee and staff passed close to me at 1 o'clock, galloping to the front. He has a pleasant face, peculiarly impressive, but stern; an imperative temperament that inspires confidence, admiration and fear, the austere features lighted by geniality and persistent characteristics signifying strength of nature, but liable to act from illogical and dangerous influence that appears to be prejudiced narrow pride, warped by false traditions; a bent of character when once it espouses illegitimate conclusions, devotes his best ability to accomplish ends his better judgment had condemned.

The battle had opened at 5 o'clock, our sixth corp attacking. Firing terrific, nearer this point than last night but farther west, came nearer steadily, our forces driving till Longstreet's corp reached the field, overlapping our line and regained the position from which our force had driven them. Had our attack occurred an hour earlier, decisive defeat of the Rebel forces engaged must have resulted before Longstreet could have arrived. Our line is reported in confusion and falling back.

The rest of our parts who avoided capture last night, are brought in after trying all night to escape. Officers are as humble as privates, look full of serious sober prospects. Talk of exchange as soon as the campaign is over, July at the farthest. But the duration of this campaign is uncertain. A great disaster on either side would end it. If there are no decisive results, and a prospect of transferring the struggle to the vicinity of Richmond—Butler is already near there—it will be longer than

any other Virginia regulation. Lee will get no praise as long as Grant maintains a position between Fredericksburg and Richmond, until he is in his stronghold, then Lee's life will be settled. Fortunately we shall be if we see our ones by September. By 8 a. m. fighting ceased, wounded coming in fast. Confederates taken to field hospitals, our wounded put with us. Some have lain all night on chilled mats. It is hard to see so many bleeding men show through faces, arms, legs, bodies, broken limbs, distorted countenances with stretched suffering on his cheek, blood clotting on his face, neck and breast. They let us help them from ambulances. They cry for water, some cough, some shaking with chills and crying for blankets. Rebels claim they whipped us yesterday, but they have no advantage except in position, in that they are losing. They admit two generals killed and long-armed wounded. They clear away—give pleasure.

LEAVE BATTLE LINE FOR PRISON—INTERVIEW REBEL OFFICER.

At 10 a. m. about 700 prisoners started for Orange Court House. Two hot, cold drafts. We moved supper, frocks, ambulances, troops and a few correspondents with cameras pushing to the front, and far behind miles groups of stragglers limping on, some lying down, the hardest looking lot of men ever seen trying to get to their comrades. As we and the troops they cried, "What brigade's that?" "Are you on to Richmond?" "Where's Grant?" We were told that already a large portion of his army was north of the Rappahannock. Shouts, jeers and words of contempt we did not notice, but when they told us we were whipped we replied bitterly, "You had your shot." The march we made fast, the guard keeping ranks closed up, threatening if one lagged. We suffered with thirst, weakened in a constant cloud of dust, panted with heat and chafed over our terrible luck.

Our guard station to be General Lee's headquarters, better run than the general run of Rebel stations. They grew suspicious and wary with us. We halted at noon near a creek in woods by the roadside, with barely an army camp, and rested an hour. Bathing my head and neck freely in the stream, I felt better. A man about forty years old, a Captain, was eager to talk politics. I saw him talking to one of our soldiers who was irritated by his speech, which he put forward in a good natured but provoking way. The man could not stand it and "blew on him" and took another seat. Annoyed by a little Copperhead philosophy from a Southerner I took a position nearly in front of him, my friend Thompson on my right, and called him out. The group

that himself were convinced that Northern sympathizers are of the Virginia stripe, the same bird that can see only in the night of slavery and Southern fights and the act of secession; and while he believed in secession he took not of the "fire-eater" temperament but would have preferred the further way round to the same point. That is, he preferred that the slavery question be settled in favor of slaveholders in the Union. But "Black Republicans" and "Negro Stealers" had seized the bridge and the South had gone all one way by the secession route. "We conservatives felt in at least feeling chained and wire," said he, "that when we got secession, friends at the North will help us to pin to the wall the radicals, hang abolitionists, suppress every newspaper like old Greeley's and stop the incendiary preaching against slavery, and reestablish the Union on Southern ideas proclaimed by Alexander H. Stephens in his inauguration speech, making slavery the chief cornerstone of a new government."

We accepted his declaration as very frank and representative of so-called Virginia conservatives. Consequently they rejoined to see a party crying down the administration, praying that that party shall rule in power, in Northern States, put every man from positions of trust that does not believe in the policy of the extreme Southern leaders on the slavery decision, with the fierceness of vigilance committees. I had read much of this many times in slant newspapers, ratification speeches and in platforms. While in his mind lurked a love for Union, he said: "First and always the independence of the South must be the end of this war." If Northern "free-faces" would still whine for a Union on "Abraham's principles" namely, on any terms dictated by Calhoun disciples, their number and patriotism is a nullity. A thousand times have I wept and cried that Northerners should ponder over this deliberate treason of the South, failing to see the issue so plain that for whom runs may read. There never was a more direct conflict of principles than this in which America is engaged.

To detail all was said is impossible. I give some points to show his logic. I open by saying it was foolish to "flare up" that we ought to be able to talk even if we were prisoners, but if we could not express our views we had nothing to say; that if free discussion had been allowed by the South for the last thirty years instead of hanging Northerners for expressing opinions we would thought better of each other, the problems would have been solved without war.

The home is at Leesburg, Va., in Union House. His wife resides there. He had known General Lee many years and from the first was ready to follow him either way in this conflict, as was

I endured his prowlery; if the South should survive and asked: "If slavery is not right, who are you fighting to maintain it? Why will it not be abolished?" He said:

"The South has made it a permanent system not only of domestic importance, but a state policy, a source of moral, commercial and political strength. The abolitionists say not strong enough to sustain it; secession has placed it beyond their reach. It is an accomplished fact. If the Confederacy is not recognized this summer it will be in after the fall elections. The wealth power of the North, then, through commercial and financial interests, will be weighed against you."

"You are deluded, Sir, in assuming that secession, if successful, will put slavery beyond the governing power of abolitionism. Freedom is progressive; your house burns civilization and progress against you. Again, you are wrong in assuming that the Confederacy will be recognized this year, or next. The rabid spirit of the slave power has called into greater force the love of liberty, the principle which is the foundation of independence; than has been known for ages. The very fact that your great cities of Virginia today repudiate Washington, Jefferson, Henry, and Madison, shows you of treason to the spirit of '76. Your desperate chances of success as it seemed to exist has gone. Your state slaves take arms men trained at government cost, and we had nothing left in the South and but little in the North. We then resolved to coax you to old fashioned loyalty matched with a new slavery grant. But you thought you had it all. We now propose to restore the Union and purge it of slavery. Instead of recognition you will see that secession will go to pieces and your Confederacy will collapse. We were unprepared for this fight. You boasted you were ready. We are now ready and your power must wane. It will cost less to save the Union without slavery than with it. Should you now offer to accept our first terms, to save the Union, with slavery the North would scorn it. The trend is against your scheme of a black Utopia, a slave owning, slave breeding, slave selling, slave working empire."

"Had the Democrats of the North done as they might have done you would not have been here, says Ah! Lincoln could not have carried on the war. The abolitionists will have a sweet time up North this fall if they run McCreary for president."

"What did you expect they would do?"

"Do what they said they would, oppose the draft and win by force, not let the abolitionists rule."

"Is it possible you expected what you call the Democrats would assist you?"

"We calculated their opposition to Lincoln would prevent war, but they kept still and let him control the people and gave him

power in Congress and had not nerve to oppose him."

"But it was your party that gave him power in Congress by seceding. They invited North that Lincoln could not choose his Cabinet except by nomination of a Democratic Senate."

"Yes, but we had seceded, and there would have been less bloodshed had they then seceded."

"You deceived yourselves."

"Should not have been deceived had Seymour led the New York riot. When he was elected Governor the South rejoiced; New York would send no more men and when that riot came up we expected great things, but instead of running it he let it run itself. He might have helped us there."

"What, you don't suppose Horatio Seymour is in sympathy with secession? He will stand for the Union till the last." My aim was to make them believe that the North is a unit. So I added: "The people of the South hate, and will rely in vain upon this element. The great difference of opinion never will injure our strength. The North is as one man on the question of Union and never will give it up. They can whip you and will do it."

"See what they will do if they meet McClellan, he is your best man; you never ought to have removed him."

"Will you come back into the Union if he should be elected?"

"Never; we'd be A—a fools to come into the Union then. Never, until all States shall have adopted policies favorable to slavery."

"He said the administration would have interfered with slavery if they had not gone to war. I quoted from the Chicago resolutions, speeches and the resolutions of Congress after they had seceded and left the power in the hands of the Republicans, showing they were anxious to give them every guarantee not to interfere with the total establishment of slavery by legislation; that they persisted to revolt and measures were adopted accordingly. You invited war," I said, "and that invites the use of the war power against slavery. After it is over you may resume rightful relations in other matters but slavery will be ended."

"Well, suggest you Don Pennycuik and they would not let them come back."

"Remember your Confederacy; will not the negro go over? Will it not be an instrument to run away? Will your fugitive laws, not apply?"

"Yes, they may run away."

"Will we as a nation give them up?"

"I don't know, perhaps not."

"What will you do if we don't?"

"We'll fight for them."

"What have you gained there?"

"It's a state right to secede: you deny it, we establish it."

"Could you maintain a Confederacy three years?"

"I presume look, South Carolina'd hold up a hand in six months and take B—A."

"Then the other States would have to assume the obligations of the Confederacy; this would produce dissension: what would you do?"

"Well, I s'pose we'd whip her back."

Taking him by the buttonhole, I said: "Where are your state rights men?"

Amid the shouts of the boys he laughed, bowed, colored, and was much agitated, and said:

"Damn her, she and Massachusetts ought to've been slayed into the ocean years ago."

"That can't be done, you'd whip her back and that is precisely what we are doing only on a larger scale. Can you blame us for whipping you back?"

"Naywe can do it. We will have our independence, without that there will not be a state to the south: a man is a fool that thinks we are fighting for compromise, or will give up all we are whipped or force you to concede our rights."

"So we might as well have it now and end the matter, slavery question and all."

"Yes, sir, we agree on that."

"We are going to do it," shouted the boys.

Giving him a Union button-hole and expressing one of his feelings heartily thankful that we had over an hour's talk with an officer of Lee's bodyguard, we pursued our literary journey, considerably rested.

TALKS AND INCIDENTS AT GORDONSVILLE.

Passing Milledgeville we got a view of that formidable position which we invested in December last and realized the wisdom of General Meade's caution in retreating. The most important place on the route is Old Gordonsville where we added hot public wells. Many of our men were overcome with thirst, heat and cramped cramps and I had some dried currants and Jamaica ginger which we distributed much to their relief. It was night in the evening, and very dark when we arrived at George Court House. They put us in the court house yard which is paved with cobble stones and surrounded by an iron fence, so crowded that there was not room for all to lie down. We had come 25 miles, was

light, tired, dejected, had eaten but little all day, pining out the remnant of various dreams May 3 and 4 not knowing when the Rebels would leave any.

Saturday, May 7th.—At 1 o'clock last night we were aroused by guards shouting "Get out when you can, to five minutes to take care for Richmond," pushing us through the fence with bayonets, others coming through and kicking those who had not arisen, driving us out like a pack of hogs. It was evident, by the disorder, we had changed guards. Though much confusion and hurry reigned, it was an hour before we moved to the train, and when asleep we stayed till daylight. They were box cars, so crowded we had to stand. At daylight officers ordered tents and blankets thrown out. The guard in our bay repeated the order aloud, then whispered "Hide them." Some were thrown off and the train moved.

The landscape was beautiful, clothing itself in robes of verdure. Morning delightful, a sweet air, the sun shed its rays on the land and spoke peace to every heart. Nature was heavenly, her rules is ever "Man be true to himself," the same in war and in peace, to the rich, the poor, the high, the low. Oh, could we be like her! "Only man is evil."

As we approached Gordonsville we saw the heights, fortifications and the southwest mountains. In seven miles we are there. They marched us into a lot, searched us and registered our names. Before being searched I sold my rubber blanket for \$1.00, Confederate money, to a guard. While going to the house to be searched I cut my tent into strips, feeling sure it would not all and stole a loaf and bought bread of a woman, having nothing to eat. They took blankets, tents, knives, paper, envelopes, gun pens, razors and other things. Money was generally taken care of, but some was taken. My money I had looked into the quilted lining of my dress coat. Many of us had nothing left to put over us under us, this was my case. All I had was my clothing, mostly containing blank paper, envelopes, a few pencils and a partly written diary, pencils and pens, which they took from me, but I prevailed upon the officer searching me to return them, for which I thanked him.

Selecting ones, we took another part of the field near some houses. There were some ill-uses, one from North Carolina who imparted particulars about Northern affairs. The coming presidential election is the rage among soldiers and citizens. They believe it will effect the interests of the South. Prejudice and pride are the forces by which the Southern mass have been moved. Through these the Southern heart has been fired by the ruling class. Their eager enthusiasm over prospects of realizing the hope of the permanent adoption of their absurd theory about

Southern civilization and scheme of empire with slavery as the cornerstone, is evidently waning. Our side of the story was new. They seemed to doubt the soundness of the old doctrine of Southern extremists, hence desired the triumph of the "conservative" party north more because leaders favored it than for a real understanding of the matter. They had had no idea of taking up with the seceded States, had they been able to maintain their armies along border States, or quarter them in the heart of the North.

Their motto was "All the South must be given up along the Southern to the Western coast, and all slave States." Following the inconsistency of their demands, the improbability of their being yielded, made them look sober. They had supposed the North cared nothing for the Union worth fighting for, and as the Democratic party never opposed slavery, should it rise to power the war would cease and all disputes would be settled by treaty. A soldier of prominence said the mere existence of slavery led on our armies; that if we had the power to abolish slavery we would acknowledge the South.

Then came the usual tirade about disregarded Southern rights, contented negroes, their unwillingness for liberty. This summary of sentiment, be it true or false, sways the masses, fills the ranks and yields supplies. Yet it is noticeable that the mass admit a belief that slavery is wrong, a weak system of labor, but that there was no other system for the South and what would the North do without it? They assumed that Northern commerce and industry depended upon slavery; that the climate is against white industry, white men being unable to endure labor to which we replied by reminding them of the ability of both Southern and Northern white men to endure the hardships of war in the South.

These people had little knowledge of the character of the North, the value of the Union and the nature of the general government. It was noticeable how frankly they admitted the cohabitation of some hundreds with slaves, or white with black, as more prevalent than is generally supposed, a fact that is evident by looking over the yellow complexioned slave population of Virginia. This intimation was offered by recounting the Jeff Davis columns uttered by one of his noted sentimental speeches of the degraded and wicked state of Northern society, and closed this sentence: "Right or wrong it is the South's business," which came so hotly as to suggest danger.

One of the older citizens said: "Young man, you exercise more liberty of speech than is allowed in this country," which I conceded to be true and begged his pardon.

They do not see that when they forced slavery into a national

territory and designated its protection to Northern communities, it was the North's loss—lost. Much of present belief is new. There is a portion of the older class intelligents in the days of Washington and Jefferson who entertain different sentiments politically and socially. Beliefs as well as physical words in the mass conform to circumstances and to the mind. We hold that originally the negro question was incidental, but gradually became the cause of all difference: the great issue being free government and the maintenance of the Union the best means to that end. Without slavery this issue would not have occurred.

An old man told me he had always loved the Union, but had given it up, if the country could be restored in some in the Union he would be glad, but he would not live to see it. "Neither will you young man," said he. It is a fact that the privileged south of the South, wealthier and more favored, I think are stronger sectionalists and more fanatical in their ideas of empire than those whose days reach in the earlier period of the republic, because State rights, which always means slavery, have been the cause of the prevailing mood for a generation. Older citizens have been deposed, practically. Young men who have political views are invariably of the Southern Rights school, disciples of Calhoun and Yancy, who taught the new civilization with slavery as the cornerstone.

These young radicals look me over and are surprised at our near resemblance to themselves and innocently inquire, "Do you think the nigger is good as the white man? Do you expect to reduce us to the level of the nigger?"

As to those who claim no right to know anything about politics they are like the old lady and daughters whose house I visited near Culpepper, Va. They wanted the war to end and "don't care a plugum for how."

We lay at Gordonsville all day and night between the embankments of the railroad. Here I got my first news paper. It gave meager accounts of battles, stated that a force was within two miles of Petersburg and Richmond.

Wrote a letter to be sent home which a soldier told me he would put in the office. About a hundred railcars of hard bread and beef were loaded to Tol. I got news. A train of wounded Confederates came down from the Wilderness and was destined for Charlottesville, Va. Lingered on board. I climbed into the car and got a look at Longstreet as he lay huddled up on his stretcher.

VIRGINIA GIRLS OF SWEET SIXTEEN DID NOT LOVE US.

Saturday, May 26th.—Weather hot. Two more Union of Rebel wounded pass. Report that General Wadsworth and others of our valuable generals are killed. At 2 p. m. our train moves for Lynchburg. It is composed of horse and cattle cars well-crowded. Charlottesville is beautifully located in a fertile valley. About one mile west is the University of Virginia, founded by Thomas Jefferson. In the vicinity of this college were about twenty-five girls, observing us they waved their hands in greeting; we waved. We were going slowly; they ran around the grass toward us. Discovering their mistake they bounded up and down and cried "You damned Yankees!"—screaming contemptuously they went back as fast as they came. Procuring a Rebel flag they flung it at us.

Sweet Virginia maids

You love the soil where I am;

But you love a flag that fades.

Yet I forgive your mood.

You know not what you do,

Nor do I care to know;

'Tis thus a Rose to you,

As you bestow your hate.

I wish I had a flower

I'd sow it on the lee

It might perfume this hour.

You bear it on me!

Indeed, I love you girls.

You so much removed

Of Northern girls as bright,

Sweet girls I left behind.

Your way is not as long

As Yankee girls I know

Though you are sweet as I,

Still sweeter girls I know!

But when this war is o'er

And I am home again, I'll

And I'll be glad to see you

And you be glad to see me!

You when this war be over,
 And the Union is restored;
 You may want a Yankee lover,
 And not try to feel so bored.

Coquette with old Scratch!
 Indeed, it seems quite sad
 That such could make a match
 For girls and be their dad!

Some brutal nigger-driver,
 Who glories in his lash,
 Some slavery cumbriver
 Might favor such a match.

Not your dear Alma Mater
 Is Jefferson's new school;
 He was a slavery hater,
 T. J.—he was no fool!

Hoguly roasting good-day—
 When shall we meet again?
 You don't seem to like my way,
 Mad maids of Old Virgin.

Observing a large crowd to see us in town the boys sang national songs as the train drew in, which the officers stopped. The normal population of Charlottesville is 5,500. The greater portion of the crowd were women who looked at us with surprised interest. There are several hospitals here which are being filled with wounded. Four miles further the engine lost power and half our train is left, I being on the rear car. Before dark guards were stationed and we were ordered out of the cars and camped by the side of the railroad to remain all night. To the left of the road was a high steep bank, on the right a steep declivity on the west the South Mountains. We had a pleasant talk with some guards who expressed Union sentiments, one a North Carolinian. When home in April he said, even war worth \$14 per barrel Confederate scrip, only 50c in gold.

A woman passing said: "It is hard times; the people had not reckoned on the possibility of failure; for myself I did not dream it possible that all their lofty expectations would be crushed."

Monday, May 9th. About 10 a. m. the train having come back, we got on for Lynchburg. I had a flat car next to the

engine, exposed to the sun, smoke and noise. The passage was very disagreeable. The only place of interest on the way is Amherst Court House. Arriving at Lynchburg, 3 p. m., we marched through the town exposed to the wondering gaze of all classes. A motley crowd gathered at every corner, blacks and whites indiscriminately mixed, some the dirtiest objects generally found in the filthiest portions of cities. Had I seen so many black and white heads together in New York or New England my conservative inclinations would have upheaved my abolition sentiments about amalgamation about reducing white folks to the level of the negroes. The town is dirty, dilapidated; streets cluttered with business, it being a depot for military supplies and a rendezvous for troops disbanded on the right bank of the James River and on the Kanawha Coast and the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad; population about 12,000. They marched a mile out of the city and stopped in a deep hollow by a fine stream. On one side is a high, rocky hill. Here are all prisoners recently captured, except officers, who are looked up by the city. Our guards are mostly citizens, some and our men, equipped by themselves or with such gifts as the provost could pick up. Most of them are impressed and drilled by invalid soldiers. I observed one man about fifty, very companion, good naturedly inclined, dressed in common citizen's coat and pants, white vest, white stove pipe hat, with a sword armed with a shotgun, pacing his beat. He said he would like to converse but dare not. From the brow of the hill several cannon command the camp. I saw several citizens in the row on guard who sympathized with the North. One guard inquired as we came out from the city, what we did with deserters from their army. He said they were told they were hanged by our authorities. He is a sergeant, had contemplated deserting; had a brother who deserted last winter. I gave him all information I could and intimated that a few of us would like to strike for the Blue Ridge that night. He said it would be death to attempt escape. We soon became convinced that it was quite impossible. I have learn of some I knew, being killed and wounded; that our division was badly cut up, and the loss of numerous Wadsworth, Rice and Robinson. Nothing to eat. No clothes seen today. I spread my coat on the ground at night and lay down to sleep.

The NATION'S in a sorry D.

Tremendous family lot

'Cause freedom and slavery couldn't mix.

The Johnnies went to war,

And when we meet them in their trucks

Whine, "What pos'n's fight we're in for?"

We fight you for you; cause is bad.

good. A number of citizens come to see us, appear courteous and friendly. There was one group of ladies and some men enthusiastic for the Union and said more than was safe to say, even spoke when the guard remonstrated. One said:

"We would be glad to see you out of here; we are sorry that man have to be so treated for this worthless government." The man said the Rebellion had ruined him. He took some Confederate money and torn it up saying it is "worth just that." He looked upon us in tears. The guard threatened to shoot him when he tossed a roll of money among us and was about to leave when he was arrested, roughly treated and taken to the city. After this no one was allowed to speak to us or go to anyone, not even the sentry. More prisoners arrive from the battlefield and crowd our quarters.

Wednesday, May 11th.—A stormy day. Shortly after noon it began to rain and continued all night to which all prisoners are exposed. Drew a little more bread and bacon, not one-half as much as we needed. Prisoners suffering to come, report our army south of Fredericksburg having had quite a run with Lee; fighting has been almost continuous. They report we have taken about 4,200 prisoners in the movement. About 2,000 of our men were sent away at 2 a. m. it is supposed to Danville.

Thursday, May 12th.—Still rainy. When I awake this morning I lay in water, no shelter, no wood; consequently I am wet all day. All the wood we have is green brush and roots that let us pick from the bank. This is very poor; we use it for cooking.

Friday, May 13th.—Cold and wet. Throat and lungs sore, head and bones ache; I am nearly stork; got no rest. It grew warmer about 10 a. m. I lay down to get a little ease when orders came to get ready to leave. After a long parade, a great deal of threatening and ordering by officers to "snap-the bayonet into them," we started out. In passing the guard we marched by twos. Going up the hill I slipped and fell behind. The officer that counted us was enraged; seized me by the collar, pushed me down the hill, then looking the other way struck me across the shoulders with his sword a blow that staggered me. Had it not been death I should have struck him in the face. It was my first impulse. Our eyes met, I wanted to know him if we should meet again. He flourished his sword and with an oath ordered me on. It rained hard so there was not money to look at us on the street. Nearly noon I got aboard the car. It was 5000 dark before we reached Buckville, a junction of the South Side Richmond & Danville Railroad. The most important place was Falmville, 79 miles west of Richmond on the right bank of the Appomattox River, a place of nearly 2,000.

Near this place we passed a high, long bridge. The car I was

to wear an old-fashioned coach with seats. Although not cushioned we thought they were doing well by us. Shortly after dark I got as much out of the way as possible, for the boys were fastened in by "gray and heavy rain" and lay down on the floor. I felt much worse, my throat pained me constantly. Fortunately I had some Chamberlain's cough-syrup sent from home during the winter, a pill of which I frequently took, which gave relief.

Saturday, May 14th.—Owing to wet clothing and a chill I could not sleep. Before day I was watching the country. At sunrise we were alongside the Little Roanoke River near its confluence with the Staunton. On the bridge over the Staunton several guns were pointed, one so close the track that the engine swept it off. This was in expectation of a cavalry raid. We were 15 miles from Danville. Here they retain their slaves and agriculture is in the usual state. As we approach the Dan River the country is admirable, rolling land, rich valleys. The road runs near the river several miles north of Danville. There sight is fast of it. At this point I judge it is larger than the James at Lynchburg. It was after 2 p. m. when we got off the train at Danville and marched through the town, and an hour later when we got into quarters in a large brick building formerly a tobacco warehouse. In passing through we tried to buy bread of women who offered, but guards would not allow. Several buildings were filled with prisoners. As we got near the building we were to enter I saw a man taken at the battle of Crockettville eight months before, who attempted to talk but was driven away. He was now working building a high fence back of our prison. We were crowded so thickly into the building that there is no room to lie down. While waiting for supper a man passed through with tobacco at \$1 in greenbacks and \$3 in "Confed" a plug. At length supper came, corn bread and butter warm. This was new, men had a great relish for it. It was the third day's ration since during the nine days we had been prisoners. Danville is four miles from the North Carolina line on the Dan, a tributary of the Roanoke River. It has water power for manufacturing, but not developed; lies in a fertile country; the river is navigable to the falls in the Roanoke 40 miles east to Clarksville. Population, 1890. Close confinement, not being allowed to get fresh air windows although 16x1 are heavily barred with strips of oak plank, the nature of our railings and conditions in general, began to work perceptibly on men. Water is insufficient and foul taken from the Dan muddy in consequence of rain. Disinfection is becoming unusual. Bread is coarse, no sweetening.

Sunday, May 15th.—Those who complained bitterly of adjusting to our ranks are very gloomy and wish they were back to their regiments, saying they never would complain again of

the service. We can only have and wait for events to bring things right. Patience at home in the midst of Geras is tolerable. Here deprived of liberty, in the hands of enemies, we cannot disguise her. If needed then it is needed much more now. Guards frequently fire into windows, on getting a glimpse of someone, scattering glass and splinters in our faces. In going down stairs to the recess three men were beheaded to the legs and two taken out under threat of being shot for words they had said. Twelve hundred men are in the building on three floors, so crowded that at night it is impossible to move without treading on someone, in the total darkness.

Monday, May 15th.—Appearances and talk on the streets last night indicated that they had news that worried them. This morning I learned from a sergeant that General Stuart is killed. Our cavalry are breaking the railroads, the long bridge mentioned near Burkeville, they destroyed. Several hundred taken from other prisons in Georgia. There are more wounded here, thus far no medical attendance. Considerable excitement in the street occasioned by several bodies of troops leaving for the front to join Lee's army.

Tuesday, May 16th.—Wounded men are taken out every morning as in the past week. All windows are ordered closed. Owing to this order two of our fellows rigged up a skeleton outside and dressed in blue and a cap which they stood at the window. Soon after it was fired upon, and so hour later it was poked up at another window and two guns banged at it. Soon after they swung it up at another window. Two more Rebel guns loaded powder. Every time the glass was motioned over the room to the annoyance of men, but when they growled the fellows yelled out we have got to have air. This time a sergeant and several guards with bayoneted guns came up to look after the dead and wounded had found none. The boys dissected their artificial Yankee and the result was a mystery to Rebels until the afternoon of a later performance, the trick was discovered by a man posted on the stairway and an officer of the prison came up and vented his wrath very savagely, but did not find the fellows who had fooled them.

Wednesday, May 16th.—"Great defeated who" exchanged a lieutenant who appeared on our lines this morning. We have no extra tools. Tomorrow we expect to start for Georgia. Sabbath, Americans and Masons are points named.

Engelbach still in Federal chair.

While Robt performed our work with guns.

They told our boys, "twas all our fault,

From office every Rebel rank,

With none to blow succeed.

And took those guns and turned about,
While several States seceded,
And boasted they were brave and stout
And entered the North they'd blood,
And "Yuckee yuckee" put to rout
For we've more the stuff they need,"
And to the Northern face did flout
Insults their crimes did breed.

Invasion turned with men heaven—
A Nation's brittle steel!—
Said: "North, I said, 'twould thus come out,
If their blunders you failed to heed,
I begged those States not to go out,
But can't help it if they so decide.
Now, friends, if you would win 'em back,
Drop down upon your knees,
Like slaves who fear the lady's crack,
And I'll agree to cease.
For, if you fail this bid to do,
Sergeant stands with—
For if those States shall choose to go,
You can't coerce them back!"

So up they hoist a Rebel flag;
They shake it in the Nation's face—
An incident old slavery age—
To all the land disgrace!
Then Lincoln to the boys said:
"What will my brothers do?
You or the people, I the head,
To Justice must be true!
Come forth to meet this traitorous horde,
Defeat them where they stand,
They'd wreck the Nation with the sword,
Come and redeem the land!
They challenge us, shall we be brave,
Or coward shall we be?
From happy Freedom shall we give
What God yondered was free?"

"We're coming, honest Abraham,"
Replied the loyal North,
"The plea of tyranny we'll damn;
As thousands we come forth;
For slavery we much abhor.

We've borne its insults many years,
 And though we mourn the woes of war,
 Our hearts know no fear!"
 Thus awake the loyal host,
 Even where Treason claimed to reign;
 And though they strive, and thrust, and boast,
 Their striving shall be vain.

DANVILLE TO COLUMBIA—WAYSIDE NOTES IN SLAVEDOM

Thursday, May 19th.—Awakened by the guard at 4 a. m.; at daylight go on the street receiving a small day's ration, the fourth since our capture. Rain is over; we are delighted to get out-door. I shall not soon forget the morning. We are starting on a long, tedious journey southward dependent on the marches of armies whom we had justly reviled barbarians in respect to the murders of the war they precipitated and are needlessly waging. The tales of many seem desperate. How many of this long line of Unfortunates will return to their Northern homes? How many and who of us will sleep the last sleep in the far South!

We pass two large buildings used as hospitals which appear filled. It was an hour and a half before we reach the cars, a long train of flat and box. I take a seat on the bottom of a flat. At 10 a. m. we start on a new road from Danville, Va., to Greensboro, N. C., 48 miles. A guard near me a man about 55 years old, ventured to say that he believed the South missed it in going to war; it was not true that they were forced to it. He believed President Lincoln just such a man as Henry Clay in his principles, and he was a Clay man all his life.

"That is so, the South can settle with Abraham Lincoln as easily as with any living man," I replied. He said:

"I believe it."

"Then why do we find you with your gun in the Rebel service?"

"Because I had to be somewhere; I enlisted in the militia, rather be here than fighting. Had I not gone in they'd scripted me and sent me to the front, but being pretty old and willing, they have me to do such duty as this."

"How do you expect to come out with this war and how long will it last?"

"There's no telling, not right away; there will be some right smart fights before you get Richmond."

"Will they give up then?"

"Well, no, I reckon—it's the hardest place we've got; I reckon it can't be taken."

"Clinging to Richmond will only continue the war until we completely besiege it; the shortest way to end it, unless the whole South lay down their arms."

"You are divided in the North, we think you will get sick of fighting. Millions of people believe you to be a hard race; they want to get rid of you. This is what we people are told."

"If the South wants to settle as it is claimed they do, why don't they lay down their arms and ask for terms?"

"That's it; they no more want peace than they did when they commenced."

Looking about him, he said: "Twenty of men have been put in prison and hung for saying what they believed, they'd send me in the same sure for what I have said."

"We must have Union and liberty as the ultimate result of this war, or there is no salvation for North or South. The triumph of the South would be the greatest calamity that could befall, our triumph the blessing of both."

"You're right."

"Then as a Union man whose election do you prefer this fall?"

"I think Lincoln is a good man."

This was an interesting conversation; I am really in the Confederacy in conversation with a Union man but a Rebel soldier. After going 25 miles we were ordered off the train, there being a piece of road six miles not completed. We moved off across the plantation till we came to a road. Long trains loaded with army supplies driven by the raggedest negroes I ever saw, began to meet us as we went on the road. It was amusing to hear their answers as to the distance to the railroad, which the men were frequently asking. It was very hot several men died on this short march. We reached the road about 4 p. m. and waited for the train. I was here introduced to James H. Hawks of the 5th Michigan, by Thompson, which was the beginning of a new friendship. Hawks had the advantage of a collegiate education, and pressed on with several indignations still fresh in his memory although he had endured the hardships of the peninsular campaign. A pile of supplies lay beside the road. A group of ladies and men came to look at us though there was few houses in sight. Just dark the train backed up with several hundred soldiers for Lee's army. Here as at Charlottesville a few contemplated escape if possible, should we remain after dark. But by dark we were all dressed on board. The order was "Shoot every man that tries to get out," so Joadger and I were again flanked. It was midnight before we started. As in the mode of our lodging we were like the Hottentots' hen that stood up and set.

Friday, May 25th.—As it grew daylight we arrived at Greenboro, N. C., a pleasant place, appropriately named, I judge, for

the beauty of the scene checked and made me forget I was not on a pleasure trip. The village is full of green trees and flower gardens, splendidly located in a slightly undulating, but not hilly region. Away in the west the Blue Ridge appeared like a panorama. We strolled over a large, thickly wooded park charming as the original forest. The wide streets, rows of green trees glistening with dew as the sun shone on them, the morning songs of birds, and the people on the street and those that came to look at us as though we were a pair of strange animals again made us think of lost liberty. The people appeared anxious to talk but were prevented. The soldiers and a strong Union feeling existed, I judge they are tolerable compromisers. We left Greensboro at 5 p. m. while there I traded my last coal for three biscuits with a Rebel soldier going by the front. Thompson and I had it for breakfast. From here to Salisbury we halted at three stations, the people appeared kindly disposed, mannerly, air folks like. At one station a child gave the boys a few apples. I find human nature is the same everywhere. Men may differ widely in opinion, still they are alike. Truly we can forgive or embrace what yesterday we fought. Whenever we meet and wherever we meet them, we see something of ourselves reflected. This is comforting in circumstances like these; so if we love ourselves we must love our enemies. Man is a curious compound of many animal beings with an additional quality higher and better.

"His nature none e'er dares despise, and name

Can gather into his race!"

At Salisbury we stopped two hours. Men and women came out to talk but were not freely allowed. One family inquired for Pennsylvanians, stated that they formerly lived in that State, and sent two little negro girls to bring us water, but were finally forbidden intercourse. Here is a prison where many Union officers and Union citizens and newspaper correspondents are confined. At 5.30 p. m. we reach Charlotte 23 miles south of Greensboro and were marched a mile and camped. After dark we drew a day's ration of hard bread and bacon, but had nothing for 26 hours.

Saturday, May 21st.—We were awakened at 3 o'clock this morning to get ready to go, but remained until 4 p. m. During the day a train arrived with officers who were captured with us and elsewhere. Among the officers of my regiment were Major John W. Young, Captain Swan and Clark, Lieutenants Buchanan, Homer Call and Cahill, also Lieutenant Chesnut of General Riley's staff. Among the other officers were Brigadier General's Shaler and Seymour who belonged to the 6th corp and were taken in the battle of May 31st with portions of their command in the Wilderness, when Langstroff's corp overlapped the Union lines

In the crisis of that engagement that threatened decisive disaster to the Rebel army. General Shafer, speaking of the battle of the 6th, says the practical result of Longstreet's arrival simply prevented our victory and saved the Rebel army from decisive defeat, and will simply prolong the fighting before Lee can be forced back on Richmond. Longstreet's arrival on the field was unanticipated and unprepared for so early in the day. Had it not been for this desperate attack the Rebel army would have found what Pickett got at Gettysburg and Lee's retreat to Richmond would have been hastened. "The battles of May 5th and 6th," said Gen. Shafer, "have put Lee on the defensive but he is in shape to put up a hard fight. All the fields fought over are ours; success is simply postponed. Both armies are moving on Richmond, Lee because he has to, Grant because he wants to." This made us happy.

Groups of ladies come to look at us but are kept at a distance. At 4:30 p. m. the train moves off and fourteen miles bring us into South Carolina.

IN SLAVEDOM.

If "Jove fixed it certain that whatever day
Makes man a slave takes half his worth away,"
'Tis no less certain that the galling cord
That binds the slave perverts his haughty lord.
Corroding links his better nature rive
From spiritual touch of his enslaving gyve.
'Tis plain as stars that in the heavens lie,
As plain as sun that burns through lofty sky,
That in a land where men their slaves do count,
That interest rises always paramount.
All else is smothered like flowers overrun
By poisonous weeds that thrive in rain and sun
While freest men are shackled to their grave;
And cannot rise where masters stern enslave.
Freest minds are but unwhitened tulle;
The truth is silenced wherever slavery rules.
Men's thoughts grow dormant, their passions turn to hate,
As waters in a silent pool stagnate;
Its merits, or demerits, none debate;
The mass may vote, but must not rule a State.
Futile equates, feigned to adorn a town,
Where strut the driver like a Pagan clown,
Are where grave masters sell their slaves for cash;
The press and pulpit help them wield the lash.

The ruling spirit is a demon fraught
 With hellish wrath, where men are sold and bought;
 And ruled like slaves for sorrow, and for gain—
 Not market like steers down a Texas plain.
 Or swine for bacon, that roil in Southern wood;
 So Samba's bird sale for his master's good—
 He must know but this, never more,
 To teach him more no word will teach:
 His innate sense that he, too, is a man,
 The flesh of Freedom shall set in action for
 So it has given a answer on his heart
 Of this Republic the master's sword would part—
 Who comes to freedom but to submit at will—
 The North must yield or human blood shall spill.
 They claimed for slavery, tried the freest of men
 In all the realm where Freedom's name is given;
 But this denied, a nation's spirit rose,
 Now lifts the sword to smite the foe.
 And good men rush, sustained for a cause
 Where wrong is rampant in their social state!
 And as I muse on this way we went
 To be forever in Freedom's land.

AT SOUTH CAROLINA CAPITAL AND ONWARD.

Saturday, May 2nd.—Arrive at Columbia, S. C., at dawn. The night passed disagreeably. Although our destiny is prison, men are impatient at delay, grow at "such engorgement" though the seed we have had, a negro at that. I ate my last bread yesterday morning, hoped for others here, none came. We picked up corn scattered in the cars which served some purpose. We are bringing freely what our officers allow beside the track some ways from the city. This is the capital of South Carolina, population 10,000. A paper I saw today says of the action in Georgia that Johnston had retreated from Dalton towards Rome. Harker and Thomas pressing him. Details are given of skirmishes and glancing headlines of great divisions in Yankee. But no important movements they concede. Still, this attempt to distract from Liberty has gained a proclamation for Unconditional Surrender. It looks as though for us as we must expect, we have had in addition against this a new strength of action. Some gentlemen engaged in conversation with us. They showed a spirit borrowed of mere State pride as for slavery. The issue of State right had been as profoundly touched that they had forgotten what Edmund Burke termed the "rock of our salvation" which gave "safety."

respectability and happiness in the American people," namely, "The Union of the States," and plunged into that which brings destruction. Particularly was this addressed to the South; nevertheless we are cursed for having the Union. They ask us to give it up, to give up principles for which we would preserve the Union.

Capt. Seymour had his knifons cut off by Rebels while asleep. He has no dog, it having been lost in battle. He wears very disconsolate. General Sherman sits beside him with one arm about his waist trying to console him.

Railroad officers have been hit, and offer \$5 to \$15 Confederate for 11 in guerrillas. They have a curious faith in success. At noon we left the junction for the South. Knoxville is a junction of two roads, one for Charleston, the other north to Wilmington. Four or five miles below we cross the Santee River, or one of its branches, and an extensive swamp on a terrace, seemingly two miles long. Here I saw several big alligators. We reached Beaufort at dark and switched to the west. Country is level, sandy and is poor cultivation. On much of the cotton lands trees are standing dead. Fields look like vast swamps. Land is worked in this way chiefly by slaves with little knowledge how to improve land, with neither facilities or encouragement to do so, and when exhausted, it is left. We could see the slaves toiling to "the cotton and the canal."

Monday, May 24th.—Arrived at Augusta Ga. at daylight, one of the finest towns of the war in the South, the home of Alexander H. Stephens, long celebrated as one of the ablest Southern men, now the Vice President of this so-called Confederacy. Business appeared dull. Troops from Savannah had troops to reinforce Johnston beyond Atlanta. After an hour we run out of town and changed trains. We have had no saloons since the 10th, resort to various means to obtain bread. Brass buttons, pocket books, knives, and Yankee trinkets are in good demand, bread is scarce, prices enormous when we find it. They like Yankee notions, embarrassed to brass and gaffer jobs, but they are too superstitious to adopt Northern principles. I succeeded in trading a silk vest and a silk stand for a loaf of bread. These fellows are the queerest creatures I ever saw. The Creoles and native Indians have no greater liking for a ten-penny nail than these people have for foreign ornaments. A good jack knife counted in that cash is worth about \$25; a wooden inkstand \$3 to \$15; brass buttons from \$1 to \$10 per dozen. The country around Augusta looks idle. It is on the Savannah River, population about 2,500. In the afternoon we drew rations for a day; moved on at 2 o'clock.

Oh, oh—on the go down to the Rebel Jail
 I reckon this is rather rough a riding on a rail.
 Oh, here are lays from many a heart,
 Dead to many a breast;
 Many a mother's heart is death,
 Many a wife with none is pleased;
 And many a son and ready a friend
 Will long to know their fate.
 But many a precious life will end
 Within that prison gate;
 And many a one ere we can see
 That dear old home again,
 And rest beneath that banner free
 That unfurls now again.
 Many a long, long weary day,
 Many a dismal night,
 Our hope and strength may waste away
 By hunger, pain and drought;
 And many a one may be forgot.
 But we shall not forget
 The glorious cause for which we fought,
 The cause that triumphs yet.
 But we hear their victories everywhere;
 They never can prove true;
 And yet what devils ever dare
 These Rebels dare to do;
 And mothers look a little rough,
 Things look a little blue,
 You bet it is a little tough,
 Going down to Rebel Jail.
 "The hot sun very judgment, stupid;
 This riding on a rail!"

ARRIVE AT ANDERSONVILLE.

Thursday, May 14th, 1864—Another night cramped up on the cars; another night of painful wincing at squeaking amidst the roar, the heat and joggling of the train. Everybody wanted to lie down, but everybody was in the way; everybody wanted to straighten out, but no one could. Close in a while ago I felt like aching legs over boards and bottom, or scowls up to scowls from, oh, the weary night the sweat, the heated air of the car, where—its were jammed so men full no more could get in, with the doors closed. It is sickening to endure. Not a drop of water to cool thirst, not a morsel of food for weary bodies; no rest for aching

heads; not an eyestone of patience for one another. Morning came and we were still rolling on through the pine, the barren waste, the plantation, with its mansion aloof, and slave huts; the dilapidated roof ghosts of poor white, and now and then halting at small stations "to feed the boys."

Villages of any account are far apart. At all these places the negro is chief. Big boss the work, sells the poorest victuals, is an all-around man. At every depot, every shed, wood pile and water tank, the darky, "am de man." He engineers, fixes, he brakes. This almost runs the Confederacy. Everything is very unlike our Northern routes, to wood, to field, to civilization. It appears to me like "Reducing the white man to the level of the negro"—indeed it does. "Jeff!" These motley crowds, these black white faces, these white-black faces, look like amalgamation, you conservators of an outworn, damned institution upon which you seek to force an oligarchy!

At 6 a. m. the whistle blows at Macon, Ga., and we stop. The doors open and a few slide to the ground to straighten out, to limber up and to try and get a drink, but few succeeded in getting out, however. A citizen told me the population of Macon was 20,500. It is located in a basin formed by sloping hills around it, near the Ocmulgee River. At 7:30 a. m. we start southward towards Americus, about 70 miles south. The country is more thickly inhabited, is a richer region. East Valley is 30 miles south of Macon. Here were plenty of customers for anything we had to sell. Men came out with corn bread to exchange for wallets and it didn't take them long to "get about out", both sexes, all colors, all grades. We were not the first load of "hyenas" that had gone down, so they did not come out to see the show, but wanted to know "What you're all from?" and to traffic. It began to be hinted that we were not going to Americus, where the guard had told us our prisoners are, that it is a splendid camp, green-swamp, beautiful shade trees, nice tents and a right smart river, those that had "been thru a heap o' times with you'n fellers." We had hoped that such might be our lot; but now everyone was wonderfully ignorant. When asked they would say, "can't tell you sir." At Oglethorpe I asked a citizen how far it was to Americus.

"Oh, right smart I reckon, you're not going that through."

"Where are we going?" I asked another.

"Oh, just down there where all o' you'n fellers goes."

"How far?"

"Right smart, I reckon."

"Well, how many miles?"

"Good hit, 70 miles, I reckon— you're got any rings?"

"What place?"

"Andersonyville, they call it I reckon."

"How do they live?"

"Right good—don't know, die mighty fast I hear."

A gentleman of leisure said: "You bet they die."

"It is a hard place, is it?"

"You will see all you want to see before long."

"Have shelter, of course?"

"Guess so—you'll see, mostly soon."

Hearing a long sigh we entered their blasted Confederacy and black infamous camp, then took it cool. In 20 minutes the train halted again. There was a neatly built storehouse consisting of pine shaks set up on end, and a goodly row of a hastily constructed military station. Preparations were made to disembark. I looked out, saw and saw further to the place; country looked barren, unyielding. About half a mile away was a large pen filled with men. At a glance I caught a view of thousands of prisoners; ragged, rusty blankets put up to all conceivable modes to break the blistering sun rays. It was a great mass of grim images, a multitude of armed misery. It reminded me first of a lately weared fallow, then a dull olive on the face of nature, then of a vast and bill alive with thousands of degraded insects. The degradation that pervades the lowest and meanest beings in nature struck me as beneficent compared with the desperately barbarous conditions imposed upon the inmates of these roofless walls. Not a shed or a sheltering tree was in the place. Some whose wounds were not bound, exclaimed: "My God that is the place, see the prisoners! they will not get in there, there is no room!" By this time men were getting off and struggling along the hardy road to the prison. About half way we halted to turn and an officer on horseback met us leading a new guard. "Get into two files," was the order. We moved to the right near the south side of the prison near Captain Wieg's headquarters and formed into detachments of 50 in charge of sergeants. We were suffering from thirst, heat, hunger, fatigue. Presently the commandant of the prison with a lieutenant and sergeant came down the line. I asked to go to the creek and fill some canteens, pleading our suffering condition. In a passion, pistol in hand, the officer turned with a ferocious oath, yelling the pistol in my face saying: "I'll shoot you if you say that again." Stepping back he yelled:

"If another man ask for water I shoot him!"

To the left a poor fellow had squat in the rocks. This officer whom I found to be Captain Wieg, rushed upon him with an oath, kicking him severely and yelled savagely: "Stand! up in two ranks!"

The ground was covered with small bushes. While waiting

some worked the ground for hours and looked in bundles to carry in for sale. After two hours we started, but all were turned to confusion to drop the bundles. As the column was passing through the gate a prisoner said "Take a long breath North, it is the last time we shall breathe south." Oh, how many inspiring looks and desperate sighs were cast, as we were driven like birds into a worse than English pen!

We entered the south gate. A narrow street runs nearly through the prison from east to west, the narrowest way. I had scarcely come within the gates when the column halted. Old prisoners gathered forward about leaning for medicine or something else. The air was suffocating. The walls held out not to be described. The outside view was appalling, comfort a thousand times more horrible!

On the right as we entered I saw men without a thread of clothing upon their dirty skeletons some pinning under old rags, or blankets raised about them. One was trying to raise himself, getting upon his hands and feet, his joints gave way, he pitched like a lifeless thing in a heap, uttering the most awful cry I ever heard, such things are frequent. The simile strikes me that they are like bodies scarce conscious of the mud by a low instinct, waiting in the ditch and garbage where they happen to be. On the left the scene was equally sickening. The ground for several yards from the gate was red with excrement, diarrhoea being the disease making the bodies of men scarce able to move. Need I speak of the odor? Then the wounds of eight months were visible and disgusting. We were not back around! At a halt we asked where are we to go? Why do they not take us on?

"You can't get on farther, as much from here as anywhere," said an Old man.

"The devil's sake," I said to the anxious givers that thronged around asking to be given something. "Give me just one hard-luck," begged several creatures—"stand back and give us a chance? We have no hard-luck."

Flitting I saw eight of us deposited our baggage and claimed it by right of equaler sovereignty. Eight of us are so fortunate as to have five wooden blankets our party consisting of orderly Petersen, J. W. Morrison, Second Sergeant C. W. Huron, W. Fessenden, Sergeant Asahel Waide, Fredson, H. D. Griffith, Lloyd G. Thompson and myself. Here we took up our stools together, I obtained three stool-light from John, wired at the time the stock-pile was opened, four and six feet long, upon which we erected hoops of the blankets in the form of a tent. For these I paid 50c. each.

Nothing of the rules and regulations of the prison were announced by the authorities, to consequence of which, I learned

after, every 5 men lost his life by being shot. Soon after arriving I went to the stream to drink and wash. Being ignorant of the supposed existence of a head line and, to escape the crowd, I stepped over where it was supposed to be. Immediately I was caught by a man who drew me back shouting: "Come out, they will shoot you!" Looking up I saw the sentries, one on each side with their pieces fixed upon me. I then learned that the order was to shoot any man without a word, who steps beyond the line, or where it should be. I was partly forced, by the crowding, into that narrow, and rather isolated by the chest water which was pouring through the stacks a few feet to the west, the water in the stream appearing very blue. With feelings of thankfulness towards the sentries who frightened that role into me, I shall ever remember, I thought of the saying to Simon, "Let every man make the best of his lot," and prepare for for the worst. So I determined to do what I could to inform new men of the danger at this point for I was assured that nearly every day, since new prisoners had been coming in, men had been shot at this place under the same circumstances.

After being with Thompson and I took a stroll to find, if possible, a better place, without a wall. Passing down the other settled and thickly crowded part where there are small dirt huts which were early erected I observed a man sitting under an old tent with a book. This was unexpected. "Here is a book of poems," I said to Thompson, smiling.

"Yes, sir, *Memo's Paradise Lost*," said he, handing it to me. He was an old prisoner from Rosecrans army, having wintered at Danville, Va., a prisoner since Chancellorsville. He told us freely all he knew about our new world, displayed a perfect gentleman, manifested very friendly feeling, urged us to accept his book and call often. The mellow beam of a genial nature shone in his face. Although we did not learn his name that day, we felt him to be a friend. I had a paper, purchased at Adams, having accounts of Johnston's men before Sherman, had one of Johnston's men cited, "General we are retreating too fast; we don't need to retreat, had rather fight." "We are not retreating, says we are only falling back so Sherman won't get round our flank," said Johnston, which I gave him.

The stockade is made from pine trees cut down, the prison grouped into 25 foot lengths, 5 feet of which is set into the ground and the timbers are always packed together. Until last winter this was universal forest heavily lumbered with pine. The sentry boxes are six to eight wide apart near the top of the wall, each box having a post the platform being reached by steps. The ground is said to contain 14 acres, including the largest of about two acres, which cannot be besieged except a few islands.

in the midst. A small stream runs through from west to east. The water is nearly as black as the mud of its silty banks, and divides it, and mostly divides the camp equally, both the north and south parts sloping towards it. There are some log huts built by the first prisoners when the stockade was opened, from the waste timber left on the ground. Now even the stumps have been dug up for wood. Two large tall pines are left standing in the southern corner; otherwise there is not a green thing in sight. The dead line is a board laid and nailed on tops of posts, four feet high, about six inches from the stockade. There are two gates on the west side, north and south of the break. Sinks are dug on the bank near the stream on the east side, but not sufficient to accommodate a tenth part of the persons on the south side in which it alone is accessible; so the north edge of the swamp, parallel with the stream, is used for the same purpose. Just at dusk two more teams were driven with rations, to be distributed to companies in charge of detachments for distribution to their men. We got two barrels of tinned, a piece of corn bread ten inches for our day. There are over 14,000 men here, mostly old prisoners from Belle Isle, Libby and Knoxville prisons. The barracks is so high that a light stroke from the finger knocks it to pieces, leaving the roof in the road.

PRISON SCENES, INCIDENTS AND RUMORS.

Wednesday, May 25th.—The air is purified by rain during the night. At noon I go to the stream for a bath. Knowing the difficulty to be clear of lice and dirt, we take the first opportunity. Found plenty of the same upriver. Breakfast from our meager stock of bread and lumps of lard. Roll call at 8 o'clock, whether the hated Germans arrived. The purpose is to see if all are present. In the event of any being absent, the detachment is deprived of rations for the day whether the missing man appears or not. The food is of course mouldy food, mixed with out-leavened or mouldy baked in round cakes two feet square. The cry of "Germans" sends us the right. We were told by old prisoners yesterday about thirty of Germans composed of brutal men who stand everything that they can see or smell of Rebels; and he went on to say that they had led and kill. These organizations have grown rapidly since arrival of new prisoners, and act in concert in their malicious purposes. They boldly take blankets from over men's heads, pieces of clothing, anything that can be carried away, scolding and men with clubs threatening to kill if they move. They are led by desperate characters and to have been bounty hunters. They bear the name of raiders. Going

among many of our company I found they had not realized their danger: some had lost haversacks, knapsacks with contents, blankets, provisions and other things. In some parts, we hear of pocket picking, assaults with clubs, steel knuckles and knives. This happens every night, in some places at day, especially after new arrivals.

The rumor circulated last night that there was a plot to break out of prison on an extensive plan, has some weight and is the talk of the day. Near the gate an address is posted signed by Henri Wien, captain commanding prison, saying the plot is discovered; he is fully apprised, warns all to abandon the design; that if any unusual movement is made, the camp will be immediately swept with grape and canister from the artillery; that all must know what the effect will be on a field so thickly covered with men. Evidently the strictest vigilance is kept over us day and night as shown by the movements of the military posts from the outside.

Inquiring in reference to the matter, I learned that a large number of western men had formed a plan to undermine a section of the stockade from which point the artillery and other arms were most available, and had tunneled along the wall underground, having approached it from a tunnel from the interior with a view, at a given signal, when the wall is sufficiently weakened to rush upon it with as much force as could be concentrated, push it down and seize the guns while the Rebels are sleeping. It was a daring plot, easily discovered and defeated.

Thompson and I go in search of "Paradise Lost" to quaff from the Paramarian springs of Milton. After a long search, for we became bewildered in the crowds, we found our friend who welcomed us. After exchanging addresses and a glance with the mind's eye over his field of philosophy, we bore away the prize. Could that great author, Milton, have thought of a title more appropriate to this place into which the work of his genius has fallen? For without, for within robbery, murder, sickness, starvation, death, bitterness, brutality and degradation everywhere! Fumes of corruption greet our nostrils; the air is impregnated with noxious effluvia. It seems impossible that fearful epidemic can be stayed. A few weeks hence but few may be left to tell the tale of misery. The sacred realm of nature and its virgin purity have been invaded by the crushing power of luxury and ravished by the cruel hand of false ambition. Where but lately the songs of happy birds rang from lofty pines through heavenly air, today we hear the groans of men in unrelieved agony. On the foul atmosphere is wafted the expiring breath of men, wasted and wasting in their prime. Daily they sink as if their feet were planted on a thinly crusted marsh,

and, as they sink, there is nothing to which their hands can cling, no power can reach that would save, while around blazes the foe who smokes threat as into this worse than den of lions.

W. H. Harrison, Zanesville, Ohio, 1609 U. S. Infantry, our new acquaintance, is a truly admirable man, possessing a calm, genial nature, of sterling intelligence. He has patience, faith, hope, and enjoys their blessed fruits. He has a fine sense of things, takes a comprehensive view of the crisis, how results one way or another, will affect the interests of mankind. The right is clear to him; he has faith it will triumph, regrets that any doubt. His knowledge of things common to scholars and men of thought, gives him of a reflective mind; his kindly, brotherly conduct, render him a noble companion.

We are camped in the midst of Ohio boys belonging to the 7th cavalry. Thirteen were taken, only seven alive. One has a malignant sore on his arm caused by vaccination. It has eaten to the bone, nearly around the arm, gangrene is spreading. He is very poor; soon must die. (Note—June 13th, he died. He had a wife and comfortable possessions in Ohio.)

A sergeant of the same company is afflicted with scurvy in the feet. They are horribly swollen, nearly black, give almost unendurable pain, still he is good, cheerfully sings for our diversion in the shrill tone the western country boys have in their songs, "The Battle of Mill Spring," "Purification Airs," etc., accompanied by his brother whose foot is contracted from the same disease. (Note—He became helpless, was carried to the hospital in a helpless condition in June.)

I speak of this as a few incidents among hundreds all over the camp, illustrative of redoubt suffering of so noble young men as grace family householders, under circumstances that have no parallel in affliction.

At 8 o'clock this evening a sentinel fired. Going to the vicinity I learned a man who came in today, knowing nothing of the dead line, lay down back it, was shot in the side and borne away by friends.

Tuesday, May 26th.—At 7 o'clock, another man had been shot, lay near 10 o'clock. Bright showers in the night; the day is steadily hot. Rumor that 1,000 are to be sent to Cahawba, Ala. Some of Siegel's men arrived reporting a fight with Breckenridge, in the Shenandoah Valley, in which we got the worst. Another sentinel fired into camp this morning with what effect I do not learn.

About 125 negroes are here who were taken in the battle of Gettysburg, Pa. When brought here there were 200, 75 of whom have died since March. Five hundred white Union soldiers were taken at the same time. The white officers commanding

the negroes were not allowed the usual courtesies of war and were turned in here. The last prisoner of these was Albert Hagle a major in the 10th U. S. colored regiment in which they belonged. He was severely wounded. No attention was paid to the wound by Confederate surgeons who seemed to be acting under military orders. While on his way, between here and Macon in a box car, suffering from his wound, at one of the stations a Confederate officer rushed aboard into the car seemingly designed for him. He was a fatigued young man and bears these abuses with a dignified composure, is still suffering from his wound, but is now improving. He regards their attitude towards him as a fair exhibition of the general civility of some Southerners and their excessive reaction on the negro question. These 200 colored men were put into squads and put under charge of white Confederate taken at the same time and had been doing Rebel work outside, when it is claimed was to keep up the prison, but some of which he said to be in fulfillment. Major Olerly says that some of the negroes who were wounded when taken, received medical attention, and died rapidly after being put in. The Confederates have a fine rifle battery posted on the ridge commanding this prison, captured at the same time. A few days ago a white sergeant, while waiting at the gate to go out with a squad of negroes on Rebel detail, was shot by the guard and immediately killed, the guard pressing his gun against his victim's breast there being no apparent provocation for the outrage.

This Southern baseness on the color question is their sole reason for refusing exchange of prisoners. These negroes appear to have an intelligent understanding of the issues involved in this contest, often more so than some of our own people, for I must confess that here are men of every type of ignorance, violence and dishonesty, that can still inspire Southern civilization, as well as the better class, some of the most open collars found in our cities reengaged from Florida, a poorly who are at work in the hands of scoundrels at the head of robbing gangs who seek to perpetrate damnable crimes and who are naturally good but are easily duped, easily misled, and easily conditioned in both in evil pursuits. In an assembly like this, gentlemen drawn from a large country, if all were honest men it would be strange indeed. But as I have thus spoken I will say that in no community of like number is there more passion, less refinement, virtue and intelligence than exist here.

The robbers are out tonight before dark, assassinated a man near the gate and robbed him, it is said, of a \$100. Others interfere in his behalf and a desperate fight ensues which is checked by the guard who threatened to fire into the crowd and the thieves

got away with the cage. Another bad-fall soon occurs. A fellow is caught stealing a pair of shoes and after a squabble, is tied up. No rations today.

STORIES OF FOUR DAYS.

Friday, May 27th.—Water in the stream is very foul from so many using, and the refuse thrown in it from Rebel cook houses and camps that floats down, and drainage from stall that covers portions of the banks. Notwithstanding we practice bathing before sunrise, we always find the water foul. Men with blotches, putrid sores, plagued by lice and worms, squallid from weakness, scurvy and wasting diseases go there to drink, wash clothing and bathe. They are obliged to step into the stream the banks being two to three feet high, slippery, nasty. Daily lice are seen floating while clothing is being washed.

Excitement this morning is about a fellow caught last night and cut loose by a fellow raider, retaken, knocked down three times, copped in the filthy swamp, then marched about camp as a warning, after which he is given seven lashes on his bare back that brings blood. Mob law is our only recourse. Neither friends or foes outside protect us. He is an inferior looking man. A search follows among known thieves for articles lost. Several things have been found when a dozen savage fellows came with clubs. A few fought them with their hands, were badly beaten and forced to yield.

A rally was made to release one who had been knocked down, and one raider was captured, who was administered a course of punishment to exact promises of better conduct. Raiders are on the good side of our keepers. They sell articles they steal, or exchange them for food and things which help to keep them in strong physical condition. They are allowed favors not accorded others, are continually twining to Wirt and his subordinates.

Some are excited over a report of the fall of Atlanta, Richmond and Charleston, which I see no reason to credit. Considerable excitement manifested in the Rebel garrison; troops being arrayed for a show, or a fight for two hours this afternoon. I learn that three tunnels have been found which led to the belief that an outbreak was contemplated. Every day squads of men explore the ground inside and outside of the stockade with feeling rods which they push into the ground.

As a contrast to the scenes of the day Thompson and I have been reading Milton's description of Eden in the days of Adam and Eve's primal purity. No rains greeted today. The stench from the lagoon is very disagreeable every night in the south part of the stockade.

Saturday, May 18th.—In consequence of the damp nights I cough badly. Nights are now composed with the heat of the day, the sun being terrific in its measures, of which I have suffered with headaches. Going about camp I find several wells 19 and 25 feet deep. In company with twenty others our men have commenced digging today. Proctor is shitting stones out of sticks of pine rafters for a bucket with a small back-knife, to use in pulling up the dirt. Prison managers are against this enterprise, but the prisoners are being overcome happily through the influence of surgeons and military officers who occasionally come through and we have shown them the condition of the stream. As no spades are allowed for this work, although these officers have kindly suggested that they could be trusted to us under restriction. So they have been dug with bare knives pieces of rammers, or any piece of iron or stick convertible for such use. As digging proceeds men go down on poles where men can be obtained, bracing against the bank and ascending the same way. The earth is a red sand works hard men in digging. After several feet a fine layer of clay is struck, smooth and soft which is a curiosity to some who smooth it and whistle it into fancy articles some which are pipes. The wells are affected to what ever we use cracks for ropes for drawing up dirt and water.

Yesterday I found a dead-line board lying on the ground inside our tent about three feet from the post, shows I suppose, by the wood. We have been troubled about getting in and out of the well we are digging, and cannot find anything to put down to climb on. I conceived the idea of capturing it to obviate the trouble. It got pretty dark near midnight. I approached the place cautiously, and lay flat and crawled to the board and tied a string to the end, farthest in and sitting on the ground 25 feet away, drew it cautiously until out of danger from being shot by sentinels, when I picked it up and brought it to our place. We covered it with sand when Rebel sergeants came in the morning, and when the well was finished, broke it up by wood to break our notions of mud. The Rebels missed the board, but never found it. Thompson watched the guard while I pulled it away, to warn me if they were likely to shoot, but the other boys didn't know when I stole the "dead line."

Seven hundred men taken at Spotsylvania came in report Grant at Mechanicsville Johnston falling back on Atlanta. Those who have come there too far, not half for life. Sweet boards or dice appear to camp where men can stake for a throw, if he wishes to try his luck at gaming. I have known some to win quite often, but hear of more who lose. A few things have been worked into money by men who get out on duty or by Rebel sergeants. A fair sized onion goes for \$1, apples 10c to 40c, dry

pleasing) sorrow. But our eyes are quick for such painful pictures, that of the memory of various scenes never quite passing of not total disengagement. After not yet the mid day lapped to the gates, those ready to die are put on stretchers and carried to the hospital building side the south end of the stockade. Of all the ghastly and ghastly make imaginations ever described there we see at that hour the worst to witness. Their agonized, pinelike faces, eyes swollen and glassy, cheeks livid or washed with sweat, frayed lips drawn lividly across the teeth, the mouth agape to breathe or let escape torturing agony, some fixed by ghastly, shapeless, clinging to the legs of stools or supported by friends, some without half a hat or cover, some with torn, filthy swollen limbs, putrid sores, distended intestines and bell forms. One holds his breath to look at them, but turns away. Many walk about while we should not but suppose it good to puffet anywhere they. Such a pitiful look as they give I never saw. Their voices are as if the devil spoke.

Two rods to the east of us I witnessed the death of a Texan, a man, the last of those soldiers who died on the same spot since March. All these things take place. He had laid in bed in the hall and will not be carried out till morning. He gradually wasted and died without a struggle. It is most remarkable that nothing I ever read, how true how truly some of life, lower than this degree to degree, it goes on making such a lot of sense, something of what they take heart until they are but a vague, unshaped mass. Given that degree and the mind ceases to be the narrowest sphere the human spirit can. For even he is robbed of himself; all that is left is but mere physical or weak, as not as what we call of death. He is a mere human worm. Another singular phase of these conditions. We frequently are made unable to arise from the sick, sprawling in black days along men for small things that seem nothing. Men of sturdy forms lie in each others' arms until it is impossible to get up, or to rise, they are dead of what they can do. We long to get out of contact, so long have they only lived for death and death from day to day at the hands of merciless authorities, that death is anticipated in many, and the lowest, basest, selfish, jealous, ill-will in the world, the worst of all, the vilest which life assumes in this degraded condition is innumerable. Some retain the tenderest affection and the kindest faith, as long as consciousness remains.

I saw a man come to the last stages of starvation having eked out the scanty food. His cry was heard, but when offered that given us, his stomach heaved, he turned his face with expressions of deepest agony and repulsion. "They can get me something else, could I be at home?" There are many more

which doctors might term chronic inanition, where they eat with avidity all they get and still starve. The food doing no good. Doctors have been made acquainted with many of these cases, but will not admit to the hospital. Well Ioh boys tell me they have often dreamed of eating and woke up to go through the motions frothing at the mouth. In one instance they begged the guard to throw over piece of a cow that had been delivered of a calf three days before, some of which they devoured raw. They exhibit some rings obtained in have been made from the bones of a dog, eaten at Belle Isle, kept as a memento.

Monday, May 10th.—What a night! In addition to want from the fearful scurvy, we had that of dead men in our rear. At our feet lay one begging for water groaning with pain. It was conjectured, because of his hoarse cough, that he had mumps, or measles or small pox, by some persons. Some dare venture but little here to aid suffering strangers when it is all one can do to keep alive. All the assistance we could offer was to give a cup of water. This I gave of some length. He lay close at our feet but when we woke in the morning he was gone.

Prisoners from Butler report having helped tear up the Petersburg railroad. The blockade is to be enlarged. There has been a call for men to go outside to work on the timber. The old pen is so closely crowded that we are willing to help enlarge the prison. The Rebels are much hurried, being fearful of the reported raid from Kipterick. It is said some who went out in the squad to work are put on fortifications, refuse and are sent in. Some may be willing to do this for some grub, but we understand they were paroled on honor and then ordered to work by the commandant as he pleased. It is shameful if men consent to work on Rebel works, that they should be ordered to do so, is more shameful, and outside the laws of war.

Rations are cut down one-half, barely enough for two meals a day. We could eat all at one. Steward Brown has been out to the hospital a day or two. He tells me that it died yesterday. It is today in the well-stocked hospital saying nothing of the prison. He says they are miserable mockeries of hospitals, a discredit to the medical profession, but that the doctors are seemingly powerless in the matter, being under orders and positively destitute of medicines. All medical supplies, he says, furnished by the Rebel commissaries at Richmond, are sent to the military posts and are very scarce and held by the physicians having charge of that department for use among their own soldiers. Brown is lately from England, pretty well-versed in medicine, having had 20 years study and practice in British hospitals and in military service. He professes neutrality, but was taken while helping care for our wounded in the Hall of the Whitehouse, May 5th.

He is allowed more liberty than a Yankee. He says a hunch, that the small white hole on my forehead, was caused by a spent bullet.

Hiram Morse of Co. F, 76th regiment, admitted to the hospital today. He showed an open breast, but appetite became helpless from diarrhoea and attendant fever; has wasted rapidly to a skeleton, helpless in body, crazed in mind. He has been kept alive by cruet coffee and a little black tea we happened to have, since he got here. Many are becoming so homesick and disheartened, that they believe any report, good or bad. It is no place to let sick courage must be kept up though nature go down.

IS THIS PARADISE LOST?

Thursday, May 1st.—A good new design to remedy somewhat the unsatisfactoriness of the place began today. A squad of men are furnished with spade, hand barrows, which they themselves constructed, and various tools, and voluntarily go to work burying the filth and stink that have everywhere and cover several yards and is in terrible ferment and alive with vermin. The plan is to cover a portion of the swamp near the east part each side of the stream about five rods wide by 10 long, with dirt from the banks and erect a framework over the stream for a pier. This will partially supply the waste for the south side, but the north is separated by an impassable marsh. This project is set on foot by persistent pleading of our men with physicians and officers of the military post, as chances have been offered, to get the means for doing it. Through them Wirtz has been induced to acquiesce, but like all internal improvements, humane influence has to be brought to bear upon Wirtz. He was persuaded by the argument that prison misadministration was more likely to occur under unsanitary conditions, that there was great liability of epidemic that would sweep both the prison and military post. A colonel of the post was invited this morning and talked awhile with some of us. His opinion is that we will soon be exchanged, but I do not imagine he expects that to be deferred, which "makes the best sick." A day column was shown him. He said more was allowed, that there was no reason why soldiers are so sick; that more is provided under the regulations, expressed a belief that someone is speculating to our injury and, though he had no authority, he would inquire into the matter.

Weather (infernal) but the sick badly affected and are multiplying. Every day over six, every morning are carried out. The average number of deaths now is said to be 40 although 70 have died some days. One principal disorder being diarrhoea, the

stirred by the nature of the food. It has become chronic. Scurvy which affects mouth and limbs, sometimes back and bowels, is increasing. The doctor speaks of an affection of the spleen. In every householdness and slender disease and loss of strength. It seems as inevitable as bodily ailments under these conditions. When men fall helpless and helpless, grasping with pain, it is not unnatural that such should be added to the scale of misery. When those conditions under the dark of victims are being completed.

Prisoners come in from Florida captured on the 18th. They were engaged in collecting horses and cattle for the army. I spoke with a man, a prisoner since Vicksburg, who attracts attention, through thin and yellow he is considerably smart. His clothing is all worn out. On the way from Richmond a woman gave him a petticoat which reaches just below his knees that swings about his legs as he walks characteristically through the camp a sailor's cap on his head, and not another rag on his person.

Two wells near us are dried up which we assumed to dig; the water is excellent. The men have finished his bucket whitened from returns of sand and impregnated with knapsack straps and it is used to draw water. Griffith and I have sold four tin plates for 21 each. This money helps us live.

Wednesday, June 1st.—Swelling feet during forenoon; heavy showers follow. Water is running through camp like a flood. Prisoners reported missing, returns appended. Rebels are making a job on the outside.

Finished "Paradise Lost"; called on Herriman. He supplied us with Pollock's "Sources of Time". We had read this, but it is now more acceptable. In our view it is a work of more natural thought and without loss of the universal. Mixed his soul-stirring passages, alive with truth, significant expression and beautiful simplicity. Then I've gone deeply into themes beyond most conception, we don't wish to follow him, or cannot, have not, unless this is "Paradise Lost." But he means the Southern Confederacy when he said:

"Devils with devils damned firm rampart build,"

Did he mean the North when he wrote:

"Men only disagree of creature rational,

Though under hope of heavenly grace"

how they should save the Union?"

The following lines express a truth in human experience:

"God proclaiming peace,

Yet men live in hatred, enmity and strife—

Among themselves, and levy cruel wars

Wasting the earth, each other to destroy;

As if those feet out hellish foes enough besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait."

Milton seems to have designed to impress the thought that our red hellish foes distinct from his face awaiting his destruction, which originated through rebellious war in heaven. I think the causes of our troubles lie in our lack of knowledge and misconception of our world relations, wicked ambition, greedy pride, and that these lives better fit an earthly than a heavenly realm.

The usual monotony except an unusual amount of firing by enemy. Prisoners active daily from both our great armies. Most crowd near them to get news and hardtack; occasionally old friends meet. About half the camp draw cow meat; we are of that half this week. Have the trouble of cooking it without salt or seasoning of wood, half the time. We stir it in water, bake it on plates held over a splinter fire with a staff stick, or feed it into mud or dumpings baking by holding in hand as fuel lasts.

Tuesday, June 2nd. Heavy showers all day to near evening. The ground is soaked; thousands walk or lay in mud without covering unless they are among those who have some frail shelter the latter being but a small percentage of the whole. I feel fortunate in many the frail shelter of worthy comrades. It does much to ward off sun and storm, but our feet in the mud is exposed. We dig trenches to prevent water from running over it, still it seeps through. Water comes from the upper part to swirl headwinds sweeping every part of business today. I will crawl, and hope I may not refer to it again this fall. Men unable to go to the summer work, have holes dug close to where they lay. The latest work (some sleep) of covering them and the heavy contents are carried into our resting places. These recent storms render the condition of the sick more sad. I met J. B. Hawke of Michigan and Peter Shaffer (and N. Y. cavalry, who resides in New York, today. Shaffer was taken May 8th on a cavalry raid, was robbed of everything except his clothes, including \$50.

Friday, June 2nd. A cold rain continued during the night. What would the good folks at home say could they see this camp this cool wet morning—men lying in the wet mud? Could they have heard the coughing of thousands as I heard it when I walked the camp to shake off the cold that chilled wet shivering, would they not say: Now that so much has been imperished for the country let us make it a glory and a blessing to agree an answer to ourselves our institutions the roads of liberty, a beacon that shall light the world and silence the wails of treason. There are 25,000 soldiers a sleep, so small they are struggling

though can be heard from one side to the other.

Report that one man has shot out and one guard escaped with them. The Union is found and being filled. Col. Parsons was inside: he thinks exchange is agreed upon, but can't be effected for our forces cover the point in the cartel. Were that all we should soon be relieved. He is quite familiar with a few of us and expressed a feeling that he would resign his command were it possible. He was sent for duty here because the most of his command are prisoners. Earlier in the war he was (when a prisoner, captured by Burnside's men) and was well treated. He says men are sent here without any provision made for shelter, and he has no orders or means to furnish it; that it is not the fault of the local commissary that we are left to suffer. Wray is the jailor, a morose, impatient tempered man. It requires but little to get him in a rage. He is called "the old Dutch Captain," is generally hated. Men caught in attempting escape are unreasonably punished by wearing ball and chain, buckles and gagging, putting by stocks, hanging by thumbs, by lash and close confinement.

Prisoners to-day report the two armies are in Richmond, Lee with his right, Grant with his left. Kalwaisick 23 miles in the rear of Atlanta testing up roads.

Saturday, June 10.—Wray, Gen. John D. Winder, commissary general of prisoners, Howell Cobb and several other persons came inside on horseback and rode partly through the prison and along the stockade over the dead line as far as possible. Winder is said to be invested with full authority over prison matters. Howell Cobb was the Secretary of the United States Treasury under Buchanan, just prior to the accession of George, and was the provisional president of the so-called Confederacy, before Davis.

Monday, June 11.—The impression is growing that the situation is more and more unfavorable every day. Hospitals are overflowing with sick and no more admittance, though crowds coming at the gate daily; deaths are rapidly increasing. The numbers lying about, helpless and senseless, are growing daily. Thompson reported a party came to the gate asking help, and got the answer: "Ted Yankee help yourselves." Sergeants of detachments have reported no more cases of disease, helpless and entirely naked men, and get no satisfaction. That they cannot do so.

A much more Atlantic Monthly of 1861 fell into my hands which I read with interest. "Concerning Vash," by the author of "Recreations of a Country Parson," and "Nat Turner, the Slave Insurrectionist of 1831," who aroused all Virginia to defend slavery; I noticed today a man with the whole lower part of his

body hurried to him as a remedy for nervous.

Tuesday, June 1th.—A week of rain. Five hundred more prisoners, twenty being married, captured as late as May 27th. Since yesterday morning the number of deaths are put at 110 inside the prison. They are being carried out on wagons six at a time for burial. They are thrown on as if they were bags of wool. The driver takes a stand between them and as he moves, the bodies bump and knock about.

A reckless tempered man struck one of his companions with a stick inflicting a fatal wound on the back of his head, fracturing his skull. The quarrel arose over which should have the first right to the fire for cooking. The man is sensible. A crowd gathered around the assailant and gave him a course of buck and gag, the same club being used for the gag. Thirty of us go to the gate and ask permission to go out under guard to get poles and straw to build shelter for the sick lying on the streets and in the swamp in deplorable condition. We were refused, harshly cursed and ordered away by Capt. Woz. The opinion is strong that it is the Confederate policy to destroy as many of us as possible, but in a way to evade the censure of the world. There seems to be a studied disregard of the rights of prisoners. It is said that Gen. Winder boasted exultingly that his prison policy would kill as many men as Gen. Johnston would in his opposition to Sherman. The too headstrong spirit of the South, the mad spirit with which they plunged into war, the unholty purpose for which it is waged, furnish enough to show for themselves that it is not by fortifications and the like that we were justified. At best the human instincts of humanity, or fear of the power of civilization, seems to be all there is in our favor to save us from butchery or other atrocious. The foulness of this physical corruption and the fiendish conduct by which it is produced, they represent the attitude of their minds. No man were ever more indignantly misled by the masses than the leaders of the South, no people were ever more treacherously led to trouble. We can now see how foolish and infernal human nature can be, how perverted man's sense of right may be. We also see how men can be degraded, degraded to the very dust and dirt with worms, and still retain a sense of justice. Our hearts are cold of malice.

FACTS AND RUMORS JOURNALIZED.—A REBEL SUTLER SHOP.

Sunday, June 11.—Four days I have been ill. Among new men brought here and apparently passed, this is my trouble. I am better today, I feel better than ever. From last date it has rained

every day. We have news from my regiment. Adjutant Carpenter was killed in a charge. Both Col. Graver and Lieut. Col. Cook are disabled. Capt. J. L. Giddard, of my company, in command. The movement of lines toward Annapolis is on account of suspected Confederates being taken to Annapolis from battlefields about Annapolis. All doctors absent in sick call for a week. The dead are daily drawn out by wagon loads.

On the 17th a Catholic priest said to us he supposed we were badly treated, but there are us kind hearted people about here as anywhere; that officers have it their own way; thought our government unwilling to exchange, but if better provisions could not be made for us something ought to be done. Priests (though frequently in bad repute) have little to say. They are said to be using their doctrinal influence to get men to swear allegiance to the Confederacy. I do not accept this as true, though one of Erwin's sons frequently stated, who said to me that he refused to renounce Chris. Sam. yesterday went out with the priest and has not returned.

I am full of conceit with many reports which originate in camp. I have no faith in impostors here who tell so much news. For instance: Lincoln is going to give two for one to get us out. "he going to throw the nigger overboard to please Rebels". That Secretary Stanton has said that "none but dead dogs and coffee butters are taken prisoners, and the army is better off without them." Likely some Rebel started this story, but it had weight among some. Indignant comrades gather and vent their opinions on Stanton. (Stanton is cursed by some, so is the President and the Cabinet, for these gossippers have but little depth of thought and are easily moved by groundless rumors. It is interesting to know many in whose eyes are no scales, logically rebuffing these stories and laying the blame of our woes on the Rebel authorities, whose it belongs. A small relief of rice today.

Monday, June 14th.—Northeast storm badly affects week now. I know of twenty who were yesterday, have sunk to utter helplessness, others have died within a few hours. Their clothes are saturated with wet wind and soaked with water. The sand where we lay is wet as dough. Our numbers are so insufficient that we are continually hungry. Got boiled rice again at night, until we sat. Several bushels are poured into large kettles, grates and easily and cooked with less care than if it were hog feed. I believe hogs would eat it. If it is merely economy to feed us so it is crowding them down closely to the provision line. Rumors of the renunciation of Lincoln and the annihilation of Fremont are a side story. It is a Rebel lie or a Yankee blunder, much talked about. If it is so, the action of the Fremont wing is disapproved. I never strongly believed in Fremont, but the cause he engaged to represent, he will not see sacrificed for per-

Monday, June 16th. Northeast storm. Badly affected weak allies (self-slovery men) add themselves to the pro-slavery party North, and defeat the voice of the government! These cannot succeed; they can only defeat. The testing here is for Lincoln. Twelve men escape. It is reported six guards are gone. Tumults are found and being died. Rice and meat rations.

Wednesday, June 18th—Last night "raiders" attempted to profit by their tin proctors. "Moscow" (this name is given one of the chief) whistles blow and was responded to by the authorities. Suspicious-looking shapes move through parts of the prison. Presently the cry of "inter!" "raiders!" and suppressed voices are heard, like men in a struggle. Again cries of "watch him," "murder," "Oh, God, they've killed one!" Now and then one is caught, and cries and begs miserably. Then a squad of largely strong savage-looking men run through the streets with clubs; soon there is a desperate fight. Shouts are plainly heard, and sobbing on the and cries of fright and distress. For a time the desperadoes vanish, then reappear. The disturbance kept up all night; we did not feel safe to lie down unless surrounded of our tent watched. I hear of two wretches and other things being lost; have seen some men who got hit. Some Massachusetts boys near us had their blanket seized. Luckily one awake at the last corner was drawn from him. He sprang up and so closely pursued the thief that he dropped it. This morning a fellow had his head shaved for stealing rations. Toward noon excitement attracted attention to the north side. Going thither we found a fellow had been seized and was being shorn of one-half of his hair and whiskers. He had been outside chastising and had been carried off by the Confederates to come in and take the names of others, of the same trade, with the view that they might be required to be impressed into the service, for Rebels are so fond of men of all trades; especially men are wanted to make "government stores." I saw a man playing the same treacherous game yesterday and a group of us resolved he should not go unnoticed. Shame on those men who are willing to sell their birthright for a momentary crust! Turn their hands against the cause for which they fought and virtually balance the power of brothers in the field! The blood of our brothers would cry out against us. Fit a Southerner to do this is treason! For one of our own men to do it, what a blot!

Taken the first in two days, has the sun appeared today, but it is still rainy. Several hundred men arrive from our army in Virginia, the majority of whom are stripped of blankets and tents. The number of deaths within 24 hours ending at 5 a. m. today is stated at 166.

A hermit wrote of his situation in solitude as "a horrible

place: "Better dwell in the midst of alarms." But we have no choice; we must—

"Dwell in the midst of alarms."

And "reign in this horrible place."

It was not poetical to call Nature's solitude horrible, nothing is so horrible as a subverted, deluged, crushed, distorted, dying human nature.

Thursday, June 14th.—The man who was deprived of his hair yesterday had taken the oath of allegiance to the "C. S. A." He wished to get 200 names—had about 50—to make armor stock. His papers were taken and he was forced to swear not to assist the Rebels any more. The affair soon reached Capt. Wire who sent a guard to escort the ex-Unionist outside and to arrest his assassins. He also ordered that no rations be issued until the man who shaved his head was apprehended. All honor to the brave men who shaved the Judas head.

Rather than that thousands of comrades be deprived of seventy rations for day, he bade farewell to friends and calmly reported at the gate, was taken out by the guard and locked up, refusing to divulge another name. After a thorough search for the others, rations were issued.

Friday, June 15th.—The night of the 14th a well covered in; two men asleep slid in; one was killed. Soon after coming in, we learned that one of the dealers, or "rulers" bore the name of Cary. He was at Belle Isle and is charged with being the cause of several deaths. Today he was pointed out to us and we recognized Sullivan of our company (70th N. Y.) who deserted October 10, 1862, near the Rapidan River south of Mitchell, Va. He was a substitute from Buffalo, a "gambling, fighting, bad tempered fellow, feared in the company. He thinks we suspect him, and tonight would word by Mooney, who knew him in Canada, that if we do not expose him, Company E shall never be disturbed by raiders.

Saturday, June 16th.—Yesterday a sentry fired on a man who was attempting to kill a snake near the dead line, but missed him, the shot taking effect on four others: wounding one in the face, one in the thigh, both lying under their blankets, and grazing two others. Gen. Sturgis has blundered in a fight and is cornered in Tennessee, but no more. Sigel has been relieved by Hunter for fighting Greencastle with an inferior force, less than at his command. These seeming disasters fill Rebels with bombast and are not encouraging to us.

These little triumphs seem to raise their wind,

But great defeats they never seem to find.

They yell hoops, but not the ropes fall kind.

We took at them, then coolly turn aside,

Amazed that Jimmie have such narrow pride,
 That it should never enter in the mind,
 'Tis but a wave blown up against the tide,
 For surely Fortress breaks not the cornet's tail;
 And Jim H. Johnston goes down before it pale,
 While fighting in Virginia are but attempts to rise,
 When U. S. Grant rolls Lee upon his thighs.

Robbers more desperately and bold. They even have lately been murdered, and a number hurt and robbed. We watch nightly, fearing attack. Two guards are reported hung for attempting to escape with prisoners a few nights ago. The old guard leave this morning, probably for the front: we have a new set on.

Passing up from the creek this morning I saw a crowd standing around a dying negro boy about one-fourth white. A white man stood over him holding in his hand a stick, to one end of which was attached a stiff paper, with which he brushed the sweating blood from his face and turned his dying breath. He was emaciated and chilled. Presently the feeble breath stopped the man bent and lay his two hands on his breast. Again there was a faint heaving of the breast, the eyes brightened and gazed uningly at him then rolled back and he breathed no more. I cannot tell why I forgot every thing for the time—

And intense interest took in him.

When hourly almost, each day, I see the dead

Of my own race, far better brow

And sunnier Pyria pass by.

Occasionally, almost, my face turned towards the skies, my forehead and temples felt the soft, uplifting, lobe-tingle pressure of an electric beam: my left arm and shoulder, for a moment, electrified. Then I looked at them about, and wondered what they thought. Turning to me I remarked:

"I should have thought he had a soul, were he not a negro." He replied: "I know, if the blood is immortal, he had a soul. I almost felt it when it departed."

This is what is going the rounds tonight: "They say Davis has said his peace." Too sensible to be true!

Tuesday, June 21st.—At 3 o'clock another man was shot. He was crossing the swamp in the east part to go to his lodging. Attempting to cross the road he layed in a row near the dead line, and fell up to it. The ball entered where the hip, and passed to the intestines. His glands and joints are painful.

Wednesday, June 22nd.—The first day of the month that it has not rained. The rain shot last night is carried out dead this morning. By trading scenes we are enabled to increase our rations to about half we could eat under normal conditions.

Selden, the Rebel-quartermaster, has set up a seller along

on again stood on the north side, with a view of absorbing Yankee money that are started to spend. The fact that some of the stuff on sale is the same as that issued in prisoners justifies suspicion that he had a reason for eating down our rations. He attempts to whitewash this matter by putting two prisoners in charge, Charles Hunkeler, of the 8th Tennessee, and Ira Beverly, of the 100th Ohio. Nevertheless we are told by Rebel sergeants that he has a commission from Richmond. He only appears, however, once every day. These boys expect to live better while in his service but admit that the profits are "giddled" by Selden, that he furnishes the stuff and fixes prices. It seems an unlikely place to make money, but the few who have any spend it fast and pay high rates. While exchange in Federal money is prohibited by Rebel law it is openly done everywhere by Rebels and in this case by a "C. & A." military officer. Articles in stock consist of Dutch mince, small sticks of wood, plug tobacco, a valuable sort of whiskey made from sorghum. These things appeal to starved appetites of thousands, and those who have money cannot resist the temptation to let it go. Through this is poor stuff it is better than the usual rations irregularly issued. We have to pay from 25c to \$1 for an onion, 10c to 40c for miserable apples, 50c a pint for meat, 50c for roasting hog peas, 40c for 1/2 pint of fat, 10c for small piece of wood. With the advent of this institution rations grow less in quantity and quality. It is almost a shame of this Rebel quartermaster in rich greenbacks, watches, rings and things of value which men eagerly put up. It is not justified with a show to benefit us. If such were the object, why do they extort such prices, why are fellows cut down, why are we checked out of our day by five by not getting rations?

THE PRISON CLEANED OF RAIDERS—CANDIDATES FOR HEMP.

Thursday, June 23rd.—With the passing June storms, hot western storms. Spent the afternoon with Hartman. He has been nine months in prison and has the first symptoms of scurvy in swelling. He was a very sound man and is vigorously resisting the disorder by use of water and rubbing. He has a work on stenography, the art of which he perfected with some success. He urges me to visit Ohio with him, should we be released together, and speaks highly of the people especially of Ohio girls. This is tempting, but I indulge no dreams, not even of home. Sleep is broken waking a horrible dream, which I try to break by penning some of the horrors and by turning my thoughts to better things, occasionally.

A number of broad-shouldered, strong, sour-crafted fellows, but without much reason, but well armed with bullock strength and brassery. Fighting hard while up, but not hitting a man when down. They are the pugilistic champions of this kingdom and enforce their rule. One man was knocked down eleven times before he left the ring. But know I am sick of such sights, seldom get out to look at them. There is a lower grade who go in rough andumble, strike and take on the least provocation, or unsuspiciously. These men occasionally get "chucked in the mud" as they call it, for attempting a friendly interference. There are men here whose nothing but stiles, or something more severe will quell when they put several miles on the defensive. The necessity of law restraint can never be quelled by those who have witnessed the rage and cold rage of those who passions let loose with impunity, if they are reasonable. Poor work men are sometimes kicked by these brute-like men of reason.

Eleventh month this morning we went visiting the prison in search of a coal of men who escaped from a coal mined hole. Men caught in these tunnels are brought back and punished and forced to provide themselves. I was told that the last been taken by these fellows, while the wounds were fresh. One of the same inside and were around outside the coal hole with an orderly. One man complained to him of head ache, and was threatened with shooting and searched outside and put in the stocks. A piece of raw hide about three inches in a inch was issued to about one fourth of the prison today.

Tuesday, June 24th. The day has been continually hot since last day, full of heat. Every day we see the officers, numerous others, but that with holiness of language crendler over us. We weary of receiving and taking. Nobby never struggles against the balance corruption and maintains her wasting resources. Victims are drawn for reasons of numerous others getting bolded, holding men by force as well as by words, pointing with stiles, cutting with knives, even in our case. It is often known to sleep, but a night passes but the day is finished, cries of murder are heard, manhood is hurt and killed. Three nights ago three men who were attacked while asleep was was strangled of sleeping, but before we could help to finish. He surrounded them. Last night twelve of the courageous wretches rushed up to where we sleep with the intention of smothering us with blankets, and being armed with stiles and knives could have done us harm. Thompson and I were sleeping, awakened the boys and were ready. Seeing this they got up a whole fight. One says, "It's not over, I will show you, come," and they ran away. We have a watch and \$24 amongst us.

Sullivan has denied to Madison, saying any connection with

the "raiders," but knowing that we know he lies, he tells Mooney that he certainly *is* gone, being a chief we need not fear. It was by accident Madison met him as he scolded us. But the wicked shall not go unpunished. He will find the truth of this too.

A few nights since Mooney's blanket was stolen. He appealed to Sullivan with threats and promises. Sullivan brought him the stolen blanket. A man was attacked this afternoon but the raiders were benign. Prisoners came in so fast that we are terribly crowded. At night when we lay down every passage, every space is covered, thousands sleeping without the least covering or shelter.

Wednesday, June 29th.—More brutality and robbery. Half a dozen I heard blow, groans of distress and voices that combine the savage tones of ruffianism. One man badly injured, two reported missing. Shops are taken to organize a police force. We are doing the little we can to assist. The safety of the camp requires it, our lives are every day in jeopardy. We are in greater immediate peril from these villains than from the atrocities of our keepers. At 1 p. m. a man was suddenly assailed in the street while asleep, and robbed, he said, of \$25 and a watch. He had arrived that day among others of Sherman's soldiers. With blood streaming down his face from a gash in his forehead, I saw him hasten to the gate where he reported the affair. A number went forward, among them several sergeants of detachments, and as earliest, but powerless appeal was made for assistance, or that we might be allowed to protect ourselves, or for some encouragement that the matter should have a swelling. Meanwhile the robbers, not intimidated, thinking that our appeal would avail nothing, gave out certain threats, and three of them started the trot of an elderly man whom they knew to have money, and presentation horses, demanded it without one word, or they would kill him on the spot. The man handed out a portion, less than the amount (about \$40), but they were not permitted to prolong their visit. About 3 p. m. an order came from Capt. Wick that if we wished to take them outside, he would furnish a guard, we to police them out, and he would "clear the grounds." Exciting scenes followed. Shields went up with thousands, the whole camp swarmed like a bee hive. The gates open. Sergeants with revolvers, guards with bayonets fixed, order, and Rebel and Union soldiers walk side by side in a good work. Our boys lead the way to the den of thieves, murderers and robbers, police them out, and put them under their charge as fast as found. Outside the gate were another strong guard who received them and they returned for more. There was a rush to every part of the camp, the raiders trying to sneak, the boys hunting them. Toward night the

leaders began to resist, but under the glare of our powder they quailed. Next to one of the leaders, a strong man, was overtaken, but when he would have been taken alive. He fought desperately, but one of our men struck him with a stick, knocking him senseless. One or two others were badly hurt. We saw Sullivan cowering under these barons, and as he turned his eyes towards us so full of grief, we almost pitied him. Still we resolved, our only fear was he and some of his troop would be turned to stone. At dark the work ceased, nearly sixty had been taken out, and a few hundred old Army men so. The boys shouted, "Hully for the Chagala," for the men who took the military step, and for the guard. With the work of catching raiders began a search for money and lost property. In one place two stockpiles filled with greenbacks, another with watches (even gold), and other things were found, hurriedly preparatory to being sold to the Rebels. Two men were found buried near the southwest corner. One had his throat cut, the other had the appearance of having been beaten, and strangled. Hundreds of others were reported found.

The real organizer of this body, known as regulars, that led in apprehending the raiders is Sergeant Leroy L. Key, of an Illinois regiment, certainly a good fellow, outside man, very choice in choosing his adjectives. The organization was made up of western men, from Illinois, Iowa, Indiana and Ohio; comparatively few from each of these states. He seemed to have some distrust of having his plan before western men generally, but with no valid reason other than that prosecution was necessary until these organized savage gangs could be suppressed. We New Yorkers felt galled at first by this manifest distrust on the part of some western men who seemed to desire credit for the move. The fact that the chiefs were from western regiments, had its effect. We thought it best to watch and wait and not when needed, realizing the necessity of getting the largest of this murderous bandit, and failed the movement with joy perfectly willing they should have no credit at all in the movement. Sergeant Key had an instinct for choosing the men well, though a self constituted leader, none better could have been chosen for the terrible and arduous duty imposed, which is not a task ordinary men have an ambition for, for it was known from the start, by intelligent men that extraordinary means would be necessary to put an end to the leaders, even if death were required. Hence the admiration of all layers of men to the person is accorded Sergeant Key and his efficient aids.

Thursday, June 17th.—Men lay down had high feeding more secure of their lives. Hunting for raiders continued, this time without assistance from Rebel guards, except a lieutenant and

guard in the gate. The formidable resistance of yesterday was not repeated—the remaining efforts of the valdies having no significantly fallen yesterday—our men were armed with clubs, when one by one he is hustled to the gates, often with a kick or a punch in the back, and for smothering and shuffling from behind on, and groaning and crying. Lieutenant Davis gave me permission to go out with witnesses to take evidence when the trial proceeds, which is to be conducted on American laws, according to the western style, and it is the design of Sergeant Kays that the hearing shall be before a tribunal of impartial men, with a view of giving them a fair trial, and feeling so badly, having been sick several days, I was obliged to refuse. Halfway of my regiment goes out against Sullivan. The greater part of those taken out are returned on promises of good behavior and on the plea that they were bona fides. Some of these Kays had strong evidence against but the place where they were kept, just outside of the gate, was overcrowded and Wild insisted upon them being released. A few were sentenced to wear a foot and chain. The abuse inflicted on those forced in by the crowd, as they were forced to run the gauntlet, is almost cruel, two lives being turned from the good line towards the center of the prison through which they are forced to pass. Many were severely wounded and one, a white, was struck by a fellow who had just come in from outside, with a staff, knocking him down, and he died from the effects of this and other blows.

MOVE TO PRISON ANNEX—HOW WE CELEBRATE.

Flying, July 1st.—The addition to the stockade is finished. An aperture ten feet wide is left in the old wall at the north of the old ground. Thirteen hundred are ordered on move through my detachment in one designated in three hours. The weather being hot and the mass of men moving without order over ground already crowded with those who are to remain, is terribly confusing. This time is given us to get on the ground or no further will be given these detachments, so we strove at the walls like a crowded flock of sheep wedging through a hole in a fence, being obliged to jump a trench five feet deep, cross it with a back of dirt on the opposite side. Never did men work more earnestly for a prize than we for a little coarse Indian meal to appease our terrible hunger. But it smelt so good, the green stuff that had been growing, that we felt relieved and thrilled at the sight of Northern rice yet undried, hot soon to be distributed to the hundreds of disease and decay. A score of men fell into the breach in clambering through the stockade, and had to be helped. Fragments of coats lay about over which men strove to

obtain food and shelter. The average number of deaths per day is estimated at 70.

Summer, July 2nd. Our prisoners made favorable progress by our armies. Yesterday there was a wonderful rain lasting ten hours. In this part the soil is red and hard, surface flat, and water stood from two to four inches deep. We stood up all night to keep out of it. Three ten footers in it this week drowned and drowned. It was with great physical and mental effort that I was able to outpace the rain as I have been twelve several days.

Four crazy men have been wandering through camp several days. I noticed one today without any clothing, having been naked for two weeks. He lay within two rods of the south gate, arms extended exposed to the sun. In full view of everybody. His whole body was distorted, his countenance frightfully distorted, giving utterance to unintelligible sounds, rather rather coming from his mouth and nostrils, his eyes appearing blind. Another prisoner shot through the hip was hit by a bullet. One lay near the brook delirious, laboring with fever, another near him was unable to speak, one-half buried in the swamp, covered by a mass of maggots and flies. Those who brought him out said his eyes were raw and mouth were filled. Near the sink, in almost every passage, lay half-rotting skeletons, evincing all the signs of deprivation and symptoms of pestilence, and yet alive. All of this and I have not been out of my usual course. Neither do I mention those who have a slight covering to turn the air. There are hundreds who would require the best treatment to be saved, and perhaps could not be saved. In this absence of medical treatment we resort to simple means to cure ourselves. A very limited supply of red root and white gum bark can be found, we use raw fat, and pine bark, which are used to check the almost universal complaints, dysentery, dysentery, and urinary troubles. I observed several men today had barked their limbs to the knees, as a remedy for scurvy. But the truth is there is no remedy for this condition under the circumstances. Never could we imagine anything so horrible! We might write volumes and fail to describe the horrible reality. Our people would disbelieve it and "pooh" as if it were a fabulous tale. Thought some have a sense of prayer near us. One or two most excellent prayers were offered, prayers that would grove guilty, bearing an earnestness of the soul's devotion. It seemed so much like home, like a real faith and devotion, a reflex of the all-pushing Prodiges, that we felt it good to be there; that hearts are still open, the love sympathies not entirely stifled. How much better to be in such communion, seeking consolation from heaven, than to see them worse than brutes, or fighting demons! No rayna today.

Monday, July 16.—Eighty-eight years this day wove our fathers gave to the world that important document setting forth the immortal truth that all men are born free with equal rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness and declaring the independence of these states from foreign domination—the Declaration of American Independence. On these great truths they founded a Republic. Today their posterity are in mourning for the loss of sons. In painful expectations, in earnest hope and tear, their eyes are turned toward two mighty armies contending on the same soil—one for those principles and that Republic, the other battling to maintain a dying rebellion inaugurated to overthrow the work of their hands, and to found a government on principles the reverse. Nothing was ever more plainly asserted in both words and deeds than this. Here within the scope of my vision, are 26,500 men suffering for the great sin that has cursed our people, offered a living sacrifice that it may not be destroyed but saved free from the contaminating influence that has stained our fair emblem—the hoisted emblem of liberty: that the Union of the States shall not be broken by the hands of Treason, the foul assassin of Liberty! O that the day of glorious triumph may soon come and with it the right and stop the horrid evil of war! Let the demon that actuated it be destroyed! Apropos to the day are these beautiful lines from Longfellow, which Thompson recited.

* * * Sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hinging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid the keel,
What Workman wrought the ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What mighty strings, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy fate!
Fear not such sudden sound and stroke,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock,
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Shall on, our fear in breast the sea,
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

Have had but little rest for two nights, owing to the storm and severity of my complaints. No rations since the 2nd. Two hours of terrible thunder storm. At the Sutter's "Shelbang" I purchased a small wheat biscuit for 32 cents. This is my feast for "six days' fast" for July 4th, 1861.

Tuesday, July 5th.—We moved back to the old side, five of us, unknown to Rebel, it being improved by the removal of so many to the new part, and in get near the wall we dug, for we were fifty rods from water. About 2 p. m. the main teams came to the north gate. The boys cry "rations," the first issued for over sixty hours. I know no other reason for this than that the first night after the new part of the prison was occupied men carried off (bakers of the old north wall for wind or for hail). On July 2nd Capt. Wren directed that no rations be issued until every stick was replaced. He was heard to say on the 2nd, at the gate, that he would "teach the d——d d——n Yankees that he was in command and if the sons of b——d died like hell there would be enough left." I sold ten cents for a small roasting apple; it was good. The 6th Sherman's men report Johnston whipped at all points, the 8th, behind the Chattahoochee, Sherman crossing on his flank, Grant's, Richmond in danger, Lee's cornbread line troubled. The Southern slave empire must come down. Billy Tucker, prisoner since October, a Belle Islander, "Fench's" old playmate, is stopping with us. He belongs to the 1st U. S. dragoon, is from Steuben county, New York.

Thursday, July 7th.—Cool nights, hot days. My complaint not so bad. I have a painful cough. From three to six shots fired nightly by sentries, so common as not to be of note.

Friday, July 8th.—Prisoners arrive, 300, taken at James Island, S. C. The 2nd, belonging to the 52nd Pennsylvania, also a squad from Virginia. Thunder lightning and thunder in the middle of the day, the sun shining brightly, and scarce a cloud in the sky. A Rebel paper admits the country open to Grant and Lee by a surge. "All we want is to be left alone," said Jeff Davis at his inaugural. His words will grow, like "bull pen" lies.

SCENES AMONG SICK.—RAIDERS CONVICTED.

Saying those men had been
In vast army camps had busy days
Had useful service in field and fort performed
Some also on the sea and river fleets,
Marching on marches and in battle strife.

Strong in various trenches behind belching guns
On skirmish lines at opening fires,
And bravely stood the shock of charging lines,
That brought the father's final test.

From *The Vision of North*.

Saturday, July 9th.—More than a week since a sick call. The Doctor came in the gate this morning, and many sick go forward. Crowds are carried who cannot walk and are laid over a large space. Still in a bad state and quite weak, I go, hoping to get a prescription for "camphor pills," which surgeons of "infantry" draw, after the examination. Doctor comes in and looks them over hastily, going among them some, touching a few as though he felt sympathetic. Two hours would be required at least, to get along with the "nasty job," the doctors think and only work at them at that. I could not endure the hot sun, the awful stench, the sight of these sickening objects. I soon lost faith if I had any, that I should be healed by a slight herb touch. I came in doubt, upon viewing the condition of so many others, whether I needed anything. More curious than charitable—charity is a cripple here, beggars and crabs at home. I looked them over, and was not curious.

"Here pity hath must show herself alive
When she is dead."—Dante.

There were stronger forms and more robust constitutions than mine—stronger than I could more handsome than if they were dead, so they seem must be—once a part of the bone and sinew of the Union army! What ten times worse than ghastly expressions! What awful complaints! What piteous, humanly cries calling for the doctor to "Come quick, for Christ's sake, quick!" constantly begging for water! Agitated, I stepped hurriedly, shamefully, but carefully over those wasted, corrupted bodies, once beautiful baskets of immortal spirits, and hastened here and all down, with the boys under the shade of the blanket, my heart sinking as it was rendered with gloom. I shudder while I reflect my fate shall be like theirs.

"What did you get, North?" they asked.

"Nothing; don't try."

"You ought to."

"It wouldn't amount to much."

"Perhaps it would, at any rate, get all you can out of the Confederacy!"

"That would do."

"Then go back and try."

That makes me think of a man standing all night in the cold to freeze an ugly dog. The soundest man in the hull-pen

would be sick to staid in that dying crowd any more."

"That's what's the matter."

Tonight some of the sick go with the gals, no attention paid but ordered left the sick back. Many of the worst cases were admitted to hospital, a large number carried back by friends. Out of those who remain six have died during the day, others on the verge of death. Doctors visit these have no means to care for the sick, therefore neglect them, let them rot rather than parade and send them to our lines. They are not admitted to the hospital, which is little better than this day, with in a condition of death, nor are we allowed to go out for brush and timber to build shelter here though thousands would volunteer for that service and the doctor is so about us.

Sunday, July 19th. Hot, sweltering day renders the condition of the sick more appalling. It is noticed that more than two-thirds of the 100 men at the gate in response to the sick call are victims of starvation. Healthful action of the stomach and other organs of the body is destroyed; the food supplied imparts no nutriment through appetite ceases. Men eat whole rations carelessly, while unable to walk, which is not retained more than two minutes.—If it is it is so infected fire and blood and decayed flesh runs with temporary relief. Others loathe it, strain in vain at sight and so perish in death. Those not so afflicted are more or less infected with scurvy, dropsy, urinary disorders or these combined.

It is announced tonight that six soldiers have been convicted and condemned to death and are to be hanged tomorrow in the prison shortly after noon. The names of these convicts are Gary Sullivan, of 16th N. Y. Regiment, William Collins, alias Mosely, 4th Pennsylvania, Charles Curtis, 5th Rhode Island Artillery, John Sarafish, 144th N. Y., Patrick Delaney, 3rd Pennsylvania, A. Muir, 40th Jack the Butler, V. E. Davis. Sullivan's given name, announced for the regulatory as Terrence, was carried on the company roll as Gary. It is understood that these men were professional bounty hunters, going out for the money they could get and were assigned outside of the line of duty. We know Sullivan deserted our regiment while it was forming for expected battle on the night of October 19th, 1863, and was captured by Rebel cavalry that was flanking our infantry a few hours prior to the beginning of Meade's great retreat to Centerville, Va. The next day this prize passed Sergeant Keys and immediate assistants have got the use of timbers and tools and secured a few carpenters to build a scaffold.

HANGING THE CHIEF RAIDERS.—SCENES AT THE EXECUTION.

Monday, July 13th, 1864.—Building the scaffold for executing the principal raiders, began at 2 a. m. a few yards within the dead line near the south gate. By 1 p. m. it was finished and the crowd assembled everywhere a footing could be had in view of the scaffold. Looking from my position near the scaffold to the north on the sloping ground I beheld the most densely packed crowd I had ever seen. The south side if possible was more densely packed. They came from every extreme portion of the stockade until they could get no further. Evidently every man that could be was in his taps. A multitude of probably 20,000, all astir on so small an area, is seldom if ever seen. The regular squads, armed, with clubs, formed a square around the scaffold to keep back the crowd. It was feared by leaders that an attempt would be made by associates of the doomed to destroy the scaffold and release them. Sometime was employed in attaching ladders to the beam and adjusting nooses; then all was ready. Shortly after, the gate opened and Capt. Wieg, dressed in a white duck suit, upon his gray horse, accompanied by a Catholic priest, followed by the guard with the doubly doomed war prisoners. They were six dressed only in undershirts and drawers and heads uncovered. Capt. Wieg addressed us in broken Swiss nearly as follows.

"Prisoners, I deliver these men to you in as good condition as I found them. I have had nothing to do in convicting them of crimes of which they are accused, except to lend my assistance for their and your protection; nor do I charge them or believe them guilty. I and shall have nothing to do with the execution of your sentence. You have tried them, I have permitted it. You have convicted and sentenced them; if they are hung you, not I, will be responsible for it. I deliver them to you, do with them as you please, and may God be with them and you. Guards about face, forward march."

All but the priest moved out and the gate closed. This address was delivered from a paper in his hand and to have been prepared by Lieut. Davis or some officer of the post.

The prisoners had doubted the earnestness of the proceedings up to the moment of the address of Wieg and the guard. However, their arms had been pinioned, and when they looked at the gallows the dreadful truth struck terror to their hearts. Their executioners were in position and without the least delay pressed each man to ascend the scaffold. Cries, a strong man shouted in a strong rough voice, "By God, boys, we will never go up there!" At the same time fiercely wrenching away, hoisting his arms and throwing them about his head, dashed madly through

the regulators' lines rushed through the weak crowd to the stream, plunged into the swamp, sometimes in his hips, but was retaken by two pursuers before reaching solid ground. Meantime the crowd took panic, supposing the reason of the condemned was attempted and in the confusion jostled and trampled one another down. Their fright was greatly increased on seeing the Rebels fly in their guns. The crowd surged back like a heavy sea, trampling hundreds of the weaker under foot and leveling many tents in the rush, which had hardly ceased before the fugitive was brought back trembling and cowering with fear. The others had been left standing, but now all were pushed up the slope to the trap by the executioner, talking and wailing unintelligibly while the priest begged forcibly for them to be spared. As the nooses were put over their heads, and the bags, used for caps, were ready to be drawn over their faces, with what awful cries they screamed and pleaded for life. The priest, at their request, seemed to address, not only those in charge but the vast crowd as well, uttering an appeal and urging that the final disposition of the matter be left to the crowd. Alas, of no avail. The witnesses of their crimes by thousands, as well as their condemnations arose before them and their clamor for the execution to proceed overwhelmed the frantic effort of the priest. They hailed them guilty of direct murder, the means of suffering and death of many by depriving them of scanty clothing and fare, by theft and in having cruelly beaten them. The guilty clamored for mercy that they had dared to innocent helpless men. Yet willingly would most of us spared them to be dealt with by law, but with their lives we knew no safety.

Who has seen the souls anguished pouring out in tears? This was the agony of guilt. It fired in the wild eye flashed on the growing shock, darkened on the crossed brow and gouted in frenzied lanes from quivering lip. If the executioners were moved by these appeals they knew their duty and performed it. The thro' answer was, "No you must die." Then said Collins, to the priest:

"Then do pray for us, pray long and hard!"

He pray's but Collins breaks in vehemently.

"I am guilty, but not of this. I have been an awful man! I have not had a fair trial" and many other sentences and all shout together, "Yes, yes!" Sullivan broke in:

"Neither am I guilty, but" and he groined, "I did not expect you to come to this." "Nor I," all shouted in concert.

Their exclamations were so loud, continuous and distressing, that I heard nothing of the prayer. Several times the sack was removed from their heads as they feelingly urged to be prayed for, until the executioners had decided not to repeat it, when

Curtis asked for one moment. Speaking loudly, he asked:

"Have I a friend within hearing?"

A voice answered, "Yes, it is me, Curtis."

"Is it you, Tony Kroot? Come up here."

Excitedly—"No, he can't come up."

Curtis—"Then I have one request, Tony. It is my dying request. I want you to keep my watch and send it back to my father-in-law in New York City."

Tony—"I will do it, Curtis."

Curtis—"I am ready. This is a hard sight, boys," and he groaned.

Sullivan and Maitz both said: "May God bless our souls!"

The spectators stepped from the platform. The props were pulled, the traps fell. As I looked upon the scene I saw that Collins had snapped his rope and fallen to the ground. He was restored to consciousness, and though he pled that as God had saved his life once he should be spared, but he was forced upon the raised trap, the nurse rushed while the other five were in the throes of death before his eyes and sewing off, partially kneeling, in hurriedly movement all made. It was indeed a hard sight, six strong men sent from life for crimes against fellow prisoners. I almost think I am hardened because I looked upon them with the composure that I did. This is the breaking up of a gang registered in the Richmond prison.

But there were interested spectators outside the prison, the soldiers standing in their rifle pits with arms ready; the artillerymen standing at their pieces ready to pull the lanyard cord at command; and from 1,000 to 2,000 people composed of old men and women of both sexes and all colors. From several miles about, who in their anxiety to see, had edged from positions assigned them, in front of the walls and integrity lines, and were thrust into peak as they supposed they were to fire upon the prisoners.

It is told of Maitz that he was acquitted of a crime in Dublin, Ireland, though he had confessed guilt in his prison. Slave conviction here he told the story to an Irish friend, adding that after acquittal the priest told him that death by hanging would be his doom. That the priest's words had always haunted him, though he sought to avoid any leading to their fulfillment, he often lost self-control and went wrong. To him he confessed completely in crimes charged and proved against others.

DREADFUL DAYS DRAG ON—NIGGER IN THE EXCHANGE FENCE.

Tuesday, July 15th: A man shot through the body and killed

while digging water from the stream several feet inside the dead line. Two sentries fired.

Wednesday, July 15th.—Corn bread, as served here, is to me what a single feather was to Paddy's head on a rock and what he (thought) more would be if supplied. Irrepressible conflict is brewing between hunger and filling up. Finding plenty of water in the quash is common with some who want something to fill up. We get nothing but rice tonight.

I find Harriman and two mate Phillips had off with scurvy. It having assumed malignant form and the flesh of their limbs has become lifeless. Harriman was looking at photographs of some friends and spoke of them with tenderness and a tone kept to despair. He has ever before been cheerful and quickly responded to expressions of sympathy and cheer. We find a word of cheer comes not amiss. I find that "each does well in his degree." But there comes when goodness takes its place and when that cannot remove the fact. How little of either have we now! The discomfort will be rational if the blessings of civilization from kindred when visited from this sort of way in the better history. Are the celestial feelings behind with this world? Is it unfeeling to this tongue? God's unbounded provision is the universal remedy for every vice. This we must feel as never before, or be impossible to ourselves. Harriman then related his strange dream which to him was extraordinary in which he beheld immediate multitudes and the blackness and terror of the supposed "river of death" upon some bright and a bordering stream, before which all human form and substance vanished, and he beheld the cosmic world. He regarded this as a prophecy of a change soon to come to life and said he had no fear of what might come. It had given him strength and life. He then briefly sketched for me his aspirations and disappointments, which are of no much interest to me but I carefully noted them for future writing.

Saw a paper of July 1st. must surprise them: Democrats postpone their convention to be held in Chicago, August 20th. Made the acquaintance of a man whose name is Northrop, a nephew of the celebrated lawyer, Henry Northrop, of New York; a prisoner nine months clothes nearly gone, is lively enough in his symptoms of scurvy. The evenings are furnished religious meetings are being held in various parts. There are some remarkable singers who attract the attention of outsiders.

Thursday, July 15th.—Report that Lee is moving forces northward. Swell at Harper's Ferry, and a cavalry raid into Maryland. Whether this is to attract attention for political effect, or is a military movement is a question. While writing sergeant of detachment has been called by Capt. Wick and notified that he has

If attempted he will kill every man in camp. Reports of two cannon started the prisoners this afternoon, and we turned out to see Rebel soldiers pouring into line double quick. It was soon evident that it was practice. They formed on the hill, deployed skirmishers who indulged in a vigorous fire, interspersed with several volleys of musketry from a brigade, showing how they would do it Kipatrick came in if prisoners break out.

July 21st.—A weak and disagreeable state of body since last date has waived my practice of writing; but everything has been as new—"Hell upon earth." We have a few duffings of this kind; the Rebel quartermaster is from Baltimore, and to counteract some suspicion of his speculating in rations makes lots of promises when he comes in of late. One of our fellows got thick with him and told him where to find a tunnel for a plug of tobacco. Soon after he came with a squad of negroes armed with feeling rods and spades, found and filled it. It had baffled their scrutiny for three days. The man who revealed the secret betrayed himself and that evening was hauled out, given a clean shave of his head and on his forehead was tattooed the word "Traitor." Next day rations were ordered withheld till those who did the job reported at the gate. I don't know that anyone reported but rations came the day after leaving us a vacuum of one day.

Petitions have been circulating praying our government for relief. I did not sign. They are sanctioned by Rebel authority, intended to produce political effect and to leave the impression in the North that the prisoners condemn government policy in reference to exchange, therefore to serve a purpose of its enemies. It abounds in dictation and censure, approaching facts.

Reports of movements in north Virginia are true. Sherman is up to Atlanta; Johnston relieved by Hood. They think Johnston fights on the principle that "He who fights and runs away will live to fight another day." Federal cavalry at Montgomery and Talladega, Ala., and at Macon, Ga., only 60 miles away, which causes great excitement here. The Rebels are fortifying. Drives of negroes are brought here from plantations and put to work. Troops and citizens, all sexes and ages, flock in and quarters are being built, making a ville of the place. We look over to it from high ground and reflect that it is one of the new born of Secession. A man near the steam rail his own throat today. Several hundred Rebel soldiers are stopped by rail for Macon. Three men brought in whom the Rebels suspect were scouts. They were put in the stocks several hours, but gave no information. James English of our company, of New York City, died July 17th.

Wednesday, July 22d.—Weather severely hot as it has been. Heard that a break by the prisoners is planned, and warns them

for three weeks. A supply of sumach buds must have arrived and are given out freely to be steeped and drunk for scurvy. A sergeant belonging to a work squad outside was shot by a guard, wounding him in the arm and hip and wounding another man. He took hold of the guard's gun. Some on parole get too intimate with Rebels; value principles less than extra rations. That such men have to be shot to remind them that they are dealing with traitors does not so much matter. While washing my shirt at the creek this afternoon the sentry fired, the shot whizzing by my head as I lay down, striking in the back and spattering mud in the face of four of us. Lots of shooting has been done by guards for over a week and several men have been killed and wounded. Limbs are amputated at the hospital for slight injuries. The arm of one of our men hit by a sentry a few days ago was promptly sawed off. Another Union found dogs are seeking a trail. New tools are visible to be seen. Negroes work all night. Reported fighting at Atlanta and that some of our forces are expected at Macon.

Thursday, July 24th.—Before day the dog horn and the yelping of hounds was heard. Men on parole about the Depot had attempted to escape. Two trains of wounded from Hood's army passed here. Rebels report a victory, then admit a loss. Fredrick of my Company, died this afternoon. He has been ailing but we did not think him dangerously ill. He was carried out at 5 o'clock and is the first man who has died since 7 a. m. in prison.

Sunday, July 26th.—Attended meeting this morning near the big pine tree in the southeast part of the pen, preaching by Sergeant H. N. Waddle, of 126th Ohio. Some of those active in conducting the meetings are Rev. T. J. Sheppard, B. N. Waddle, M. H. Miller, 2dnd Mich. Cavalry, and Robert H. Kellogg, of 16th Connecticut Regt. Thomas A. Carl, U. S. Infantry, also Boston Carney. Some who show extraordinary talent as singers are J. O. Turner, David Almerston, 68th N. Y., John W. Kerr, 1. H. Cummings, Massachusetts, J. W. Pomeroy and others. There is often a chorus of nearly a hundred voices, some evenings, of the singers.

Called on W. H. Harriman in the afternoon. He is so affected with sorrow that he cannot stand. The doctor tells him that they have no medicine that will cure, he is expecting to go to the hospital tomorrow. Made us good-bye grasping our hands in tears. He said: "Ever hoping for the best I shall not forget you and Thompson. We shall not meet again, I hope I shall have better treatment, at least better fare. If I am exchanged I will write your people, you do the same." I heard nothing definite from Harriman until July, 1862, when his sister, Anna E. Harriman, wrote me from Zanesville, Ohio, that he died in October, 1864.

Monday, July 27th.—Prostrated with severe pain, chills and fever which lasted most of the night. Getting a small piece of beef and rice in lieu of meat we have a fine dish. Griffith has sold a three quart tin pot, given us in Virginia by Wesley Norwood, for \$1 U. S. currency.

Tuesday, July 28th.—News from Atlanta conflicting; papers so far as we know, admit the repulse of Hood, then claim a victory. Later statements either choke victorious editors. Hood feels compelled to fight and not leave the town. Sherman intends to give him the whipping Johnston has all summer been running away from, if he makes the stand.

My complaints are unabated; are attended with weakening pains which at times prostrate me. Rations irregular, often missing a day or two.

Wednesday, July 29th.—Had John greater patience? Here are men of true mettle or we might see them knocking at the gate to swear fidelity to foes. To lie down is to submit to be eaten by lice and rot. When strength fails, such is the lot of all. "All that a man hath will he give for his life." But what have we to give? A gross deal of money will get a little flour from Rebels, such is their love of money. But their lack of love for humanity feels us hicks and loathsome things. We are in prison and they visit us with tortures and reproaches; we are athered and they give us to drink of water lained with filth and excrement, sick and auffered and they torture us; weak and weary and they give us to rest on the sand filthy and full of breeding vermin, shelterless and they give us no roof, lacking raiment and they take much that we have.

A man shot dead, the ball passing directly through his head back of the ears, while kneeling near the dead live innocently looking at something. He had just come in and was unwarned.

I bought an egg for 25 cents, a small blackcat for 25 cents for supper with proceeds from the tin kettle sold.

Thursday, July 30th.—Breakfasted on half of a small blackcat and an onion. Prisoners arrive, a crowd gathered when a cannon was fired over the camp.

Friday, July 31st.—Several shots fired during the night, one from a canon, the shot extending overhead. Yesterday and today's arrival of prisoners is about 1,200. White flags are put in the center of the prison to designate ground on which crowds must not assemble. If they do they will be fired upon. Accordingly men are constantly at the guns.

Saturday, August 1st.—Fresh calls for shoemakers. A few week ones give their names but are not accepted. Negroes have begun additional fortifications working all night and Sunday, felling trees and making the night all day. Last night my mind

was filled with thoughts of the misery of this place; I could not sleep. One poor look-alike cried all night and wished to die and suffer no longer; he is an awful object, his clothing is gone, but a rag of a shirt; his body is a mere frame; his hair has fallen from his head; his scabby ankles and feet are as large as his waist. I never saw a sight more appalling. Then the awful thought that he is a man, somebody's darling son, dead and yet breathing. And he is but a sample of misery. To think of it blurs one's faith in even the lengthens.

This forenoon a priest came in saying he had great news: we are to be exchanged. He told his news; it stated nothing definite, a mere if-so-be-perhaps, and yet he tried to make us believe it all. Then he preached about the blessed apostles and dealt out hell-fire in his rations unless we accepted certain theories. It was not comforting. It is true Fremont and Lincoln are both nominated. I visited an Ohio 9th-day man taken in Maryland since the nomination. He thinks the Fremont ticket will be withdrawn.

Sunday, August 1st.—The policy of enlisting negroes renders it harder for prisoners. So does the emancipation proclamation. The government having enlisted negroes, it is bound by laws of war and all honorable considerations to protect them as soldiers. To do otherwise would be dishonourable cowardly, pernicious. Their enlistment were excited the unreasonable hatred of Southerners toward the North. The only way they can punish the North for what they deem insulting, is through their military prisons and they open their jails of wrath on "Lincoln hirelings," as they call us, who are wholly in their power. But the ever present fear of retaliation, man for man, even would be slain by hundreds, lined up and shot after being brought beyond the seat of war. As it is their crime to bear on their backs without displaying the black flag. Exchange was blocked last fall because Rebel authority disregards the negro as a man. That has long been a cry of slaves. They adhere to it with a vengeance when he appears in arms against slavery. He is saved from slaughter if captured, on the theory that he is property, a theory in practice here for 100 years or more. If any are escaped slaves they are to be returned to masters or used for war purposes indefinitely. If free they are appropriated as laborers, never exchanged, and if their way succeeds he can be sold. Hence the case of a white man is worse than that of a colored. He is doomed to a life of death because his government punishes whites and blacks on an equality. The slave codes of the South, written and unwritten, are in force, amplified by the war power. This cruel and absurd animus of "Southern civilization," this monstrous despotism, is of long standing. It is unquestioned by Southerners, and

is to him who disregarded it during the long arbitrary reign of Slave Kings. The mass accept it as right which is equivalent to thinking it right. And so men think so they are. Hence the critical situation of the white war prisoners at this time. We are wholly at the mercy of the cruel spirit which has transformed the South into a den of everybody antagonistic to their customs and laws.

Shall Lincoln recall his emancipation proclamation for the reason which so surely exists as we are at war? It makes it the deadliest war of any century. Nor should the policy of allowing negroes to fight for liberty be recalled. Shall free men cower and huges concede the indignities of this hell-born slave power? Indeed not. That is the issue—deadly issue—to be fought to death. How well do I remember the word passed along the lines at Mine Run and other places last fall and winter: "No exchange of prisoners men remember!" The same word sounded along the lines in the fiery oracles in the Wilderness. The die was cast. We fought with it before our eyes. Who does not day realize its import? Davis seeks to subvert the laws of war with his old slave code. Soon after Lincoln's emancipation Davis notified his Congress that he proposed to turn commissioned officers thereafter over to State authorities in States where captured he be punished under State laws providing for criminals engaged in inciting civil insurrection. That is his disposition, overlooking the fact that codes made to hang "rebels and traitors" can not be solely applied in war prisons in a State of war, where the States he represents are belligerents fighting for independence and asking for foreign recognition. Davis' blood-thirsty fanaticism for slavery supercedes the intelligence he has been supposed to have and displays his savage inhumanity, thus seeking excuse to hang all U. S. officers.

(Note.—January 17, 1862 Davis in a message to the Confederate Congress said: "I shall, unless you, in your wisdom, deem some other course more expedient, deliver to the several State authorities all commissioned officers of the United States that may hereafter be captured by our forces in any of the States embraced in the proclamation, that they may be dealt with in accordance with the laws of those States providing for the punishment of criminals engaged in inciting some insurrection"—*Confederate War Records* now at Washington.

The same records show that in May 1862, the Confederate Congress in its "wisdom," passed a law embodying the above suggestion, but confining its operation to commissioned officers of negro regiments. Negro soldiers, when captured by its provisions were to be delivered to authorities of States where captured, to be disposed of according to the laws of those States. This

He was never repeated, so that he is a legal proposition, any officer of a negro regiment who becomes a prisoner was liable to be hanged, as John Brown was at Harper's Ferry. The records also show that the prisoner problem was much discussed early in the war. A Yankee caught in slave States by "free niggers" sent in the war could be safely tagged under safe codes. Shadowy minds like Davis assumed that it could with no harm, others saw that having given in war in the spirit that swayed the Union, they had barred themselves from permitting that moral function. Some said once Uncle Sam took them at his own expense though they be kept in the South, others said starve them, others give them poor food and water, others break their legs and turn them slaves. Some will make them build railroads or work in other ways to build the Slave Confederacy.

BUERILLA SHOWS PLUCK—GEORGIA PATRIOTISM.

Tuesday, August 14.—Several men of our regiment are falling fast. H. D. Merrill is an object of pity and getting worse. We have cut his hair close to keep the myriads of lice out. He has not all disposition to try to save himself. About ten of Gen. Stoneman's command captured in the vicinity of Macon, were turned in here today. They report Maj. Gen. Simeon captured. His expedition to that point with the intention of coming here has proved disastrous. Railroads suspended. Sick ordered to the gate at night, and ordered to be brought again in the morning. None to go who can walk.

Wednesday, August 15.—Sick come in the south gate in hundreds. Every inch of ground covered. What scenes, what ghasts! Nine hundred admitted outside the perimeter carried groaning back about noon to be returned in the morning. Oh, for the Macon, the town of which garnet they might touch and be healed!

Thursday, August 16.—At daylight a man shot and instantly killed. He had no particular stopping place had become partially crazed, in the night had crept beyond the dead line and fell asleep. As soon as upon the guard staff him while yet asleep. He had just been seen by two of our men who were calling him to come out. He was small "dead soul" and was carried out. Those who have belated friends are eager to get them out. So soon early hour this morning they are crowded forward. Regulators are making every passage to make room for the sick. The main street by which I step from the gate to the east is filled with prostrate men. There is a greater number than yesterday. The doctors are making special efforts and was said yesterday. "The sick must all come out. The condition of the prison will breed pestilence that will spread through the country." It is

through their impotency that this movement is made. They appear frightened. I heard another say, "Conditions are shameful." Long have doctors complained that their government furnishes neither medicine nor decent quarters, that men can not be successfully treated on such fare and in these quarters. One told Stedman Brown that men could not live long on the rations given us, that wall men will soon be sick. They have some new tents up; some are being carried thither in army wagons. The Rebel sergeant who counted us to-day said:

"Captain don't care how many Yankees die; he says he has killed more men than Joe Johnston," then added: "What did you'ns come down here for if you'ns didn't want tough fare? But we can't help it."

After two hours laying in a crowd, "you sick call" is announced. The sick are being returned to all parts of the prison. I am living on rice alone, drink some, trade meat for some.

Report is rife that our government has offered the Richmond dignitaries to accept a parole of all prisoners, especially sick, and take care of prisoners of both parties. Undoubtedly this is the disposition of our government. This evening I met an intelligent talker who knows what he sees more than most men. Having frequently met him, I inquired his name, "Buella," he replied; "I am from Illinois, have been a prisoner ten months, came here from Florida. I will stay ten more. I will be eaten up by lice and maggots before I will ask our government to get on its marrow bones to these Rebels. I am glad to see Lincoln stand square on his feet. I was a Douglas man, not that he was a better man, but had had more experience. I knew both personally and now believe Lincoln the best man for the place. If I can get into God's country in time he will get my vote." I referred to the report; he said:

"I asked the old Dutch if that thing was true myself. The old hummer looked mad, but answered more than I expected. 'Py Cot, ve vills to us such ting! Py Cot, ve vill start every son of a bitch! Now, I tell you, you vills all tis before ve vills parole ye—an before exchange. Py Cot, your Govment is too tevilment. Ve cot you foud?' Turning his horse around to go away, he said: 'Py Cot, you'ns vill pe schunt as away here, and ve no trust them Yankees!'"

Friday, August 1th.—The sick carried early to the gates but not received, ordered to be brought at 3 p. m. Doctors have got it into their heads that some system is necessary, and so much crowding at the gate was unnecessary and detrimental; so they ordered all back but the sick of eleven detachments and that none come tomorrow but those designated. Many are taken out. It gives hope that they are going to try to help us. Men persist

in flattering themselves that we are soon to be relieved. I guard against disappointment and defer hope while action is deferred. The wolf at the door will not go away bloodthirsty until driven. They brought us to Georgia according to a declaration of powers that be that no shelter should be furnished Yankee prisoners. They will not release us for our sake have disregarded our rights and purposely wronged us. Their cause is desperate, they fight for unprovoked revenge. They fiercely kill with bullets and designedly and half disguisedly plot our lingering death, seeking to profit their cause by our suffering. They began the war in hasty spite. It will end in hellish revenge. If they believe in their cause need we hope for mercy? Has the government raised its hand to strike out one right for North claims for itself? Have we lost compromised our sense of justice to appease unreasoning wrath, and have they not placed the dagger to our hearts? Now shall we be delivered by the murderers from the hands of their agents? Not till the last pillar has been broken and the hell-born spirit that incited this war shall rule no more, will their nefarious plotting cease. Yet we have hope which all of this surmounts,—they must fail.

A PRISONER'S SONG.

Exultant, yet more exultant,
Sound the notes of war.
In our hearts confident
Behold the end afar.
Patient, yet more patient,
We'll bear the pains of fate.
Awake, oh, spirits latent,
And ward the blows of hate!

Higher, and yet higher,
Raise the hope of love;
Let faith new strength inspire
And make us stillward prove.
Calmer, and yet calmer,
Wait we for the light
Through mayage din and clamor,
The passing of this night.
Freedom, on forever,
O, swiftly onward stride,
Easing bonds to sever,
And in this land abide!
Steady, and more steady,
Let our strides go
They are strong and ready,
They move—it seems so slow!

Starving, we are starving!
 We are sinking in distress;
 Disease is growing—dying;
 Our lives are very precious.
 Help us to see the sunlight
 Of victory and peace!
 Treason's lamp has caused us night,
 Eye death and eyes shall weal.

There is no danger from rydgers and Thompson and I walk in the roof of the rooming and talk about these things. A sensible comrade in Lithuania is worth a thousand limbs in peace if one apprehends him. The bravest man I ever saw was a man happy under miserable circumstances. The most miserable man is one wretched when surrounded with the benefits of life, with a robust heart, a valiant head, an iceberg and a fiery furnace freezing and burning his nature at the same time. To be contented in a happy home, in one sense, is a mysterious art, yet the plainest fact.

"There is a Divinity that shapes our ends,
 Rough how e'er we will."

We know now how to appreciate a man who is a living statue, not a human straw, a weed, fluted by every breeze, whipped about by adverse winds. We love him, believe in him. We are engaged in other. He is not at home, who apprehends us. He has not only got the melody of our best songs, but he has the heart, and the head, not only the rhyme but the sentiment.

Recalled an interesting episode occurred, but it was not devoid of dramatic incident to this place. It reveals qualities of noble patriotism and keen foresight with a hint of stern romance. A Georgian is a powerful type. Early in 1911 when the war-spirit had once again run wild Georgia was assailed by men like Toombs a man whose name is said to be first, probably assumed, lived not many miles from this prison, who resolved for the Union. He went North, leaving his wife at home, and joined a Western regiment. In a battle between Sherman and Johnston's armies he was captured. He was recognized by a Georgia Reserve, while carrying a sick man out, who possessed only lived near him. The recognition was mutual and friendly. From him he got some news of his wife, the first in three years. It was arranged to get a note to her, telling of his imprisonment. In a few days the guard was on duty and found the wife before they over the dead-line in a hall of way. Two days later the woman came before Wirt and asked an interview. It was granted, the lady to stand outside the gate thirty paces, the man at the gate, neither to speak. At sight of each other they spoke each other's name eagerly. The interview was slightly ended, the woman ordered away, the man

driven into prison. The next day she came again bringing clothing and provisions which she begged Wirt to send him. Wirt promptly ordered her away, warning her never to come again and sent soldiers to escort her off the ground. The husband was then brought before him and an effort made to enlist him in the Rebel service. This was refused, when he was hauled off gagged and locked in the dungeon, being brought out and maliciously punished at intervals for several days. Failing to impress him into the service, by advice of doctors he was turned into the stockade. [Note.—After leaving Andersonville I heard he escaped from a train conveying prisoners from there after Atlanta fell. He probably visited his family and later joined Sherman's forces.]

STACK ARMS.

See, no officer is quest of men
To do some work the Rebels need;
Invite us from this prison pen
To work for them while brothers bleed?
Foreswear our country, Southern? No!
For his cause is true and high!
Join the hosts of Freedom's foe?
Far better starve, in prison die!
We fight for section, Southern? No,
We fight that liberty may spread
O'er all the land that freemen know,
Where, too long, the stars had shed.
We fight for justice in the land
Where Freeman's voice has been suppressed;
It shall be heard, from strand to strand,
And every wrong shall be redressed.
Patriotic to fight for wrong?
Because 'tis in your section hall?
To fight this evil to prolong,
Does not enhance the master's guilt.
Patriotism knows no line
That shall Freedom's law restrain.
The die is cast, the God's design
That slavery shall no more remain.
Ah, heed the call of destiny!
The black and white shall both be free—
And stack your arms for liberty,
O'er North and South alike shed no
Stack arms, brave Southerners, and repent
You ever raised them 'gainst the right.
You know the force of brave deeds;
"The murder men to longer fight!"
The "stars and bars" you down, pull down.

They lead you wrong, in Slavery's ways,
More hateful than King George's crown.
Our fathers spurned in other days.

RAIN KNOCKS THE STOCKADE—A NATURE STUDY.

Saturday, August 27th.—No sick call. The poor fellows are disappointed. Well-dressed officers ride out the street and back. Passing near as they inquire of a fellow who is whistling a tune:

"What State you from, young man?"

"Massachusetts."

"Do you rather live here than in Massachusetts?"

"No sir."

"Well, you'll be apt to live out your days here, for there'll be no exchange till the war closes and that won't be in ten years if Lincoln is your next President."

"There'll not be a corporal's guard left of this crowd before that time, Colonel," remarked the other.

Before they reached the gate they halted to buy a watch, and a few of us followed up and I asked:

"Colonel, will you come back into the Union if Lincoln is not elected?"

"Ho, ho! You Yankees are not fighting for the Union, that's your mistake. It's the nigger you want."

"If McClellan is elected will the South come into the Union?" I repeated.

"Ah, the Union! The Union's gone up!"

By this time the Major had got the watch by paying \$100 in "Contol" and they spurred up. We are often taunted by the slur that we are no better than niggers. They say:

"You fight with niggers; you think it's all right to fight us with niggers."

We retort by saying that it is no worse for a nigger to fight with us than to work for them, and that they would put a gun in his hand if they dared. It is just as bad for them to be hunted by niggers as it is for us to be hunted helpless and half starved by blood hounds.

A little after noon a man shot and killed. I hastened and ascertained that he was dipping water from the brook. The sentinel had been observed to be closely watching. The ball passed through the forehead, tearing out his brains. The guard was immediately collected by the officer of the day as they all are when they make a sure fire. It is a story never denied that for every Yankee killed a furlough is granted. In a few minutes a stretcher smeared with blood and brains bury another Yankee to the dead house.

Tuesday, August 28th.—Terrible rain. It swelled the stream to a river. The stockings fell in several places. On the west side through the swamp about eight rods fell. One place on the west a swamp hole fell increasing the swamp to ft. Some as it occurred the sentinels fired and two German shots over the camp succeeded, to warn us to be quiet or shot would be raised on us. Meanwhile we were accused to see the Reds get out of their quarters and limbs gaped by the weak points. The camp was in a hurry to see the Reds getting drowned as well as ourselves. Some prisoners plunged into the flood to bring out floating timber or pieces of boards that came down as if they were a God-send, for we would not be allowed to pick them up if we were outside. At these places the Reds stood in line of battle for more than an hour and when the rain ceased they had only time to temporarily repair the damage before night, so fires were built and a strong guard kept on all night.

Wednesday, August 29th.—Soldiers and natives are rebuilding the fallen wall. Prisoners stand at a distance often shouting. "That is good for you, Habs." "That's the way your Confederates will fall. Grant and Sherman are making bigger holes than these." "The Reds what are you doing with that bigger dam-pier to go you're returned to the level of the digger." "It's hard enough to starve or condemn and be burned by dogs, but when you come to build sub-pens for us with riggers, working by your sides, you are byzants, you are black abolitionists, you are barbarians." Pieces of other lumps are infused till men get sick of it.

Two new walls are being built outside of the main one. The most important believe in immediate exchange are pushed as to what it means. Tunneling cannot be successfully done more than sixty or eighty feet horizontally, the air becoming toxic. The necessity is necessarily small just admitting a man as he drives himself along. It cannot be larger for fear of exposure besides the dirt being dug with tools, sticks, etc. and pushed to the opening to be carried to the swamp, or wherever it can be removed. It cannot be remedied for that might be a key to discovery. Likely these new walls are to obstruct the digging of tunnels.

For several days barbed wire has been in course of erection in the north part, the work being done by our men on guard who bring the barbs in on their shoulders. They are allowed an extra ration and occasionally opportunities to trade for their benefit. What do these barbed wire mean? Are we to stay here all winter? men asked. At the rate they go up I think we must if we wait for them. Some say they are for hospitals.

Steward Brown, who is an Englishman and not a soldier, on

CHRONICLES OF A WAR PRISONER

republican express the belief that it was fortunate for prisoners at Stanton's expedition killed, for it was the intention of Mr. Winder to use the Florida battery on the prison had any considerable Union force approached Andersonville within seven miles, and had he ordered in the regular army in writing, only 25th.

(Note:—Here is the order. It was found on file among the records of the Confederate War Department at Richmond, and is with the records in possession of the government, so it is plain Stewart having known the statement was true. This is the diabolical lie.

Andersonville Military Prison,
Andersonville, Ga., July 27, 1864.

Order No. 11.

The officers on duty and in command of the battery of Florida Artillery at the time will upon receiving notice that the enemy is approaching within seven miles of this post, upon upon the divide with respect, without reference to the evidence beyond the lines of defense.

JOHN H. WINDER,

Brigadier-General Commanding.

Five men sunstruck and reported dead, most of us are afflicted by fever. Our mode of life a month or two has been almost unbearable. The disagreeable part reflected by my flash through us a disease of the. The strength of the filthy mud river bed and away to our nostrils. For that I might feel the shade of the million forest ruler, whose great trees look pityingly over us and now sheltered we would be for an hour of repose on a fresh earth beneath them.

As to the men to John William Kille. A number of the sick were carried through the gate and laid in the stockade. Several surgeons were ordered to look to the doctors appearing to us and were mortified at roll call to go for treatment, and all noble spirits were animated with hope. Some went utterly to work into despair at the disappointed. The Confederate guard, in answer to questions, remarked, "They might as well be sent us to the hospital. It is a right hard place; the doctors do nothing."

Naturally we believe the word *Rossini* means something. In a mortal distress men long for its benign influence; men are asked upon the thought of being admitted, even when we know it is a cruel, striped mockery.

Near the stockade every third night the hell grating a man's gr. Near where I walked, and returned by into the swamp. No one today, nothing to eat. Men have suffered near the gate as men hoping for something but in vain. We lay down to-

night hunger, sick and sad. Not a crumb of anything all night, all day and all night again, with no certainty of anything tomorrow.

ODE TO WIRZ.

Cheating them who trust that
Is a coward's shelter—
But soon we find to whom we must,
We suffer their tyranny—
It roams both fair and wild
To feed the vengeance and the hate
No virtue has for years consumed—
And which a mortal slowly wastes—
A brutal power were he who stay
A debt that summed on his knee
But we try through with his way
Who make sense and beauty
And glances in a brutal way
Toward men who fight against slavery.

Looking at the swamps with its deposit of organic lifeless
alive with billions of those poor maggots, today, it came to me
that not only the earth but the air had can catch worms and
catch them continuously if food enough is with the place. But in
fact have I yet seen in this foul realm. Merged with a sense
of disgust I am prone to wonder. Out of life now I see a new
creation, an emerging of conscious life of new order. The flies
that feed on the excreta deposit germs from which in conjunction
with the deposit when operated on by solar energy. The sun being
the battery, these flies germinate in form of maggots totally
unlike the fly, unlike any worm I ever noticed. These millions of
hundreds of thousands squirming in roasting sun in a few days de-
velop into winged insects larger and darker than maggots, an
inch long. From among a cloud of flies and swarms of worms I see
them rise and fly from the filth fed off their offspring seemingly
working purposeful elsewhere. Indeed this first insect to tread
low feelings, when they appeared on ground bordering the
swamp, where they fed in the mud when men were at hand.
Indeed there is life or principles of life in matter dead. Here
is a low order of exhibition of Nature's power to evolve and pro-
duce phases of evolution degrees above their physical source.

A FEW DAY'S DOINGS—TENNESSEANS.

Thursday, August 11.—Recent improvements in camp are
timbers laid across the swamp on the west side north of the

CHRONICLES OF A WAR PRISONER

water for 20 rods this will help escape the DDT is passing from north to south. A flume and bridge had been made which improves washing facilities; also a road from the north to the south in the east part. We have more variety of food but only allowance is-wit corn bread, rice, a curious kind of bean, a flat whey. For several days a small piece of poor beef has come with soaked rations, hardly a mouthful and in lieu a little grubs-meat. We have built bake ovens of sand and clay; but according to us have raw meat, we club together to bake it, being sweeter baked than wrinkled on a small fire. It economizes fuel, encourages the hope it will not have to be such raw. There are five very stink room within a few feet growing day and night. It is remarkable with what tenacity life clings to enfeebled, corrupted frames.

Williams of the 111th N. Y., of Lyons, N. Y., a boy of education, talent and refinement, a nephew of Hon. Alex. Williams visited us. He is desisting rapidly and engages our sympathy. It is a joy to cheer such a sweet spirit. He showed us the likeness of a beautiful girl, remarking that he never expected to see her again and went bitterly. We all parted with him regretfully. He died in September.

I was again struck today by one of the daily duties of men, seeing from north to south through camp I saw them stripped, changing clothing for lice. Immediately after roll call they "have down," or a "skirmish" or a "peeling off" as they express it, run head to heels to give the "gray backs" a cleaning out. These exterminating vermin infest clothing, sticking along the seams, where the torments come from, how they grow in a day, or an hour, is a mystery. Drawing our minds down to hanting lice is undistating. But the man who don't look respectable, we feel disowned in his company. Once a day is tolerable; twice better, three times makes a mark of the first order. Neglect this and a man soon over run, pilled, loathed, hated, shivered and marred at one point and sap his blood, he loathes himself and dies. They rowl in drenches over the sick, laid in his ears grow him shade, his hair deep as the hair is long. Talk about "gyppers" in the room, we come for this! They sap the life of the strongest. Men who fight their lice effectively every day are brave, meritorious for wonder we be pretty guests for jocular lockrooms! Trousers under the pillow! What would the tidy chamber-maid say at Hotel Regis? Charming guests for Indian houses, brown, yellowed, loathed, dirt-eating, wallowing Yankees! And we do laugh though it is not a laughing matter. But even the only backdoor in our notable camp of sight, should we be casted to Northland from Dixie tonight, no one would be obliged in civility to my tobacco. Poor himself!

Saturday, August 26th.—For nine days I have been prevented from making usual notes. Little passed I care to recall. I force myself to write today. I know no one who takes a general note of things, it is with hesitancy as well as difficulty, that I do. I cannot say that mine is more than meager penning. They are samples of the best and some of the worst things that I note.

Two of the sick men joined the 12th, died the 12th; the others on the 14th. One had throat gang since I first saw him. He had money but could not save himself. His was the common complaint. He died within four feet of me suddenly falling, was from Poughkeepsie. Another old prisoner died today of gang in a few feet of us. The mortality, notwithstanding the removal of so many of the worst cases, has increased. The average is over 100 per day this month. On the 15th, 110; the 17th, 125 died. I am told by a man who is on duty at the hospital. The sick again admitted to the jail for prescription, but three taken in the hospital out of several hundred applicants. It is the most disagreeable task and ever had to do, to carry a sick man before the doctor and then to announce to nothing.

M. D. Merrick of our company was taken out in an awful condition on the 14th. He is from Solus, Wayne county, N. Y. Plaque-ton of Company F have died, seven more are in bad condition. (This does not include myself.) Medson hurt his foot a few days ago; his blood is so weak that it does not heal. Gangrene set in; it has eaten to the bone. The limbs of others are so affected as to be unable to walk. Most of them were strong heavy men, but we have to carry them to sick bed. Gangrene is one of the frightful phases of these diseases. W. M. Townsend of the 11th N. Y. received a slight scratch on his thigh which has spread to a large and painful sore. It is by great precaution it is kept from being maggots. The 17th I accidentally found Hanson, a young German of our company whom I had not seen for a long time, he belonged to another detachment. He was hospital but could not, had fallen in the swamp, was completely drenched. His gums are rotted with scurvy, the backs of his hands and feet raw from scurvy; maggots actually crawling in his flesh. I got Sergeant Burton and went to the gate begging aid. At last got the answer "You take care something for your own selves." We returned to Hanson, lifted and gave him water, cleaned his wounds, bound his detachment sergeant, borrowed a ragged blanket to cover him; could do no more. He died August 18th.

Tunnel was discovered not long since this way. It had been completed to the point where they wished to come out. The head man was pulling down the dirt when suddenly it broke away covering him, and down came a gray jacket with a Rebel in it, gun and all. The relief guards were just being mounted and

COMMITTEES OF A WAR PRISONER.

of Union stopped upon the exact spot where they were to escape.

A recent paper I saw today spoke of Major Curdell, Commissioner of Excise, visiting our Devil in Middle Bay, having reference to sending packages. Fishing at Richmond and other week and close work at All day. They abound in speculations on the Presidential campaign, and in extracts from the New York World, Herald, News and Albany Argus and from their own organs or South's organs. The World has an article on "The Failure of Grant," denouncing his whole career, and claims that "Grant played out," though he has marched far back into the Richmond harbor and is still operating. Southern Rebels do not claim want of a failure. They keep up a bold front which they consider a political as well as a military necessity, but their own admissions in general terms are evidences of their strait. To me seems they have reason to hope on that degree of success from self armies that you may the little privilege they have abroad, not less secure their recognition, so turning to political bickerings, possessing their enemies in the feigned attitude of triumph and strength but lose their hope on the stern. They believe not a victory that could expiate their crimes in the past, would do any more in the future. If raised by power to look down on a host of Rebel beyonds instead of threatening, sophisticated politicians to whom they had succumbed. But they are a mere shell of old and rotting strength that has passed its zenith. The outbreak must be burning to ashes; they would negotiate for a moment in rendering the Union and the Union. Oh, let the North be true in this crisis! Rebels would despair of success before such.

They do not even send enough to ten men for one. May go a distance to obtain it, waiting down men from their friends to carry out with the hope of getting it. Four men are permitted to go and one being no more a dog. These some with trade half of self weekly for a stick to cook the other half. A few will take a day's ration for a ten cent bill of tobacco. A few so far as their action as to enjoy clothing away, becoming disgusted with life, and themselves to disgusting signs by going naked. If conscious of being degraded so as to lose self respect, become a God only knows the wickedness and who of such a state?

I wandered in a healthy man for me a few days ago. I came a quarter of Tennessee who told their war experiences, of speculations they people suffered for being Unionists; how they fled from home in escape Rebels who were savage against all who refused to support secession. Their madness knew neither law or friendship, that Henry neither justice nor mercy. They, with a hundred others, armed themselves and one day cut their

way through an armed mob claimed to have been sent by Governor James Harris, who designed to massacre or capture them. They marched many miles to join Grant's army, and had several fights with guerrillas. They were captured in Hammer's operation near Chattanooga, in 1865, wintered at Danville, Va., came here in March, seven stopping together. Three have died. Prison hardships affect them severely. The character of these sturdy mountain people, their honest, intelligent patriotism in connection with this crisis and their general history, inspire these lines.

THE MEN OF TENNESSEE.

God save them what of Anderson,
The man who bravely stayed
On Lincoln's flag, for country rose,
Whose slavery's power had swayed;
Embowed the leaders of the South,
Of low and high degree,
And deemed the flag ensign of truth,
Brave men of Tennessee.

They lived upon their native soil;
They loved it well and true;
They lived by faithful, honest toil;
They loved the peace they knew,
But they were those who weighed events,
As they should pondered be;
They saw conflicting sentiments
Disturbing Tennessee.

And when the Union of the States
Was threatened by its foes,
With the Union they allied their fates
Succumbing to oppose
When driven from their homes away,
By the powers of slavery;
They joined the Union's armed array,
Great men of Tennessee.

They spared the rule that would disrupt
The Nation's life then loved;
They spared the rule, wrong and corrupt,
As nations true believed;
And leaving home they loved behind,
Engulfed in war's red sea,
They showed great strength of heart and mind,
These men of Tennessee.

CHRONICLES OF A WAR PRISONER.

They nobly tendered strength and life,
 If human blood must shed,
 Against merciless, odorous strife
 By Southerners nobly led,
 And side by side with Northern men
 They fought most valiantly—
 Here broke the ill of prison pen
 Brave men of Tennessee.

Behold them suffer here and die
 Within Jack Sumner's walls,
 The north their feet, the roof the sky,
 Where were their hearts appal!
 And yet all others they resent
 That promise them to free—
 By loyalty in life and death—
 True men of Tennessee.

O hail the men who know the right
 And for it stand and fall,
 Who will not swerve at Treason's might
 Though death pale claims them all,
 And here in prison pen and rot,
 Though today they could be free;
 No braver men have ever fought,
 Than men of Tennessee.

The valor of some Spartan band
 From ancient time may lead;
 But the acts of those of Jackson's land,
 Who will their deeds applaud?
 I see them dying day by day
 Mid scenes of misery
 No voice in praise, where death lies away,
 These men of Tennessee.

HOSPITALS, THEIR HISTORY.

Noting the iniquities and instability of doctors to cheer the thousands of sick—victims conspicuous for their needlessness—I have applied my mind to every fact regarding so-called hospitals. It is no mystery that men sick in the stockade. Coarse, unpalatable food, a mixture of hot and cold, containing oil and bran—doctors sell it meal and lard—often musty and bitter, stirred in filthy water in large batches, often soured before baking or while baking with green wood, no salt, no yeast, no soda, often

partially raw, often near-roasted with a crust hard and tasteless. If changed to rice, that is cooked with the dirty water and often unseasoned. Exposed to all the weather and until some wells were dug, all drank and washed in the same small stream, always polluted and more and more, night and day, being poisoned by drainage from without and within. Thirst becomes feverish, unbearable: to drink is to pollute our bodies with the filth intermixed, made more stomachful and rotten by heat and rain. Nothing could be more unhealthy, more conducive to disease. What are the hospital facilities to cope with rapidly developing conditions absolutely adverse to health in wounded men? I find these facts, attested by appearance and results. No Confederate doctor or officer pretends to dispute.

This is the history of so-called hospitals here to date and they must continually grow worse. When the prison was built most of its early prisoners were from prisons farther north, Danville and about Richmond, where they were under roofs. Coming here in February and March they readily chilled through. Some refuse of the timber from which the stockade was built was appropriated by prisoners for fuel and shelter, and before hot weather and an increase of prisoners, both air and water might have been an improvement on their former abode. But old prisoners broke down and the first hospital was erected inside of poles and brush. This was the least hospital the place has ever had. The poles or logs were left several inches apart, and as sickly men were put in them the place became as odious and no more commodious than a harkwoods hog-pen. A partition had a line four, no beds, no bunks, no blankets, no straw. The sun and wind beat through the space between the logs and rendered patients that retained sensibility or desire to live, uncomfortable. A few prisoners had threadbare blankets or remnants, with the U. S. brand, but no other was provided whether prisoners had a U. S. rag or not.

This was the original provision and remained the only hospital until the middle of May, or a few days later, when prisoners began to come from the spring campaign and were so packed about this hospital pen that the air was infected and it was removed to its present locality to make room. We arrived here from the Wilderness fields in Virginia just two days after this change: but even then the place where it had been, was covered with men fresh from our armies like herring that the very earth which they had been forced to occupy as their abode, was soaked with the filth of the lately removed wards of death, for, then as now, there was no means of disposal of corpses of men who were slowly wasting and unable to seek the swamp or stream, except to lay propped up, or propped with the "hospital" or death-pen. The hospital now simply consists of stumps of old stumps appropriated

from other use, ragged or patched, open at the sides, without flaps, laces, buttons, straps or string. Men lay on the earth in ghastly rows. The ground where they lay is saturated with urine or sweating bodies. The sickening exhibition is constant. Patients have no clothing except that worn during their imprisonment and in active service, cover but a single arm, in many cases not much of that, no blankets, except where prisoners happened to retain them on coming to prison. Patients are sickly, changed of aspect, decaying bodies, while yet their minds retain dreary exaltation. There are fleas,lice, scabies with skin driven over them, on some bodies have broken or worn through the skin, lumps of others whose flesh has not vanished, are swollen with dropsy and scurvy, discolored, yellow and brown. In many cases ulcers appear—some from wounds that never heal, and gangrene is having an unchecked if not undisputed reign. Myriads of lice and flies swarm over helpless men; maggots infest gangrenous areas that may have originated from a scratch, a scratch or from ulcersous eruption caused by corrupted blood.

These matters, seemingly, have reached an uncontrollable stage. There is entirely of medicine, scarcity of physicians. Nurses are dumbfounded. If they have any sense of the situation they are in despair, can do little to comfort and it seems that these detailed have no adaptation for the work. Except now and then one, would they be retained and for just that reason, in a hospital well ordered for work. From first to last there is nothing provided, nothing arranged, nothing expedient but death and the quicker the latter. If doctors and ordinary skill and nurses had any idea of sanitation, some police regulations would be visible. If that were so and the Richmond government had meant to do anything but murder, better facilities would be provided. I have met a doctor or two apparently of still good sense, and humane intent, but they seemed to have despaired of doing justice to their profession as to patients, lacking needs and having to contend against conditions which no skill and no medical supplies can meet until conditions change. They have no hope of that. There are some bunglers in charge with a slight knowledge of surgery ready to improve their quack skill by reckless practice. Amputations have been performed where no hope was possible or expected, and in cases where there was a lingering hope, yet the bodily condition of patients did not justify amputation. In no case as I can learn, has gangrene been cured by amputation. Slight wounds are not healable owing to weak blood. Some of these fellows are perfectly brutal and enlisted in this capacity rather than be conscripted and carry a musket. These conditions are known at Richmond. The prison has been inspected by military and civil officials of high rank. Reports of surgeons, Drs.

Reverend Pelot and Thompson in preceding paragraphs expressly stated not only general conditions but that there were men that were living masses of putrefaction, hospital without bunk, beds or slabs, as above stated speaking of corn bread raw and sour and the effects of such diet on sick and well that they could not practice successfully, that sickness could not be prevented nor patients cured with made comfortable—appending for "beds if any in Dixie." All was unanswered. Confidentially these facts are told me by a doctor.

WOMEN PRISONERS—PROVIDENCE SPRING.

Sunday, August 21st.—Rains. A man with gray hair has just died within six feet of me another is dying within twenty, another within forty. The dead are almost continually being borne past, more than usual today. We walk, sleep, eat and drink among sick, dying, dead. We pass them on our way, meet them sinking with full disease turn to pity, but languishing with weakness bethink ourselves; shut sympathy in our breasts; nerve ourselves, pass on.

Of our detachment of 250 but 123 are able today to appear in line. Any man able to be about can consume the day's ration at once. Man never looked on misery more horrible. Oh, God, assist us, on those alone our hopes must rest for strength.

I saw by a Rebel sergeant's book that Harvey Deyo Merrill died the 16th inst. I heard the drum saying in the ward outside the hospital having been carried out crying by the crowd. All knew him as Deyo in my company where he was a favorite. He often entertained the boys with songs. He had a melodious voice, was a good singer, a pleasant young man, a faithful soldier. I have composed the following lines in his honor.

DEYO.

Dead he lay upon the ground,
 Tremulous lips and pulsing hand,
 Dead he lay, appalling sight;
 In those eyes there is no light.
 Dead and dying, dying dead,
 And we have no more to shed!
 Death is but a common sight,
 Dying round us day and night.
 Scores are dying every day
 And by confusion borne away
 Under gleaming Rebel guns
 To cover us for Northern sons,
 Rolled in ditches by the score—

Ay, thousands—paroled forevermore!
 No more his voice in song is heard
 That sweetly once his comrades stirred;
 Dead within this dreadful place,
 The peace of God upon his face,
 Nevermore the ration share
 Of prison pen with him we share.
 He stood with us in fighting line;
 Alike together here we pine;
 We sat with him in camp at night
 Clustered by the Union firelight,
 On weary marches night and day,
 And with him in embattled fray;
 On picket when the camp did sleep;
 In wood and field and trenches deep;
 When as skirmishers we creep,
 And here where foes their vigils keep!
 But now he sleeps in Dixie's soil,
 No more, no more with us to toil,
 Sleeps in the land he helped to free
 From the bane of Slavery;—
 No more to languish with us here!—
 Dead, without coffin shroud or bier—
 Deyo, good boy, farewell, farewell!
 Who your wretched fate will tell?
 Sadly you were heard to speak
 "Mother, mother," faint and weak,
 Until your starved and fetid breath
 Was silent in this squalid death.
 Thank God, your face she could not see;
 Your soul from this damned pit is free!
 No more your lips will songs repeat
 We heard so fondly and so sweet,
 O, lifeless body, let it rest,
 Wasted in this place opprest!
 He is gone who was its ghost;
 We who stay are still unblest.
 Lying dead in Georgia's sad
 He obeys the last command,
 Deyo, rest, your service is done;
 Tucked by your knapsack and your gun,
 Hiss, Deyo, gentle soul, arise,
 Soul of Deyo never dies!
 Soldier, in what realm now?
 Whose command obeyest thou?
 Freed from this place of pest and blight,

Where rests your spirit, calm, in night?
 In camps with comrades gone before—
 Where fearful war you know no more;
 In peaceful gardens of delight
 Rest, Devo, in peace to-night!

Sergeant Bourne of the 5th Massachusetts feared me with the reading of a book entitled "Isidore," devoted to the subject of home influences. It contains suggestive letters of home ought to heed and practice. Although from the American Tract Society, it speaks of the visitation of spirits to "Quiet and influence and lead us in the way of heavenly things." Says the writer, "How much a word or a sentence may do in influencing our associates!" I have been thinking that if these things be true, may not unseen influences busy us up, inspire us with hope and strength to survive these ill. I have often asked they might and felt perceptibly an inner delight; a joyous confidence. Spencer wrote of angels—

"They come to succor us, who succor want,
 They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
 And their bright squadrons round us plant,
 And all for love, and nothing for reward."

Milton expressed similar ideas, putting these words into the mouth of Adam in one of his happy talks with Eve, which likely expressed the views of the poet on this topic—

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the Earth
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep;
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
 Both day and night. How often from the steep
 Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,
 Sole, or responsive each to other note,
 Singing their Great Creator! Oft in bands
 While they keep watch, or nightly roundly walk,
 With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
 In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven."

I have been thinking, too, that I ought to mind in everyday talk and demeanor, have made slight effort. But everything around is hard. The temper is all the time worked upon, there is nothing pleasant but hope, good thoughts and desires. God and Nature are no less great, friends no less dear, liberty no less sweet, principles I attempt to defend no less sacred. I will not cease to defend them against rash, thoughtless men. Two men die across the street as I write this.

Monday, August 22d.—Most important reports are from Virginia. Grant's movements a mystery. Sheridan met Early in

the Shenandoah with a heavy force, but whipped him to pieces. Flag of truce boat off Charleston. The boys talk this news over with satisfaction. Once in awhile there is one who says, "I don't care how they do if I can get home." We draw rations of rice and molasses only, tonight. It is a change and "change of pasture makes fat calves."

Capt. Wire has not appeared for two weeks. It turns out he is sick, the boys hope he will die. Lieut. Davis summarizes the prison: we ascribe improvements to him. We could not account for how "Old Dutch" had become so enterprising. It is his custom to ride about like a pompous chief, to devise ways to punish offenders, as he calls men who attempt escape; watch them grinning in the stocks where he has kept them all day and all night with hands and feet outstretched to their utmost, and grinned as he saw them hanging by the thumbs. While suffering this punishment, two have died we know. If more have not, it is not to his credit. Neither has every little pretext to deprive us of rations from 24 to 60 hours, been so readily caught up. Nevertheless our principal ration has been bad, sour bread and hungry as we might be, some has been thrown away.

Tuesday, August 23rd.—An interesting gossip was afloat when I came here that there were two women in prison disguised as Union soldiers. It was accepted as a fact by many who gave plenty of reasons for believing it, and it was a topic for talk among them which I was curious to hear. In June two sprightly persons were shown me as the alleged women. Many times after I saw them, always together, always by themselves. There was nothing in their appearance to discredit the story except male attire, nothing to suggest to me, under the circumstances, that they were women, in the absence of the story that they were women. They looked like handsome boys, feminine of stature and of features, with an air of shyness. The story could not be traced to an origin, nor was it denied except by ridicule. Its believers said their appearance was prima facie evidence, and accounted for their presence in several ways. For three weeks they have not been seen. This morning believers in the rumor are on to the fact that three weeks ago they left their dugout at sunset and passed the south gate. Where they went, how and why, is a mystery, but the story is now more than ever believed. They were called by some "camp angels."

A hint whimsically, he shall take his heels and leave because we disagree with him on important questions discussed. Steve is a rough, disagreeable talker on many things, reviles our cause, slanders Lincoln and his advisers. "We don't want a Union, that dog is dead. If we whip the South we had better give them independence." Numerous; yet he was all right in

the ranks. Prussian deprivations disturb his equilibrium.

A more professional patriot, it might be said, is found wanting. Principles defended through superstition, selfish pride, blind party habit or hatred, will ultimately be cursed by such defenders. That pride degenerates in its grossest, the man is "the scotch concentrated all in self" and obscures the self he really is. He who admits to be a mere tool in the relations of life, or exerts his power to the injury of others for rash and selfish reasons, is worse than inert even when moved. The man without sentiment, strikes no spiritual gear.

As I passed the gate this morning I saw seven dead and not several on the way. Corpses are being carried to the burning ground in army wagons loaded in the street. The fellow who enjoys funerals ought to get satisfaction out of all he might see here.

During a terrific storm a spring burst out on the north of the swamp close to the dead line on the west side, below the north gate from a dry sandy knoll, and now flows profusely, is pure, clear, soft and sweet as any water I ever drank. We consider it remarkable, almost miraculous. It is difficult on the north side to reach water by wells. Men there, Prussians, perhaps more, have been obliged to get their water from the filthy run which catches the drainage from the Hotel camp the creek below. And from excavations deepened on either side covering at least an acre in places a foot thick, and fifth from other sources. The south side, had, several weeks ago, pushed water by digging 20 to 30 feet. In the 36th detachment on the north side they have sunk 15 feet and the water is not good and impure. A board-spout is made conveying the water from this spring about 10 feet down the hill and out of danger of the dead line, where men drink by thousands daily to drink and fill their tin canisters. Falling into this at four, a column is often formed which I take two hours to pass the end of the spout. It runs a stream as large as our own, white and clear, from the end of that spout.

Wednesday, August 11th. Three months today since I entered this prison. How much has been seen and suffered more are left. One-third of our company of 47 men have died; we wonder that more have not.

Gold is quoted in the Hotel papers at \$1.18 greenbacks in New York. Not so high! Dead today. One fellow was just moved past who died, it is said, with symptoms of cholera. I saw two cases thought to be yellow fever. I went near and near when he was suddenly taken with black vomit. One of the doctors was asked by a sick man if some would not be admitted to the hospital soon. He answered: "Likely, they are dying off right smart out there." How revolting! There have been commissioned officers in the

prison. To-day eighteen were taken out to be sent to Charleston. I know of two who have not gone: Coffey, of a New Hampshire regiment, and one of a regiment in the 6th corp. Another day is closing. I feel that God's blessing is with us even here.

Nor all the dreary intercourse of this daily life,

Nor all the dreary loneliness of this daily death,

Nor starvation's threatening visage gloom,

Nor guards that shoot an vile protest,

Nor pangs of pain and heavy languor

That press and sickening fill

My body, thin my blood, shade my body,

With clouds of squalid gloom, like midnight mists

That haunt foreverd walls,

Or like this stench that thickens prison air,

Night and day un-steaming from polluted

Sewer, that bleeds the prison ground, a sea

Of foulness dead, yet noisily with life in countless germs,

Within the crowding walls of this huge pen,

Nor all these certain deaths that strike

Strong men and they are gone,

Shall ever prevail against, or disturb

The cheerful faith that beyond all here behold—

Even in these very walls are blessings

Which in time shall gloriously unfold

And sometime bless our people, bless the world,

A), bless the foes from whom offences come.

There never was a curse inflicted

On man for sin of others, or their own

But blazed the way for blessings new,

So bear, as we must, unto the end,

Treading firmly, how'er that end may be

As in this mortal life seeds of death are set,

So in all death the germs of spiritual life

Uprise and bloom and last ten thousandfold.

Men borne northward slow in high renown,

But martyrs here who by thousands fall,

No language of eloquence may praise

But those who die in duty's strenuous path,

How'er decide its unseemly course

Musing the good things of the present life,

Can never be barred by massive walls

Or foes in arms from good things in the life to be.

INTERESTING RECORDS AND COMMENTS.

Thursday, August 26th.—Henry Brander of our company, died last night. He joined our regiment last winter fresh from

Germany. And died a victim to barbarity in Southern United States. A blow was struck with a club and nearly killed by one who helps railroad cottons. Assassination has the name of being a rough fellow, at least do what you work.

Friday, August 26th.—Tried to get Reuben Ellis to hospital again today, but failed. It was a hard task as four had to move him to the north part of the stockade in my arms or on a stick. He is unable to care for himself, his dirty clothing is filled with vermin which crawled on me as we took him along. The man who was struck yesterday is dead. The murderer is sentenced by the chief of the regulators to wear a lock and chain here and to our street.

An Indian man who spent the dead day last night, was ordered to come back by our men but refused. The guard shot three times, the third shot striking the top of the head passing out at the solar plexus. He was alive this morning but a frightful sight. Mosquitoes are troublesome night more than previously. They pick us like tatters when we lay down, our faces, arms, legs and bare feet are bleached and itchy.

Saturday, August 27th.—Tobacco leaves prices high, men will as easily have it as they can get it. This proves the strength of the habit of the men, but the use of it does not prove the theory propagated by us, that it prevents scurvy in the mouth. It is extensively used, but I notice that scurvy in the mouth is as common among smokers as non-smokers. Eight out of ten of my company who use tobacco have scurvy. Most of those who have died used it, several of those who are toothless because of diseased gums. I know of an inveterate chewer whose cheeks are badly swollen who still munches it if he can get it, and expectorates blood and matter and tobacco juice. In these cases it may only irritate parts affected and add poison to disease. Smoking is more consistent; the fumes of burning tobacco are more preferable than diseased atmosphere. I think it tends to purify a dirty penitentiary. Smokers resort to gulping quills that have been chewed, or them in the sun, otherwise, then have it in their pipes.

I was forced again to depend entirely upon the prison ration, having run out of money, and no money constantly. Reuben Ellis died last evening. Conscious to the last he called the boys about and bade them good-by tenderly, perfectly reconciled. Ellis was an honest fellow, a faithful soldier. Prisoner has possession of his papers and the likeness of his wife. He was drafted from Steuben county, N. Y. William Greenleaf died yesterday afternoon on his way to the stream. Frederick Stone died August 27th. All are at my command, the latter two men.

Sunday, August 28th.—As it is dark at 11 o'clock a. m. I cannot

men at the gate to be carried out. It had already gone out, making 66 more sundown last night. The bodies were exposed to the hot sun; some were putrified.

The *London Telegraph* of the 25th has something in reference to exchange from a Richmond correspondent to the *Saxtonian Republican*. It says: "The exchange will probably be consummated in this way: Man for man—officer for officer, either side in keep-where: probably the Confederate government will have no objection to exchange immediately Northern negroes, as French and English admit them in their armies the same as white men and they are exchanged the same; but slaves or negroes seduced from Southern homes will be returned to their masters if any; if not, sold."

Monday, August 29th.—My hat is worn out. I buy a cap for 15 cents, probably a dead man's. Democratic convention at Chicago today. As Rebels desire McClellan for President it would be "sectional" not to put him up. "Little Mac" will be the honored man. Rebels cry "bully" for him; he is next to "Bobby Lee." Of course Seymour and Fernando Wood will pledge their friends. All are anxious to see how this Pandora's box will open. Juggle, juggle, juggle! Rebels think it the most important event in their nation's history.

Going through camp last night, groping among heavily breathing hundreds, I came to one sitting by a prostrate comrade. The moon shone brightly over the trees, but a few minutes risen, lighting up the camp of thousands who are "waiting." I stopped and crouched over the small pile knot hanging fire near their feet. I saw the prostrate man was dying as his friend held a piece of blazing pitch pine near his face, no longer conscious of the sad scenes about him. He who was by his side was his brother, watching the going out of life. He said he was an old prisoner, and five weeks ago the dying brother came. The sudden change and treatment threw him into a fever, attended with diarrhoea. The meeting which, in his hard fortune, gladdened his heart a short time ago, ended here. This morning the brother was carried out a lifeless, faded picture, and laid among the squalls dead. But he who nursed was not permitted to mark the spot where he should be laid, nor shed one tear of sorrow over the grave of a brother. No tears of kindred mingle with his grief, they know it not. He feels the agony alone, unheard of for months by those who watch and wait in the far off home. Oh! how much can the poor heart bear! How many times has the edg'd web of affection, be broken, and reason not despair!

Tuesday, August 30th.—Common talk since June, that Kilpatrick was coming to release us. Many think it strange he does not come, almost since the seeming invitation. Perhaps he

might seem here; but he would be unable to hold the place, or even if he could he could not be supplied. To move us to our home would require to start with a train sufficient to transport 5,000 to 7,000 men. Many who could go a few miles would perish by the way, unless put in ambulances. The column would incur the risk of attacks from Wheeler's cavalry for 150 miles—to attempt the daring feat with our loss at Atlanta would not be good generalship, would not be common sense. We have only to hope that Gen. Sherman, with his noble heart, will come on as he has, and if they hold us here, he will do the best thing for us, he will shake the old flag over us, and we will be free. Far better than exchange.

Wednesday, August 31st. Summer gone, gone! As if we were hither, ventrils or worse it has been nothing to us. Languishing in prison, all be quitted, asleep or awake. Oh, spiritless life! We do not live, we do not refresh, we do not sleep, we languish, we wake to a dreaming existence, but a miserable reality. We do not hunger, we faint. Our joy is, that cruel prospect of increased comfort, more or less real. Our blood is rapid, a boiling more suffering and stayed than age stifles us. Which do we crave, life or death! Standing between the two we struggle and hope for the one while we are drifted on to the other as if borne by a sylvan billow. The air we breathe is a cloud of corruption; the bread for our bodies is doubt most coming to our breasts. We would wonder die and pay the price of loyalty to a holy cause, than ask for mercy, or pay the price of treason to the Rebel throne and live a slave, or foot of slaveholders.

I know this is the real feeling. Men from 25 or more good States mingle their patriotic sentiments, their love of truth, and suffer and sink together toward a common grave for a common liberty. Think that over any one single matter, how die by hundreds! He who is content not to be born, slays me now when we talk so much things over to the evening hour, again and again, and say, "God bless you North! God only knows the result, but to look out of prison matters look favorable. We believe proposals of exchange are under consideration."

Complaint continues with sharper cutting pains through the back. Nations are more and more uncharitable and selfish. Hounds are not every night, removed escapes from the cook house. A paper contains a sketch from Mobile stating that the agents of exchange had met and come to an understanding in relation to prisoners. This news is eagerly sought, but I am inclined to think it has reference to prisoners in that department, not to a general exchange.

Thursday, September 1st.—I am faint and weak, am obliged to make a marked effort to walk up when sitting. Men walk

about like trembling, pallid old men. I am continually reminded of the languid feelings of old age (as sometimes pictured, probably over-pictured), so stiff and heavy that I cannot summon my usual manner of walking. Involuntarily I long for a cane to help me about, other poor victims laggy them. At first it seemed strange to me so many young men limping about with canes. It occurred to me what Father used to say: that a cane was a bother to him; but they are needful when bread has ceased to be the staff of life. My voice at times is weak, my lungs oppressed. Some entirely lose their voices, can only whisper. My breakfast, this morning, was a piece of sour bread so coarse that it hurt my mouth, causing it to bleed. Those who have weary had, cannot eat it. No rations drawn, but drift in for a few peas. Though sorry, and hate strongly of bugs and not half cooked,—we know a bug would not touch them,—to keep alive the warring fire of life we eat and are thankful.

In the prison and hospital 2,672 men died in August. God only knows when this calamity in the American people will end! The negroes have been overhauled. Some were slaves, a number have been taken out to be sent to masters. A report is rife that for fear of revolution Rebels resort to a dodge and give them a choice to take the oath and work here. Some have been on "parade of honor" all summer. The walk of a negro, even a slave, in spite of slave codes, has come to be regarded in Georgia, and by the Rebel lords powers of Slaveryland? Verily there is reformation to war! Negroes are men, only nominally slaves in localities. The thunder of war rolls along, flashing the light of liberty. Regimes of past the negro has been denied protection by the United States government. Now he is to be protected in his rights as a man. Revolution do not move backward. When this is done our calamities end.

Sunday, September 4th.—Have been quite languid; something has thrilled and cheered me. Hope to make my exit yet. Nothing discourages or disappoints me. If I hear a good report I never believe it till all the facts address themselves to my mind; as Old Deary says, "and till I see it in the man's own handwriting." If Winter should tell us we could be exchanged tomorrow I should want to see the point—of exchange. They take all pains to tell us we are abandoned, that we had better submit, that the C. S. A. is recognized by England and France, or is just "a govt. to be." Talk real pretty as to how much better off we would be out of this "bloody hole." "Keep a' bleat for red'n's that don't see alike. As a reward for this show, they ask us not only to possess non-combatants, but in heavy Rebel guns as prisoners can work, clerk and write." A clever little sergeant tells me: "Youse 't do right smart to take the oath, I reckon." But we

of Slavedom are subject to do. They act as though they were special rulers of God's earth, not amenable to anyone, to military and civilian. Andersonville is one of their special "villages." The old slave system, the nucleus of the grand constellation is their legacy of blood of a new sort of "free government" founded on slavery! O, jewel of bogus Christianity! Elton J. Warren of my company, died August last. Nights are damp, chilly; sun rises in a mist. Men go to bed.

Papers smuggled in by our activists have correspondence between Judge Cudd and Major Mulford which indicates that the Federal agent of exchange was not authorized to accept certain proposals. There have been important movements by Sherman, throwing a force on Roanoke Bank and near Atlanta is reported abandoned. Rebels will not even let us see. The event will necessitate our removal. If true we shall soon get orders. There is fighting at Richmond. Grant holds his ground, presses Lee. Rebels talk that McClellan and Fremont were nominated at Chicago.

Woodson and I are reading Hugo's "Les Misérables." He shows genius, says good things in a good way; finds up opposite characters good and bad, which, lacking intelligent independence, may become impudent tools. He justly points out and criticizes selfishness and failure of society, the conventional hypocrisy and materiality of religion; suggests remedy in correcting customary waste in action and in disposing of reform that goes into the sea which should enrich the soil; contends that such methods of sewage disposal is consistory and unjust; illustrates good and bad practices by a very proverbial. The work is not sensational, but philosophical; not a "yarn" but a social teacher. Victor Hugo was hounded fifteen or twenty years ago for liberal principles expressed in "Little Napoleon." Sergeant Sibley, of this, says the book is choice of it although worn to rags.

NIGHT OF JUBILEE—STRANGE SCENES.

Tuesday, September 6th.—Last night one of the sentries fired. "Port No. 1 is a hulk and all is well. Hood is hiked and gone to hell." One shouted, "Good news, Yanks. Atlanta is taken, the Confederacy is played out, baby for you." Some Yank asks, "Anything about exchange?" The hell no, Sherman's offer you!

Prisoners were generally soon asleep. Cheer after cheer was given from every part of the camp. Also sang patriotic songs, religiously belittled themselves for prayer; a long service of thanksgiving of praise was held, continually blending with the shouting of other thousands. Chords and discord expressed joy and thanks.

Early in the morning a few prisoners came in confirming the news, bearing a paper that said Atlanta was hurriedly evacuated August 10th. Band playing heavily in prospects and men, that a force of Federals were 20 miles in advance near Jonesboro, Ga.; also a conference of Generals with President Lincoln regarding release of prisoners.

At dusk eighteen detachments were ordered to be ready to move at midnight. Great excitement and cheering. It would be interesting for Charles French from Boston, to note the whys and wherefores of the matter, for French's art is to sketch the squallid picture of hardened groups leaning on canes made of rattles of wood, ready to fall in for the grave, our lines, or anywhere else. I feel like taking it quietly. In accordance with some, the sudden thrill of joy was like the shock of sorrow in effect. Many sobbed. One man who had pined to almost helplessness, on hearing the news leaped to his feet, shouted, clapped his hands and fell dead. Another told his friends: "You are all going home, I cannot go. I wish I had died before. I had no hope or wish to live; but now if I could live a little longer I might get home. Won't you take me?" Ask the doctor. It's too bad!" He sank back on the ward his eyes glazed, his lips paled, for a moment was silent; then waved his hand and said in delirious delight: "They say I may go," and died.

Wednesday, September 7th.—Ten detachments went out in the night; six returned this morning for want of transportation. This afternoon more came arrive and they go. It was hurly burly all night. There are two parties, one full in the belief of exchange; one that we are to be shifted to be imprisoned elsewhere, Exalted as this high. There is a rumor that U. S. transports are off Savannah loaded with Rebel prisoners. It is believed because all hope it is so. There are two possible cases, viz.: Most probable that they wished to get us out of Sherman's reach; the other is exchange. Soberly it does not come the right time to be exchange. This change is forced. Rumored that Grant surprised and cut up some of Lee's forces.

I have completed my notes in pencil for preservation. Among them are poems, "Dying Homestead," mostly written in Virginia, last winter. "Prisoner's Dream," "War and Peace," "Prison Psalm," and others.

I was an invalid of a father and son. The son, about nineteen, had been told all manner of the special object of his father's care. They struggled to realize the hope of seeing home. The father did every way possible to obtain best adapted to his case, carried him to the sick hall in his arms, begged doctors to give him the best treatment possible that they might not be separated. The other morning the boy told the father lived.

ing by him tanning his nose and swelling his parched lips. He told him, not so well as possible, word to the gate and begged for lumber and tools that he be permitted to make a coffin. His request was granted. Lumber and tools were placed inside the gate; the coffin was made; the corpse deposited in it, a prayer offered, and the father bade farewell. While paternal affection may not be diminished by hard circumstances, it is indeed strange to see with what cheerfulness the father sought to alleviate his boy's pain and ease his life: with what natural fortitude and resignation he bore the grief still affecting the parents for losing a true Kentuckian, who all Union prisoners know is. My admiration for these brave first Southerners is beyond expression.

Thursday, September 14th.— Rebels make strange guesses; have too much business on hand. They take out more men than they can accommodate and send back half of them. James B. Hawks tells this regarding his young friend, Willie F. Eggleston, the only son of a widow in Kalamazoo county, Michigan, whom Hawks regards as an excellent woman. He left home in '61 and joined the 7th regiment of Ohio State. He was a good boy and a good soldier. May 13th, '64, in the bloody charge of Hancock's army at Spottsylvania he was taken prisoner. He was stripped of all extra clothing, and being worn by hard service, prison hardships were heavy and in August he saw his time was short, called Hawks and said "If anything happens that I don't get home, I want you to take this shrouse to mother. Tell her a bright side of a dark story." He then told him of dreaming of being at home, comforted by his mother. The likeness was that of a girl. For a day or two he was cheerful and better, but the storm in August produced a change. With singular coolness he desired his friends to get a pipe and smoke with him; said Hawks need not tell his watch to Rebels to buy food, as he should not need it, and if he would make him crust coffee for supper he would need nothing more, and soon after sank in death. Thus perished a mother's son. The number of men now lying here is put at 28,000, making a total of about 45,000 who have been sent here.

Sunday, September 14th.—Shovels have been thronged three days and nights by men wanting to get out. The fact that the oldest prisoners go first, is taken as evidence that exchange is in prospect. All unable to walk are being collected in the sheds just built to the north end. Bathing is but an excuse for something to eat. Fellows engaged in beer selling have gone out and left their stock and barrels to us whereby we are enabled to get a little money, which helps.

Monday, September 15th.—Our detachment (16th) expects orders; twelve of fifteen thousand have gone out. We have

bought food and are taking jamies in take along. We are wonderfully lucky; plump full of good cheer, no thanks to Jonnies. If there is a worse place than this Anderson prison we are ready to jump into the fire. The boys are talking about many good things that will come to them when they get to Parole Camp. A laith this afternoon, close attention to toilet in view of a long tedious journey, be it where-so-ever, and a last look at this place of unfold suffering, henceforth and forever famous for its infamy.

GEORGIA GIRLS WITH TRUE SOUTHERN HEARTS.

Seeing too much sadness has congested your blood
And miserably is the nurse of frenzy.

.
Frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

Augusta, Ga., Tuesday, September 12th.—I sit in a cattle car writing my journal. At dark last night a long train came puffing up from Acoustic, and stopped at Andersonville, and we got orders. In fifteen minutes we were rushing and staggering crazily to the gate, with shouts we struggled out of the jaws of death and hobbled through deep dust nearly breathless to the station. The free air, the sight of that dark wall behind, fire our passions with joy. Several shabby looking men, "crackers," sat about the cars. They asked: "What State you're all from?" We answer respectfully and repeat the question, they reply, "We're the Georgia State militia. What you're come to fight we're for?"

"To put down a senseless rebellion against the best government on earth."

If they could not understand the issue in the war by this time, probably they did not comprehend our words. We go right aboard, 60 in a box car, crowded and uncomfortable, but what of that. Once more attached to steam we are soon off, jugging along tolerable from the "bull-pen." Before getting aboard a few huge watermelons beside the track were confiscated and eaten, rinds and all with avidity.

Although we do not believe as some do that we are going to be exchanged immediately, we have some pleasurable thoughts. Two dark, so-called, notions of rusty bread, is aboard and was given out after we started. Guards say we are going to Savannah, but appeared so ignorant that we made due allowance. These fellows seem indifferent to the movement or fortunes of their armies. We pass Macon in the night. Instead of switching for Milan we turned north over a long road through bushes, passed giant pines, hard looking corn and cotton fields, with girdled, standing trees, large plantations, few houses, wood and water

stops and whiskey stations, and arrived here late this afternoon much fatigued, much diverted by the change, assuming to be on a pleasure trip through Dixie. I keep my eyes and ears open. The train stands in the streets of Augusta; on one side the doors are closed, on the other rolled back facing a mercantile block, hotel, etc. They are very inviting—I am haunted in mind with peaceful, bustling scenes of days gone of which the present is a wreck. As to business it is dull, closed doors, empty houses. A train from the south is thronged with men in gray with muskets, recently "accepted." In answer to the question, how they were conscripted they said:

"We've was ordered to report to the committee and was mustered in. Cruise was left to be taken care of by Winning and 'niggers. Oh Sherman gits arised back."

Evidently they had no slaves. The guard posted in front of the doors, stray agitators came peeping along with something to say. Among them are high bred free-salers who want to do all the talking. One after much lip about the unconstitutionality of the North, the unfitness to live with the South, the unconstitutionality of invading a State, and desolation we had caused gave his opinion frankly that, when the war closed the Union would be restored and the slaves freed. He said he rather it would not be so, but it could not be helped. Thus saying, he slipped away as if he had said a fearful thing.

A keen-eyed gentleman, his hair sprinkled with gray, attired in an attractive gray suit, lectured us on Hunkerism in politics. "The South is Hunker, therefore her constitution cannot be changed. Slavery should have been nationalized, slave property respected in all the States. Then the Union would have gone along as it was; but the North is in politics as in everything else, diametric, radical, sectional, infidel, covetous, and the South must seek her own destiny."

"Why sectional?"

"Because the North has grown rich and strong, while the South remains as she always has been, only hates you worse."

He believed in degrees of rights in people according to caste, color and ability. Government belongs to the superior class; the South would never be ruled by "niggers," referring to Mr Lincoln, black people and whites, like ourselves.

I alluded to Mr Stephens as having been a part-tay and as in his famous speech in the Georgia convention against Secession, foretelling the present state of affairs and if the South had followed his foresight he would have been of great service to his people; whereupon he uttered some sharp sentences on inferiority of race, the determination and honor of the South. The boys cried "Hardack, give us something to eat," and the man turned

saliently away. The curious thing about it is that such a chivalric spirit should consent to reason with the "inferior race" he addressed. His generosity said, as I have heard said numberless times, that we come to subjugate the South and deserve no better treatment as prisoners than we had had. That they ought to have "raised the black flag and hung every son of Haman." This is the "Fire of the Southern heart," what is the heart?

On the left of the town was a row of handsome dwellings. Just before dark, looking through the cracks of the closed doors, we saw several young ladies in a yard who appeared interested in our behalf. They gave tokens of friendliness, signifying to some of the men in my ear that they would come again. We managed to open the door, just after dark. Two of the ladies appeared each with a basket of bread in small loaves which were handed into the cor, when they immediately vanished and were not seen again. I believe in my soul that these girls more truly manifest the Southern heart than has been expressed through the great leaders of the South, either in peace or war, for thirty years.

Warm was the love of each maiden's heart

Who fed a hungry foe,

Who by word or by gesture sweet hope did impart,

And tenderly piled our ware.

We were looking dirty, poor and hard.

Scantly clad and fed,

But dear incidents came from a distant yard.

And brought us baskets of bread

They watched in the gloaming and when night fell round,

They came with quick, soft tread,

For they feared the guards, who watched the ground,

Oh, blessings on each fair head!

HOMESEEKER'S EXCURSION IN DIXIE.

Kingsville, S. C., Wednesday, Sept. 14th.—After dark we changed cars at Augusta. I had a hard berth, sitting at a square in sailor fashion all night. So crossy at times, however, we layed on one another and drewed in side of noses and itches. We left the Charleston road at Milledgeville 50 miles north of this place. During the night a dog was shot and lay behind having killed or jumped off. At Granger's a few Yanks were permitted to spend Confederate money in Granger at a wretched inn at \$2 a drink. We have passed the cotton field a serpentine region, the alligator swamps and arrived here at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and are waiting out late. Here is a junction a South Carolina side, a few houses and "white stone" and several about long rocky mountains with plains piled with bales

of cotton and very quantity of resin, which had rotted so long for the blockade that the larvae have burst and scattered it in every where. The boys eat as much as they please and put as much as they please in their pockets, (see) pick it up as children gather shells on the shore for several reasons: first, pay-nothing hunger; second, as a medicine for various ailments; third it will make a fire.

Florence, N. C., Thursday—Sept. 15th.—At Kingsville we got aboard the bottom train headed for Florence. The guard changed and the all assuming "special" is asked where we are going.

"To Charleston."

"Where, exactly, we are going away from Charleston," I said.

"Seventy-five miles are coming up on the direct road tonight, but we go the other way, just as near," said he.

If I had not had my old nose I might have believed him. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon we started off again. We had a smart engine & New Yorkers to drive it. After curves a little up grade and bog swamps were passed we moved freely. The best speed I have seen on Southern rails. Soldiers in exchange are falling off, while some quote the captain in support, persisting that we are headed for Charleston, notwithstanding we are moving directly north and the party all fellows get busy thinking it a question for argument.

Some night the train stopped in a barren place; not a settlement visible. After half an hour a squad of negroes came out a by-road in the woods, led by an officer, armed with Gentie axes with long backward blades and make for woods on the other side of the train. An officer and guard came in the train, ordered six prisoners off each car and marched them out to tote the wood the negroes were cutting. I with many others destined to move. After a pile was put on the tender men were ordered aboard and the train moved. The second time this was performed within a few miles. It occurred to me that this thing called C. S. A. is kept on its benches in this land to mouth war. But why did they not call out the "relief guard" instead of going for the negro? They have him in everything. Habitually use him as men use whiskey and tobacco. They are out at all times of the night at every switch or station. The Confederacy cannot do without the negro; what the negro will do without the Confederacy is the problem; it is coming to that.

Broad, dreary swamps lay along filled with trees, cumbreaks, tangled vines, occasionally clusters of native grapes hung temptingly before our famished crew. The night was delightful, a beautiful moon giving everything a silver hue. Cultivated lands have an ancient aspect: impress me with an idea beyond any romance of the Southern home. Tugging through a dark, dismal

marshy wilderness pine and hickory forests then hurrying into a vast extent of open country where for miles a single bare (the rich planter's house with its alludees) only be seen. They stand alone in a superstitious, ancient style, breathing an attractive air of homeliness that makes one think of the days of somebody's childhood. Then again into the winding, narrow roads cut off, whirling as old winds will, much faster looking arms over them. Again through an opening to the right or left I see gray marstonians standing in the September moonlight. I can liken it to nothing so happily as an old country in a new world with all such a thing could be—old English plantations now centuries ago spread out the young America, afterwards marstonians coming every one and their touch much they never found, until they don't own no one does. It was then, I thought, I thought I am living a hundred years ago; I think of Marston and his men, their sweet potato from and almost from from the west. O, for just one later, a Confederacy for just one later!

Still late scenes and thoughts occupied my mind—thoughts of home and friends and a half touch, half complaining when that they might see me just as I am, that I might say to them there is but one way in liberty and peace, that is to fight it out. In silence I prayed that the angel host might wait that message to every heart in the North, that God would inspire all hearts with bettered love, that this soil shall not touch longer be polluted by the feet of slaves and outraged by despotism. The motion of the car made it longer. I awake from my reverie with a chill and a shiver, and doubling in a cramped posture I resumed sleep. One can hardly imagine the awkwardness and discomfort of my position, trying to lie down where there is want room to sit up, hands and feet together, an old boot in my breast, or other tender places; three or four pairs of heavy legs across me, tired of rolling, and a pair under me; a nasty old seat tall in my face, elbows in my ribs, a croaky hollering cap whacks my nose; get my heels in somebody's face, get a punch all around, a dozen set to grunting and wailing, scold myself, apologize, get cursed and wind up with 'help yourself.' But in spite of hunches and kicks I fell asleep and awoke after the train had stopped some time after midnight. Nearly twelve hundred men, prisoners from three to twelve months, deprived of prisoners necessary to business, not having been allowed to wash, faced or food since our journey began a distance of 500 miles, mixed up with all sorts of men offers an excellent time to "mix blood" and presidential stock has increased 500 per cent. One feels humiliated, disgusted, in the thick of it. Were it not for such disgust one might be more degraded; take personal pride which may follow men wherever they go, and suffer themselves to become status of vermin and lambs. The

best a man can do is not to do. Wives of our husbands, would think of your sweethearts, mothers of your sons, sisters of your brothers? Lead to the down on your carpet - would be glad of a place on your lawn with a blanket from the linen closet for a night's repose.

EX-NORTHERN MAN WANTS UNION DEDICATED TO SLAVERY.

Fully aware the train had stopped, the speaker detached, stiff all over, and on the ground by the side of the car. Presently he, engaged with an unobserved air came alongside and planted his bulky physique upon a pine stump. As before mentioned he was once a Northerner, here for business, professing neutrality; talked as such men do about South Carolina and Massachusetts with a heavy leaning in favor of South Carolina but was more familiar with even broader stages of the South and State Rights theory, than the fact that there had ever been a National Union; that F. Pickens' Union is the life of our constitution and void a part is voidable in toto. He thought what the South chose to do the North could afford it should. If the slaveholder cared to enlarge his stock of slaves by making a specialty of breeding or buying, if he wished to breed to sell to other States, he didn't see what business it was to New York. He said:

"It's none of the North's business whether the South has four million of slaves or forty millions. The South has the cotton market of the North and of Europe and of the rice and much of its sugar, and must have slaves to do its work. There is no other way. 'Who kick about slaves?' She has got to have more niggers, more territory, has as good right to value niggers and sell them as the North has to raise cattle and sell them. They wanted slavery in Kansas they had a right to have it. Why the hell need we care? I never bother my head about such things; all I want is profit of business to my use. Then these abolition missionaries with their school masters to try to educate niggers! They need no education, if it is necessary to offend it. They might as have been run out!" He talked heartily in his way, as a blacksmith smokes at his bellows while beating his rods without forgetting whether his fumes are offensive to his customers. It was suggested that he might have the reputation of the Union as such a body. He replied:

"Of course there are lots more of southern Union. On that understanding the Union has been kept together. When a southern party North broke the constitution by electing a black Republican, the south seceded, which it - Calhoun, Pickens and brought on the civil war as a free States seceded. If the Union

could be restored it would have to be on the plan of perpetual slavery as an indisputable right somewhere. But black Republicans, spawn of abolition digger strikers, are in power, and would not agree to it if the South'd come back on a fair proposition, an Union's impossible. Maybe, after awhile, it may come around. The Union is busted; I'm sorry as you are about it. The North'll be licked, the South'll grow strong, the North'll grow weak. All old slave states are sure to come to the new nation; they belong there. All Southern territories come in close to the Pacific and California. Looking at the map shows that Kansas belongs to the South; it jings Missouri west, the South'll have it and there'll be no whimpering about the stolen niggers in any of the states or territories. The North'll split into factions, states bordering on slave states'll want to come in. In a few years the slave party North'll be in the majority. Then the South will rule again North and South. Jeff Davis, and all the smart men know what they're fighting for. These are the smartest men on earth, they are. The South slave-owning and slave-owning, my father always talked that. The radicals are in the minority and'll be subjugated, or go to Canada to join the diggers they run off. The country can't be run without slavery. Never has been, never can. My father talked that when I was a boy in New York State. I tell you the country can't be run without slavery any more'n I can pull this train without my locomotive or run the engine without steam. Niggers ain't good for nothing, without masters. God made them to be slaves. Civilization has raised them from wild beasts to property just like other animals. The Bible says it. The country can't be worked without them, and he won't work unless he's a slave. Abolish slavery and niggers'd murder everybody; and have to be exterminated. So you can't abolish slavery. God won't let you! Niggers're all right in their place, that is in slavery. We've got to have more slaves to do the work. If they can't be raised fast enough—they'll have to catch 'em and bring 'em here as used to be done, or take free niggers and sell 'em as used to be done until abolitionists get some influence. I've heard my father talk of it. There's money in it. Nerve ought to have been stopped. The demand for Southern products is growin', more niggers are wanted to work."

"Why not get the coats of white men to work at wages?"

"White men can't do it; ain't hard that way, can't stand the climate, don't know a thing about it, nor they won't work on plantations with niggers. They ain't raised that way. Slave owners won't have 'em. They're older use for 'em. They found it out when war come and they will need them more and more for armies, every white man will be wanted. They'd rather fight to maintain slavery than to be degraded to work with niggers or

big-niggers. White men in South Carolina who have to grub a patch for a living are how damn' thoughtful of their niggers. In fact they can get no jobs niggers can do. In the winter it's all right the South employs its soldiers for they are fighting for Southern independence. The poor man is as good as anybody there. Their wives and daughters are made something of by aristocratic people when before the war they wouldn't give you a smile or pinch of snuff. You saw what one told his date for years while here. South Carolina 'em' genuine different an' they like it, and better fighters seem raised a nigger. There's thousands of men in every army state that nobody had any use for, didn't want to have any use for themselves, seemed to me, in years past, an' I've got South states back to the president. They shall not hold us back as a civilized land of niggers, many an 'em. But when the long count comes come, who'd make the destiny of old Jack Calhoun the real thing, the right to get niggers as any property's gone anywhere without interference, to work you, to discipline you and to take you in and sell you, the right of any State to decide, if necessary, to wipe that right out till that's settled every year when is wanted, every death of you. I'd make a place for you and there have the plantation as soldiers to hold down borders of niggers, property and ungrateful, the cotton growers and so most growers'll have to take care of nigger studies, teach school, schoolmaster, families, furniture and slaves like John Brown that they strike a blow on our borders. It seems to me when the war that Providence had best multiplied the poor black for the world as foreseen by his men, it might have arisen, and up to me my feet were a testimony with history for humanity, as that little might, sternness, strength of thought said they'd say me. That's Providence in it, so we expect this was not to be. You mustn't agree to let us be sick of the South—the right had been. The South couldn't get satisfaction to me and get used. I was getting worse an' they come out to make a government for themselves as they believed they had a right to do. These men have far refused up to protect the South in its rights. As the want of protection the South looks for its home industries in property in niggers owned by the old government, an' I was getting worse. The slave owners patiently stand the public market wherever goods, out of the needs of a great mass of poor whites that live on the edge of society, paid from profits of slave labor an' slave owners' have fallen in great numbers who led the country up to the hour when they should strike lower an' set up for illustrations, so to set up a free country."

It was suggested that the idea of a free country is a Northern war issue, when he said: "Lord, man, don't you know

Northerners, especially New England farmers, make the best Niggers driven when broke in? They're the best digger breakers in the South."

His statement of the purposes of the slave power in inaugurating secession, confirmed his own story—freedom to enslave! I thanked him for his frankness and remarked that the evil of secession consisted in the purpose sought to be attained, namely: The more absolute re-establishment of chattel slavery and the rehabilitation of the barbarous practices of capturing and selling into slavery free negroes because of color, for which there would be no legal restraint, and there would be lack of sentiment, and the execution of a military system as vicious and abominable as ever cursed mankind. That the war on our part is a protest to that kind of domination to the slave-breeding, slave-working and slave trading "industry" we have witnessed in elsewhere. It would always be an "infant industry" if tolerated.

In the matter of commerce he said: "If it means trading riggers for white cottons of the South, it will be a devilish long time coming." We believe it has been; still we believe that the government can not consistently treat its colored soldiers other than it treats its white soldiers which would amount to underselling the Southern policy of turning negroes captured in our service over in the States from which they had fled as slaves, back to their masters, or to be sold to other masters. This is the pitch in the exchange market. The prisoners have to bear the hardships and privations of consequent delay.

When this scoundrel scoundrel began to strap the boys by telling off by ones to get, it was more than I could stand. I crawled back on the car leaving him on the stump, feeling that he is a skin from an old black, stayed to fit his position, a tree in the field of social economy and civic ethics. As to one and that had been "colored in" "white" to fight for the South against liberty, I remember that he has a revolution from the dark aspirations of false heroes who are enormous poets in rank others. Stonewall Jackson may have played to the same end, might have been honest, but he misconnected. Every Southern soldier may be honest if ignorant starting from false premises, intensely loyal to a bad cause, bravely endeavoring for its success, never dreaming what success would mean to his country, as we today vote for the achievement of our purpose, believing that it will conduce to the welfare of the South as well as the North. The science of ethics, sociology, and the highest tradition of human experience, show that when all people have decided about almost the kind of the age, it has been a confusion in that case, confusion and uncertainty to meet as then constituted. Accounts in give new force to traditional principles and to abstract those of progress to broader enlightenment and liberty to all people have brought back methods

ladies on horseback followed. Then came a woman in a cart and six dogs. She had brought the sword in exchange for a ring. At 2 a. m. Indians moved down the Charleston road which revived the hope in some that Charleston had been made a point for exchange and that (it) was to be our destiny. Before noon all were ordered aboard; our train switched to the Charleston road, halted a while, what we were ordered off and marched out a road through woods for "the old field" where a man said we were to go. Many were unable to walk. A detail was made to carry them. Many who could walk were unable to assist. There was our man in the car who (travelling) (wound) strength. Few had seen a well day in three months. After half a mile we found ourselves in a field. Tall weeds and long grass stood on portions we passed over, which we pulled and put in bunches where we halted. From a heap of these we collected stalk material for shanties. We thought an officer of the guard kind, for when guards cried, "Stop you're not," bringing muskets down and starting for us, he said: "Oh let 'em work. They can't carry a big heap," and looked at us smilingly. This awakened in us a grateful, but faint cheer. He could have thought of us as one would of a flock of lambs, disengaged sheep while told their wool; but I think his policy merciful.

We found 2,000 prisoners on the ground who left Andersonville before us. Had been moved by Savannah and Charleston, among them former slaves Wright, Hodgson G. W. Mattison and G. W. Burton. The field is destitute of living water. Details of 100 men go out for each 1,000 once a day, a mile to a stream, consequently our small ponds do not contain enough for more than drinking and cooking, no washing. Our hope of using grass, weeds and pine for shanties vanished. Not only did strength prove inadequate, but the need of fire consumed our stock of material for shelter.

PRISONERS OVERRUN GREEN GUARDS.

Monday, Sept. 20th.—It is said 10,000 prisoners have arrived at Florence from Andersonville 7,000 since we came. Men have died rapidly. I have been unable to write since the 13th. My health and the effort to care for myself have prevented. The 13th and 14th divisions of plantation negroes passed with spears and axes in charge of drivers, to build a stockade. Griffith, Glover and I are stopping under small trees. Laundry was shown at first. Citizens were allowed to converse and trade through the guard. Had a talk with a group of free women with poor vegetables to exchange, as well. To my question they said sadly: "We have none all in Feder's army." One said, "My one man kill long time

done gone?" She didn't know where her brother said it was at Charlestown. Another said two of his sons "got kill" was at Charleston, one this once with them, Lee. Two others of these families had been wounded, but they're still at Richmond. Others were at Charleston and Wilmington. I asked, "What did your folks go to war for?" They began to murmur. "Thamet had his. Yankers were coming to steal all our slaves and everything." They thought Yankers "rich enough to buy slaves if they so wanted any."

"Did your people own slaves?" I ask.

"We've done some and no niggers names. We've paid 'em no law, only patched 'em folks back. You've seed we've done had to fight for 'em when them to come the South."

"Will it be any good?"

"I seed it won't no more. It has pay 'em bloody or get kill off."

I told them I hoped no more of these men would be killed, that the war would end and give them liberty and a better future than ever before.

On the 15th there was a march toward the point of several hundred prisoners who brought in a rail fence high and close to spite of guards who seemed bestidness in their mindness. There was something common to their talk. In the excitement and stress, yelled gleefully. "If you're don't see I will in a d d d d d d d d d d."

This was followed by a bigger race from another pool of the field, for the guards were really pole good, about 100 men going, completely astonishing the stupid guards who had not yet learned they had any power and to "stand off their mouths," saying: "Har, har!" "You're ill!" "Stop, stop!" "Oh to do you!" "You've can't see no war race!" "No war good!" no more were they.

It seems the removal of prisoners had not been anticipated long. Still he no grievance had been made, and the names of guards had been picked up by measuring the number, and put on duty without discipline or consequence to officers who had been hurried here with a handful or so who had seen service. Presently a heavy line of skirmishers came of whom showed signs of having been service depressed and doubt-quick to the words, some parts of the line opening for. There was quite a scattering of muskets at intervals. Then an arm came swinging in. Most of them, while by the words, picked up arms and gathered with groups, others shook away looking to escape. At the time no orders had been given since we left Annapolis which was designed for two days.

Before this revolution was over, orders were announced. All got a small piece of Indian pipe, a few spoons or two and a few other things, largely gathered from others. In this had ten pri-

more were shot. Some who wandered away are being brought in. Many of us had designed to try to escape, but weakness, hunger and weakness deterred me. The 17th, mostly, very pronounced, appeared again in my legs with dropsy. Press the swollen flesh and it does not return to shape. It is rather dark in spots. On one ankle the flesh grows thick about the bone. Every step taken seems like treading it loose.

Citizens are wild with the idea of getting United States money. Three men who had been introduced to the meat beer deal at Andersonville still had \$1 and they divided with Griffith and myself. We buy miserable apples and two sweet potatoes. I ate them raw. It was the sweetest business I had experienced from eating, though I have run from my guns inflamed with scurvy, and some of our team's corn mow.

Since the two officials have thought best to allow citizens to trade with us, I sold my possessions for \$1 "Coffee" to a Rebel soldier. I might have sold potatoes. It didn't take many potatoes to make a "Y". The 18th I was detailed to go out to look after sick that had not yet been brought in. Coming to infirmary, I gave the chance to Griffith. He had a better chance to traffic and traded his boots for a pair of shoes of English make, and got \$20 "Coffee" to boot. This helped us. For the next two weeks, without it I believe we should have starved for medicine did not someone else find a way out of that. From now they have less than at Andersonville. Yesterday the men consisted of three elements of 200. Three recruits from here, made up of most of the same of last week with the proclamation: "You will be for two days." Still I hope the transfer from Georgia has introduced my old writing partner and the precious sweet potatoes, since that nothing I have ever found. They have checked the money.

After weeks of being in camp during the 17th and still going with prevailing cold wind. The soldier before between the knolls in this part of the field, which is crowded, for the reason that the 18th will be mostly covered from now to three weeks deep, in order to get on the knolls and under trees where we are almost as lost as we are going to work, to stand, to each other in deep mud of the ground. The 18th are often three to six inches deep. Of course we are badly drenched from below rain and come to loss of sight of the time. All long for it to stop up.

NINE DAYS' STORM—SOUTHERNERS WILLING TO STARVE.

Sunday, Sept. 18.—Nine days and nights steady rain, sometimes heavy. This morning it stopped, when we heard, we hope, an announcement, the weather is over. It was not true, we could only say. The 18th and 19th were still

possibilities of a split of Southern sentiment that must vanish slowly as war clouds fade from the national firmament. This will be whether we gain our freedom from the "demoniac rule" by sword or by smile.

A man certainly high in society, and a military man professionally, but wearing an officer's mark, conversed with me today. He is apparently white. We expressed our views freely, but to few words of the Southern cause, when he said: "You say what to Coleridge, dare not would be allowed to say." We said the force of arms will overthrow the South when he replied:

"You may be strangled daily by the red men, and you will die; we never will give in."

"But," says he, "if you insist on food or more, you will starve. If you lose the ability to carry your arms, which raise the 'grub' to feed the army? You give up the real thing you want to war for—an infinitely better—and seek out the foundation of your misery. While this looks like a dodges, still you will live in your fall, and better than you know. You will be at the mercy of the Union government, and will have freed the negroes yourselves."

To this he what he simply said, with emotion.

"If the Confederacy is not recognized we starve. But we are willing to starve—we are willing to starve."

To suit this argument, George Drake said it reminded him of a story. A man, learned in his knowledge and devoted to his inhuman demand, he would never himself. Not knowing, he walked into water until he was in a room, and was when he looked up a little, shook his head and said, "I can't stand that." Seeing his neighbors laughing at his folly, he went to again. But it was no better, and the next week in the mind and he stuck. He would say, "I can't stand that," and asked, "Full me out on anything mysterious?" His neighbors replied, "We will pull you out on candle-burn that you may not get better, and we will believe too." So we argue that when Sherman gets through Georgia and the Carolinas and Richmond falls and the Confederate government is taken by the Union army, Secretaries will hold up hands and ask Uncle Sam to save them from themselves.

MISERY,

I've looked on Misery undismayed,
His iron brood on my flesh;
I've felt him gaze (he) where I layed,
When wordless still and bleak,
And breathing pain (to) on my head,
And on my body laid—
And marked men, frozen, stark and dead,
Lay (to) at my feet.
I've seen him creeping, howling, enormous,

To steal my solitary food,
 And never suffer me to sleep,
 To leave me where I stood
 I've fought him until now as men
 That may have done before—
 And hit him hard, as best I could,
 And scolded him of his face—
 I've struggled hard for sleep,
 In pain, although in pain,
 With soul weary and spirit free,
 And so I wait again.

TWO REMARKABLE SPEECHES.

That man continued to the extreme is of a passive type—obedient to leadership, brave unquestioningly in conscience and thought is superficial, loyal to other men's considerations, reasoning to some of his own.

Another type came among us, not so mild, but harsh; a fiery, ranting fanatic—half preacher, half gorilla. A fanatical advocate for a good cause is often dangerous, and a fanatic destined for a revolutionary future, is inspired by the wildness of ecstasies, coupled with his religious zeal, urges the energy of ferocity; his plea is professed with advantage, his honest belief in a bad end to be attained justifies bad means to attain it. So he gloried in the misery we suffer, knew that we suffer more, said our plight was no comparison to the hell we sport for Yankee in the world to come. God's punishing wrath is turned up from past eternity for the wicked, all Yankees are made for a place millions and millions of times better than all the powder buried in this war could make it, and took without end, too Yankees are the sons of all sin. While probably more than half of mankind will be damned eternally in the same place, the special curse is reserved for Yankees. When the devil shall see Abe Lincoln walk in at the head of his army on his knees, he will bowle from the throne and take his place in the ranks, for that's the best place Lincoln will be sent to. There had not been such an army of devils on any planet, since the war in heaven, as the infernal Yankee army, that persecute, murder, rob the mouth, and ravage destroyed by God to be killed, despise religion, and disgrace America. He profusely praised the courage, endurance, skill and patriotism of Southern soldiers whose names were uttered that of any in history, and denounced furiously the baseness and cowardice of Northerners.

This is the substance of his effort which was unique because of the bitterness and vile language, besides being spontaneous in

style of delivery, in language, intellect, passion, and bodily contortion, that always distinguished such characters when on their legs. It was a good sample of the stuff that often fired the Southern heart. His manner of chronicling war and slavery impressed us that a sensible Southerner would be no daring hero before war, and to "answer a fool according to his folly" would be dangerous. But he had shown a crowd of our men. Several Southern officers, citizens and soldiers of the relief guard crowded as close as possible. Officers and a few citizens were coming through the guard line. It was felt that an opportunity to say something sensible was at hand. Just then a fine looking soldier, just in from our lines, began speaking from an upturned roof of a tree who, afterwards was called a "prophet from Egypt" who, he told me later, was from that part of Illinois known as Egypt. He said, substantially:

Southern men have proved themselves brave and efficient soldiers. We never doubted that they would. Like ourselves, they are Americans. They rated themselves high; that we did not deny. If they tried to estimate it was to underestimate Northern men. They may have suffered for their deficiency, misdirected prejudice, and blind sincerity in judgment. They may have suffered from false and fiery oratory; been misled by irrational patriots who read and rave, but never fight. Such a one may be smart and be a fool, may be good in heart and wrong in head; may be pious but selfishness; may profess patriotism and be a brawl, a pandarer. On hundreds of battlefields the courage and prowess of Southern soldiers command the admiration of our forces and the world. But while we admire them for this, we condemn the motives that actuated reckless statesmen and cyclonic idlers who infused into them the spirit of rebellion for a cause that abridges the rights of men in liberty and honest pursuits of happiness. As to the merits of your cause, we differ, hence the war. Upon this higher real patriotism, honor, heroism. Slavery we esteem useless. Without it you would not have gone astray. It was the bane of all contention. If you gain, you save that; if you lose the position that divided will go, and we stand forever united for peace, prosperity, a realm of glory, liberty, strength, a beacon light to the world. None can overthrow us, none can prevail against us, when justice needs our service. Shall Americans, children of Washington, Jefferson and Henry, to whom God has entrusted the legions of liberty, because

"These two infamous galls of a skin

Not colored like their own, and having power

To enforce the wrong, baffle a sacred cause,

Down and downy them to be their lawful prey?"

Creeped full past of him in my mouth; if immediately, see him.

We love you people, we always did. If we had not we should not have let you find your best way so long. We shall love you better hereafter, you will find persons which you think you have not, to love us. If we had not loved you we should not have gone after you with guns against the winds, heartiest friends at the highly South, called the sea to bring you back, to save you from the sea that would sweep from a nation you deplorable men. We mean you good. It will be like of going to take peace. If we had to fight for it. While we admire you as fighters we love you for that which is native in you, the noble qualities of freedom where freedom is not denied the hundred. Because we condemn errors of judgment and oppose the execution of it. First at the pain, then to the strenuous acts of war, that you mean that we have you as fellow men. You are a magnificent people, but we need a cause you have been asked to become. Our great history shall not be wrong humbly as a deplorable cowardly, or otherwise weak to accept an armed course that has brought great ruin and compelled such sacrifice as we witness through false pride and dangerous influences because of the marked ability of your generals the heroism of your men and the devotion of your citizens, besides that would lead to calumniate the will which this war should illustrate. And your people truly understood the spirit of the age and the purpose and fortitude of the North, the grandeur of your cause would not have risen above a weak but noble faith. Perhaps if they had had a true sense of the purpose and courage of your Northern brothers, as we had of Southern brothers, they would have been slower to anger, more considerate, less hasty in entering a strife with their hostile blood, the merits of which their course of life had never led them to more intelligently believe. If they had it would have been a lesser test of courage than to have gone in against the vital truths declared insisting that our Southern men were right in war to free Southern men, as some fanatic wrote and said. After all, the spring of noblest courage is faith in God. To hope of higher development of men the water freely in a state of enlightened virtue and social progress open to all of God's children. He who studies light and knowledge from our books one of our race, denies God and against men. A faith a hope that God cannot, or will not avoid forever damning the bulk, or a part of man-kind, that he deserves any rate forever to tolerate slavery, is gross, unspiritual, blasphemous.

A courage without a religion is foolish and empty, and vainly courage. I hope your military persons are not contented under the influence of a materialism today, under guidance of the spirit just mentioned. If we the sequence would be worse than it is. A man who will not from the land and

beasts of men! Then slavery, war, inequality, brutality will vanish from the earth. Men will be brothers, freedom universal. When God commanded that man should labor He did not mean he should be sold like a steer, or that he would thereby be degraded. Per contra he should be enabled: he should lift from its crudeness the material world, beautify, clarify, make it useful to man, an honor to God, thus demonstrating to the billions who were to dwell therein, His affinity, His love, His glory, His power, His infidelity. Truth was established the divinity of man, the dignity of labor! God worked, created. Is He debased? It is a peculiar view that if white men do labor, slaves do, they are degraded and the social scale is tipped against them, especially so because of slavery and because the slave is black, or one or more of his parents were. Is that the meaning of the revolution? Did Washington and his heroes fight for the right of one man to annihilate the rights of others? Look at our vast country. What but labor could have rescued it from wilderness, advanced it to an era of civilization? What but labor, intelligent labor, can continue that work, advance it to the demand of present and coming epochs. Deface the laborer and his God-given mission, and the world reverts to darkness, to danger, to misfeyal times. Always did, always must. It is the spirit of despotism which shuts the way to liberty and enlightenment. Free labor under the reign of freedom on a higher scale, has made the country what it is, though often hampered. Only that can bring us to higher development in industrial and social life, making more houses, more education, more enjoyment. It takes intelligence, intellectual acquirements. The need of this grows with advancement. You cannot grow figs on thistles; nor can you progress in civilizing arts by means of slavery. Intelligence to all men should be fostered, not denied. That is civilization. To oppress one to a degree, measured by social law, oppresses all. To enslave one race is to brutalize, debase and restrain the better instincts of all races, measured by social law. It is the self-executed judgment of God contained in that law which mankind cannot escape. That is the higher law. Congress cannot suspend our courts suspend. Slavery cannot shut where the social bond is toward universal education. If that is not the foundation laid with in a republic, that republic is on the down grade of retrogression. No slavery is mutually, economically, socially, politically wrong—odious to all mankind. If you seek to exclude from your gardens the dew of heaven and the sun of day, you put yourselves to trouble and show that you love darkness rather than light, desire yourselves of the neutralizing powers of nature, deny yourselves the beneficence of heaven. Those who would shut themselves from the glory, ethical and material growth of liberty and progress, invite

Whither genuine conditions whereby it must come. Slavery does that.

The principle of slavery requires the ignorance of the slave-slavery—cannot live being in the reign of intellectual darkness and moral darkness, stronger individual rationalities taking advantage of conditions. That is despotism. It cannot continue in the efficiency of mental and industrial progress. The more must not come, he must come in subjugation. Yet he must be permitted in the field of labor, otherwise, which slavery destroys and wastes—a status set up through common consciousness. The work of advancing civilization must be done by free enlightened men. To educate men is to free them individually and socially. Is not the education of the slave denied him on this principle? So it is a plain fact that a perpetual enslavement of the black race naturally bars the man-slaveholding white in a distasteful manner from industrial progress where his labor is his only capital. Is he not also oppressed? He reaps the results of oppression as a logical sequence. Instead of opportunities for right to life and his pursuit of happiness are hampered; for may it be delayed. Can even the aristocratic master escape, retaining the air that pollutes the slave? You say the slave is not oppressed, is property; his owner is interested in preserving the efficiency of his slave. Still he is a slave, a chattel. He is fed, clothed and sheltered for his master, not for himself. The master is not in the same way interested in preserving opportunities and efficiencies for the white who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow; indeed he is reduced to a pauper state. There may be no design on the part of the ruling class in this result, but in all cases it is conditions by which men live that oppress them, or give them liberty and prosperity, provided they are active and industriously intelligent.

So he masters for slaves because they are property not men; because they live what slaves are compelled to do for them, not because they are human. All this men do for beasts of burden, it is true. They feed and clothe him even in the spirit of mercy. Men cannot be used in such a mode. If you love not man, whom you are, how can you love that which will harm you? In such a world you cannot know God nor men as they should be known. How then can you know Jesus who manifested the love of God to men by loving men? Liberty means equal chances for men. Civilization means ability to all men to profit by those chances or deny them and survive their ruinous by reason of them.

Men live in a state of slavery where industrial progress makes one sort of labor if performed by free men mental and irreplaceable gemmings after generation, however many or less are filled with physical and intellectual laziness. This is a serious

right and profoundest fact. Their desire to rise higher in the scale of civilization and attainments remains latent, beclouded. The first thing the lower class of people in any country learn to do is to respect the opinion of those more fortunate who constitute elements in society which respect them more in a life of brilliant dissipation than of conscientiousness. It thus comes down to the labor level of slavery, for slavery rules public opinion politically, socially, and in a broad sense where it exists. An element of strength in which propaganda is to keep fast in minds of men and women that respectability belongs to the class that works labor, and those who perform labor work with the laborers who are slaves and property of those who control the sources of production with facilities for productive labor other than slaves. We hear of infidelity and of Christianity. Yet it is by reactions of some sorts of Christianity that slavery exists, is fostered, enforced and made the pillar of the church and of an unnatural autocracy. We hear of attempts to make it the backbone of the state, the chief corner stone of an ambitious Confederacy. The arbitrary power that owned the industrial forces of the South aimed to constitute itself above all systems of free labor. The Jews claimed characteristics above other people of earth, assumed to be the chosen of God. By force of that belief they grew oppressive, dogmatic, brutal, dictatorial, warlike, corrupt, aggressively hostile toward people they deemed not of their kind, viewed the shining way of progress, sought to bar it, and fell from their dignified station as an independent people. Early in His day Jesus saw their error, taught that all people are equals the children of God, that the God of the Jews was the God of all people—exposed their religious hypocrisy, unjust social and economic systems, and they put Him to death for His chosen cause. He taught the uplifting of the lowly, that a few should not forever rule the mass and learn with rich inheritance, to make richer the rich, skinned and pervert poverty by wicked power, oppressively and degradation, sought to save them from the ruin their course invited by urging them to turn from those sins. He predicted their complete overthrow as a nation, unless their policy be changed. They spurned his philosophy, denounced Him publicly as suggestion of Roman authority, but without proving Him guilty of crime. There are many followers of Jesus, but often at large distances, in devotions were never told by Him. They worship Jesus as the Christ, but heed not His teaching regarding the injustices in the conduct of worldly affairs, as a Christless man, whose teachings are as practical and essential today as then and ever will be essential to justice and progress on earth, and in the peace of souls in heaven. Brothers whose policy should be professed that of the bigoted, race-hating egotist,

on that of the horses, living animals. The—

At this juncture a Confederate officer with two escorts approached and surrounded him to keep him from escaping. During his talk there had been discussion among the Confederate officers whether he should be released. These officers say as he was civil and unfeeling, through the hatred for their mental digestion he was not much there released as if were indeed a necessity to listen to an anti-slavery speech as long as comes from the South had they had never heard one. It was a profound, polished statement of that side—a rare speech indeed in South Carolina. The effect was great and much impressed some officers and two or three officers.

WHY REBELS WANT AN ARMISTICE.

Wednesday, September 27th.—Every day I practice reading. It is with a strain of will, nerve and brains. It is a denatiable question every morning whether I go over the area of the prison daily, or sit in the bar it seems easier to get through up and down to circulate and live. I never decided that will power and so marvellous. It breaks up against pain, fatigue, famine and death which has seemed near. So I go today up in front of the commissary shop. I met a new young man with a nice clean look in hand. "Hello, what have you?" I said. "Book or a picture," he replied. He had been trying to sell it to Rebels but could not, had offered it for \$1. would something to say. If had had his "inner man," he wanted every picture for the Rebels outside, as sailors did not satisfy. "Take it read it," he said, telling me where he stopped, and his name, Charles L. Johnson of the 6th Connecticut. After an agreeable talk I bobbed back under the ink to read. Another day of first sight! I thought. Fatherly Dan Tuttle, I know in New York, must say he sees some men well enough to marry and some women too well. Perhaps Johnson is one of Dan's men. I like him, if a man is to be known by company he keeps why should I not? I'm reading the book—selecting from John Murray's writings. He has been called a prose-Shakespeare. I have not known people here to buy a book, except some blank, or half-written diary, or a "back of Jack" some Yankee didn't leave away in going to battle. It is a superstition of soldiers that it would not be well with them to go in battle with cards on them. If killed it would be evidence of sin unrepented, so they throw these possessions when trouble is ahead. But when again settled in camp they beg poems and bring notes to find a soldier where they can be bought at four pennyworth prices and play all day and after tattoo for weeks often playing their

last day. That is a way they have of keeping a clean record to go before the strict Judge.

Evidently two of Stanton's prisoners struck a place that in unpleasantness resembled characteristics of Rebel prisons, when they fell into the hands of Giant Despair who held them for trespass and put them in his castle into a very dark dungeon, noisy and stinking by the words of these two men. "They ran from Wednesday morning until Saturday night, without one bit of bread or drop of drink, and were in evil case * * * far from friends and acquaintance." So are we guilty of trespass, have had a long sniff of a "nausea stinking" place, have fasted longer than did Christian and Hope who were the wards of Giant Despair—whose savage propensities were no more brutal than those of our keepers, and we, too, are far from home and "in evil case."

The man who has immediate charge of prisoners has been disgustingly in evidence for three days. He seems a cross between an idiot and a lunatic. His name is Barrett. Before his name was listed prisoners dubbed him "Red Head," his hair being the color of red sand and coarse as horse tail. He is a lieutenant in the 4th Georgia that served as guard at Andersonville until the summer. Then there Gen. J. H. Winder led him his last quarrel. Now that about half of the prisoners that were at that place are here, he has detained him for trial. The first thing he did was to show his disorderly temper. He is said to be as mean as Wren. If he knows more his talent will be used to expedite his madness. Those faults are commendable in the concepts of Winder. No second follow need apply as long as men like Wren and Barrett can be detained. Both are cowards at the trial. A young Rebel soldier told me Barrett is insane. He is one of those compounds that "to be hated needs but to be seen" for when seen derelictions are manifest. He had for head of Charge 3 day before he ordered up several detachments one after another, and dashed them vehemently with a flourish of his revenue for no considerable reason. His savage allies are outrageous. He ran on detachments quantities like the first officers in charge. Winder is in general charge of Federal prisoners east of the Mississippi, he is a large man and means our ruin.

It is not what men outwardly have we want that constitutes their peace of mind, spiritually considered. There are some here who understood it that way. Exposure, nakedness, hunger, sleep and distress of every sort, death itself can be endured when the thought is right and the heart is strong for truth. It is the feeling that justice is temperately being done us, that perhaps our own government may be ignored, negligent, thoughtless or indifferent in the terrible situation into which thousands of good and

brave men have been thrown, and lower them in wicked per-
secution designed to gratify a low and brutal vengeance because
the adopted traditions and opinions of the masters of the South
are disapproved by the national administration, the master and the
army behind it. Really it is far too my father than it is the cause
of this dreadful conflict. The prisoners of war are suffering most
directly, forcibly, atrociously, tremendously, the consequences of the
mistake that invited this war. What can reply?"

There are noble men here stirred to the higher standard of
human existence, who rise to condemn living in death-life, to con-
quer present evil-doers under adverse conditions to their final
existence, conformed to conditions of natural justice, have power-
ful enjoyment, higher refinement of spiritual nature typified
by the calm and calm of Jesus as I think they were intended and
about the understood. There is not in Nature as in the place
or idea of liberty, a higher ordinance for the soul's salvation
from its human weakness, sinful conscience and defects, and from
inhuman environments. Goodness, indeed it is these sublime
qualities in the character of nobly men and women, and he
who is worshipped as the Christ, that distinguish them from
the world, kind religious satisfaction, beauty and their final
followers.

There is another copy, or a Christian copy, which has an
article headed, "Appeal." The writer asks the people and
government of the South, why they would not be the basis of an
armistice. He wishes to the Christian people in favor of a
"cessation of hostilities, that peace may be restored." He says
that is what the South wants, and has wanted, but
"Lincoln's law making" has blocked it. He says now is the
grand turning point of the fortunes of the South; nothing can
contribute so much to success as an armistice; therefore,
the rebellious North are of numerous interest. If McClellan is
elected as commander can be secured, but if Lincoln is elected, he
will push every advantage, and the disasters that will follow
cannot be foreseen. An armistice will give them a respite, will
be worth ten thousand men and millions of money; will give them credit
and influence abroad, and consequent recognition. It would gain
the respect of that undecided class of seceder South, and sever
the power of the administration. He defines the nature of an
armistice, refers to Wheeler's "International Law," showing it
applies to a temporary peace, but leaves the controversy unde-
cided; that they might do what they would do in time of peace,
and is virtually a resignation during the time of the armistice.
They may re-enforce their armies, collect provisions, munitions
of war, repair vessels and forts, and their ports would be open
to the world. Therefore the election of McClellan would be hailed

will get by every Southern man and every friend of the South. But again it should be remembered that McClellan told in his "Letter of Acceptance" declared in favor of the Union even at the expense of our abundant necessities left to nature. But after a few months of peace, the country settled into quietude, the people of the North could not agree to a proposal to prosecute a war directly to the hilt. And now rendered fruitless by their own consent. Or, if they could, they would fight against advantages never before experienced and without time. Lincoln knows that," says he, "but let it be constantly borne in mind that whatever project is favored, whichever party of the North triumphs, the sole object of the South is independence. The war originated by that and as long as there is a drop of blood to be shed, or a dollar to be spent, it shall be waged for independence."

Oh, that the people of the North might read these lines and understand the cunningness of the scheme. This may seem right unto men, but the end thereof is death. Talk about peace and union by buying out traitors, chattering with disloyalty! Establish every foundation on rottenness—national unity is erected! The people of the North have been long enough deceived. Would to God they might not deceive themselves! The only spirit of despondency that has possessed and blackened every age, has weeks to send his rattle about us. Some are fearful, some are indifferent. But the common sense of the people can detect these wily schemers. But your look upon this summer will be over if the North and the sword of this war is to be at hand, and the days of an earthly peace is at hand.

Tuesday September 15th.—A few nights since Brodger, Fred, Chittum and four others with myself had passed by camp, having made marked for New Tennessee, under which such as Washington and Southern N. C. having been there and found ourselves most every man having been found and picked up. Our job was to run the guard, rowing their fiction, and to meet about two miles north near the Chesaw Railroad. While watching at different points after dark, at a sudden fire was lighted, covering the entire camp and a second line of guard was put out beyond the fire lighting intervening space. The guard has become more rigid and rigorous, and it is almost certain death to attempt for the fire are still kept up, and guards have learned to shoot. Mellow lines indeed! Stillness and numberless other the others as in the form. It is too horrible to say they do all for us they are. They do not care if we do suffer. I remarked to a recruit today that if we did not have more food men would all die. He said "there are plenty of rats!" What one wonderful day we had today. Tonight there is talk of breaking out. They want they will die by the bullet before they will

CHILDHOOD OF A WAR PRISONER

It will withstand and happily endure

I feel my soul has never yet
 That are depressing in my feeble breath.
 If I compare the sunlight now that shines
 And fills my being, with the loss of death.

For I am young, I have not reached an age
 When mortal men have the line defined
 Where the human spirit quits the mortal stage
 And has the power of the earth life-giving.

And yet I know, if mortal threads do break
 My soul myself will soar in light away.
 As it surely must from painful sleep awake
 To see the glory of another day.

And all time pay which by my nature clings
 Shall guide my soul on the better shore
 And all those moments which he cannot change
 That I shall love, that I shall know no more.

For all the glooms that vex my spirit dead
 And fade like clouds that darken all the sky.
 When sun grows higher and sunbeams long and true
 And I know I will again see as it grows more high.

UNCLE ABE'S ENEMY AT HOME

Business greenbacks would buy potatoes which seem to be plentiful but none are given as though other things are wanted and more. They allow 25 "Centos" for 1 lb. of our money. Men who have more money have preference among leaders. If he buys a bushel or two he retails them at great profit to those who have less money. So it is here as in other conditions in life: "the rich get rich and the poor get poorer" until everything comes to a standstill.

Left Dora is reported as saying recently that his army is badly reduced. Had to get his soldiers killed as prisoners it may become necessary to recruit. "Bent Butler" as an agent and his claim for the legion. Men are trading clothing for something to eat. I have offered my boots today, also gloves Griffith has. It is against orders to trade with guards, we have to work shy, avoiding it the night. They cannot be depended on so we have slipped up in personal agreements and go hungry.

Saturday, October 1st: Late in the afternoon we have rations,

and see what the canteen of yesterday about "government rations" amounts to. A few barrels of hard-bake arrived and hard-bake which we can devour in one minute, with three spoonfuls of molasses and five of molasses, are given each man to sup (cassero) hunger and stay up for seventy-four hours at night. Learning with C. L. Johnson his book, I learned his name is in Hartford, Conn. I had a fine time with him. He was taken at Plymouth, N. C. Reported tonight that the sick are to be sent to Charleston for exchange. It comes from Rebels. It is now dark, is raining, signs of a bad night. It is wonderful how patiently men stand or work with folded hands during a drearful rain.

Monday, October 2nd.—Foggy and chilly this morning, an uncomfortable night though the rain ceased before morning. About 1100 men from Charleston arrived. About 7 a. m. orders came to break camp. A cavalry guard assigned. We knew we were to go into the blockade negroes had been building. Binding up a little wood we had, and taking our cooking apparatus, we moved by detachments, a mile over an old field grown to weeds and grass, and in sight of a cultivated plantation and houses belonging, I understand to a Dr. Garrett a noted planter. On the way men seized poles and sticks, hoping to be allowed to carry them into that hopeless den for shelter. But one or two reached the gate the order came to throw down every stick, guards with bayonets enforced the order. The column was now confused and huddled, so I attempted to smuggle a small rod by attaching it to a string tied I picked up, dragging it through the grass, not heeding the call to "Down that fall down, and leave the rod soon as that!" All Thompson from behind cried: "North, North! Drop it, drop it!" Turning I saw a bayonet close to my skirts drawing nearer rapidly. I was foolishly impressed that "that had played out," and did "leave go" the rod, and changed my place in the ranks, soon reaching the head of the column. It was remarked that it was no more than fair that we have those rods as you can split more. It is a black place. The walls of the prison are rough, built of trees grown on the enclosure, all of which are used except brush and waste pieces, which are scattered mostly in the swamp. Those on dry ground having been removed. The swamp is forty to sixty rods wide, black, and covered with prickly vines. A brook, larger than that at Andersonville, runs through it, which is to supply water which cannot be obtained without going half knee deep in mud. The blockade contains twenty acres. Instead of sentry boxes there is an embankment outside nearly as high as the wall which the negroes are now finishing. The sentry is to walk this looking down upon the whole. Gruff and Glover are sick. I have been trying to get brush and stuff together for quarters, but being hungry and weak, I could go but a rod with a small

dead without smiling down, have eaten nothing since our half meal yesterday. Johnson, of our company, was among the Charleston men, is destitute of blanket, almost of clothing, sleeps with us. At dark we drew nearly a pint of soup, two spoonfuls of flour three of salt, each. After debate how our stuff should be cooked to fill up meat, we decided on boiling it for supper, leaving one ration of meat and eight spoonfuls of flour for morning.

Monday, October 2d.—Cold dreary rain, wetting to our skins. Eatons after dark, and less in cold than those of last night. Last night I heard preaching several rods west. In making my way I stumbled in the darkness over what I was unprepared was a grave, falling directly across another. This morning I go there. I find several graves, mostly new. Three old ones are small. There are no names, the only notices being the mounds, and sticks of lead and food. Several beautiful pines are left standing near. Probably it was a negro burial ground, as negroes always go into back dirty places in the woods to bury their dead. Harriet Kiser mentions an instance where he attended one of their funerals at night in this State, among the bones of Col. J.

Negroes sit busily pecking dirt against the wall. Their curious songs are heard at intervals right and day. There is something too peculiar in these people, somewhat heathen as they are, not in their curiosity and serious thought—an idiosyncrasy, a cult, we almost admire, seldom known to our race—a rude, simple, plain, unmistakable, indelible sense of something which is, but is not seen—a superstition or a presentiment by the spiritual through the rough exterior. The tones of their songs, sounds, rude, as little in form of language, yet sentimental, strangely, darkly romantic, shadowing the rude, fragmentary traditions of a race, whose history is dark and distant, yet mingling the moan of the far paternalist sin of their far ancestry with their existence now, and the vague, spiritual image of freedom in gestation glimpsed at in their ancient lives, which is in shape the highest destiny of the race. Poor, despised race, against whom strong, benighted prejudice dwells—superstitions, uncharitable, unchristian beliefs! Everything strong with conservative North—there is not to be "piggies." If Southerners cannot keep them down they are dying. What have they done! They are the most innocent people in the country. Patiently they wait the work-logs of fate, trusting in Providence, fully believing in its rightful disposition.

In each corner of the stockade is planted a cannon. Col. Harrison, late from Charleston, was speaking by one of these guns today, making us fair promises and kindly answering questions about corresponding with friends. One of our men came up whom we thought great, or who had forgotten where he was and

who he was taking to work:

"Cabell, take a better road a few days, or try to go through."

"A what-cha! Heh! Young man, you call for a Rebel? What do you mean by that?"

"A Rebel stamp—one of your stamps," replied the man.

"You call me a Rebel, you say? Young man, I do not need time to be thinking. Do leave your gun out in the Old South Road! I will fix you."

The man came out once to apologize for the misheard act. The Colonel laughed, and the situation, being somewhat softened, said in good natured way:

"We are not Rebels, we will have you to understand. The people of the South are honorable besides I claim to be a gentleman, honest, and I am not a Rebel; neither will I suffer such epithets to be used in relation to my people. I expect from all of you former rebels. If I ever hear another man use such language I will take him out and teach him what I can do. I will show him a Rebel to a man he never thought of, by Heaven!"

"Well, I suppose I ought to have said your stamps, or Confederate stamps," replied the man.

"Our Government is the Confederate Government. No, I reckon you don't need a Confederate stamp," said the Colonel.

The little remark that truth should not be spoken at all times may come under this head, but I "excuse" the Colonel, don't like the stamp, by the way he mentioned, though he may like the act that made "them-such" Southerners the most consummate as well as the most conspicuous rebels, and for reasons the Colonel himself cannot define any better than that old English:

Thomas Carlyle (1841). Wrote to A. W. Francis (1862) N. Y., saying it was fine to see Minnie (about 8. C.) Col. G. P. Warren, commanding Florence military post, provisions for Abolition letters, boxes, etc., and says anything that our government will send under flag of truce shall be delivered to us. So we are encouraged in mind. But that man is turned into a place where usually constant of the ground is so swampy that water would rise to the top of it without disturbing the least shell and move its without biscuits or teeth above or below, and but care of pain and spite, perhaps no shirt and perhaps neither, is in perfect accord with a wicked cause. David never brought dog more honestly to "showing mine owner" than do we? stupid and tried to show us why we have not population the former of their name, well though they worship, they have not forsaken their teaching us. May God destroy them from the face of the earth, or may they live and live? Northern communists among us more so than such slaves, such booties, to what under our authorities they they would allow. Liberty, liberty,

turnout, murderers, to go to liberty and tolerate them in society. But I am now a thousand times convinced that crime, full manslaughter, acts of robbery and collusion cannot enter on the soil of slavery. The perpetration is the chief object of rebellion. It is the economic bottom of the land policy within its sway. Therefore law and every interest spring from it and partake of its nature, as liberal laws spring from liberal interests. Oppression in every form existed prior to emancipation. Slave codes are the threatening sword of vengeance to ward the devil from the preaching of saints. The franchises of freemen are monopolized by slave masters and slave freemen who deny that institution and oppression in stifling slaves by the slaveless ruled. Still they complain as the wolf in the folds completed of the lamb he wished to devour. Still they speak of freedom—the *Union of the South*! A stance in the age of progress? A nation across in the way of civilization! A snake in the grass! A griffin around the tree of liberty! A counterfeit quality that disfigures the page of honor! Their whole moral nature is recorded to the core on this question of slavery. The people are selfish to what they call patriotism; proud of their vanity, haughty to the verge of desperation; emotional beyond reason, desecrated and blasphemous; chivalrous unto despotism; vain in what they term the "*Union of the South*"; giddy in the display of the Cheyenne transmitted from feudal times, by which the stable rock of the South aspires rather than to consider liberty and general progress. Deplored infatuation! To lean on them in deciding this great crisis is to rear in the coils of a serpent, and to die by its sting.

The swamp is said to be filled with snakes. I saw a large rattlesnake dead, killed by negroes. These is the swamp and streams are called *mosquitoes*. Two men were bitten yesterday by these while in the water washing, and have died. I saw three men—they were bitten in the back. Several of the snakes have been killed. The work outside are waiting in the stream above. A gang of negroes are working in the swamp, while teams are passing back and forth, keeping the water constantly black with mud. We are forced to drink it. Three men have been shot within two days near the north part of the stockade, where we get water.

I said a guard yesterday if it is necessary to shoot us in action, the answer—“I don’t know. I reckon ‘tis we’ve don’t get a both part we want, we lay off the people. It’s mighty tough on y’r’s fathers, so it is on us—we’ve have to do duty.”

A man shot this morning for speaking in the sentry. They say word was the order given. We have to find all these things out of our path. They make known to us an regulation that is in control the guard by the punishment with us.

Rebel overruling officers hand us daily. Several squads have gone out, from 200 to 400 men, and have taken the oath of treason. They are to be put to garrison. It creates great excitement. Parties going out are attacked and stripped of their supplies, such as blankets and such things. If any they have, I have known men in jail at the Rebel officers at the gate saying, "When you come take us out." I have started long enough. I don't even see a way to rid this body. I refuse to come to this wretched world. But as great an indignity as I have seen in Ireland-born Irishmen putting out to the pyre to the New Kingdom of Ireland, dressing Rebels by calling negroes. Irishmen who fled from Ireland, their native land, to gain liberty, becoming for slavery? Slavery for a time finally stolen from Fatherland, sold like beasts for all time. Honest intelligent Irishmen should have a more consistent idea of liberty. But "negroes" are black. Indeed! Should the African, whose ancestor was kidnapped, be considered for his color any more than the Irishman for his lineage?

Spent several hours with Bowdler reading Grimké's history of the United States. He dwelled on events in the southern States showing how they tend to effect the present, of the thousands of Negroes, one of the first settlers of Georgia, who was so strongly opposed to African slavery, and by his influence it was ruled out until by the act of the southern counties the American feeling was overwhelmed, colonial laws disregarded, and the introduction of negroes from Africa became general. Slavery became an institution and laws relating thereto were enacted. At last slavery made us control all laws. It is a truthful charge that the reason is guilty of the continuance of this evil, and of smothering the seeds of despotism on our soil.

Negroes ought to be and not from 1860 from the negroes and negroes are all alike.

Wednesday, October 30.—Camp organized; laid out in squares, streets running at right angles, as near as may be from the nature of the ground. Men are put in thousands, as 1st, 2d, 3d, etc. We have food on the table every day. I am exhausted. It is now dark, but have had two full meals in the past, we are extremely weak and tired. At something in way in the all-absorbing thought. Where we only strong we could labor with the hope of a better world. Heavy rain clouds hang over us. My friends John and Sergeant Lee of Hartford. We have known Lee since last summer. A better type of man than the most anywhere, an earnest defender of our cause, and never not at his word. Exchange names again, which is good as nature.

Thursday, October 31.—At dark the rain began to pour heavily, continuing all night. Four of us never under the old blanket—a good thing, every man in us is soaked. The ground

is needed. Not a fire can be kept, though some have wood piled up. How many nights like this must we pass? Cloudy, dreary day. Heavy work on proposed quarters. Dig two feet into the earth, using sticks and our half ranteens for spades. Intend to cover the hole with brush and sticks, and with mud from the swamp. We dig it out with our hands, making it into balls, bring it up on both sides of brush. Hundreds of men are busily at work all along the banks of the stream. It reminds one of beavers working at their dam. It is by greatest effort we do this; we are both sick and hungry. Awful lagmor is more and more heavily upon us. Dreary, stormy autumn is upon us; chills of approaching winter are before. We are further north than we were through the summer we must work while our little strength lasts, with bugs, well nigh fatal, to preserve our feeble lives. Daily men die around us whose lives were as dear, whose hopes were as strong as ours. After consultation I write home for provision and articles of clothing; the letter has gone out. For all we are told it will be delivered we think the chance of receiving it sealed us. We have not received a word from friends; I think my letters were detained.

Friday, October 21st.—Harsh north wind, chills my thin blood. As feared we have not brush enough. Everything is faulty about our dirt house. Branch and sticks are closely picked up, stumps are being ground for wood; we will try to patch it up. Last night we drew fastly a pint of flour each—nothing else. It made us the best supper and breakfast in a long time. We made it into dough, boiled it. The Colonel is permitting walls to be dug, furnishing a few spades and old axes. Time never wore so heavily. As night comes it grows colder; air damp and chilly. Shirtless, shivering young men, whom many a Northern lass would like for a beau, come shivering around the splinter fires built for cooking, and ask, "Fellow, what are we going to do tonight?" "Do you hear anything about exchange?" Some say: "It is take the oath or die!" Others say: "Never! die a thousand times; never surrender the bastards' ransom!"

Sunday, October 23d.—Last night extremely cold for time of year. Laid out uncomfortably in our unfinished hut, suffering with cold; today sickness at the stomach. About four hours sick. More going out to cling to the slave mother, because she yields so into milk. Infamous army service! How sweet their rest upon the Egyptian bosom! One thousand five hundred Andersonville prisoners for Charleston, South.

Monday, October 24th.—Weather pleasant. Men going out felled; Isabelle's farm. Filled soldiers deployed through camp to guard them. Those I have talked with say they hope soon to escape. Especially they say as strong men as there are here, the

starved and sickly being rejected, their physical abilities being exhibited by surcoms.

Thursday, October 13th.—Night cold. Yesterday we got no rations, today we get a kind of meal and three measures of molasses.

Friday, October 14th.—Snoozing in our coats 2 p. m. Saturday, 15th night today. We get hamhogs, they burn it up. A man named Armstrong from Charleston is commissioned to sell stuff; he is up today. Lieut. Col. Iverson has issued an order, prohibiting a schedule of prices, which are to be adhered to by parties trading. Sweet or Irish potatoes 150 per bushel, other things in proportion. Great activity by Rebels in recruiting; perhaps 100 are out daily for whom the recruitment of "Gallant Old Rebels" is attached. This is not a pleasing name to those who thrust themselves of blue rags and don Rebel buttoned. If they appear after the act, "Ho, Rebel", "Gallant Old Rebel", or "Rebel" greet them. It appears to me they win go are "romanticists," simple, weak in spirit.

Saturday, October 15th.—Nearly one pint of guts and a half pint of peas and we are full. "No more rations till Monday."

Sunday, October 16th.—Giffith gets an ax; we burn wood from stump roots. I am unable to use the ax. No rations, very hungry at night.

Monday, October 17th.—No rations, badly reduced by hunger and sickness, diarrhoea is painful.

Tuesday, October 18th.—Get up this morning for breakfast; eat raw, no wood. Rain, cold, foggy night. Complaint is made of hunger through Sergeant Kemp, 1st Connecticut Cavalry, who is on parole at the commissary; Colonel orders an "extra issue." It must certainly be a matter of surprise to Col. Warren that we are hungry today; for we had a big list Saturday. We get beef, three ounces, and some rice at night.

Wednesday, October 19th.—Feeling exists that holdyians whose principal center at New York are as unsupportable as the extreme opponents of the administration in or out of our lines. From the hour war was imminent, they conspired to control business, manufacture business, corner specie, hamper government and force the legalizing of schemes for their own enrichment, banking currency plans independent of Wall Street, and secured actual advantage over the people through government in financing the war. They first stripped the country of coin and bullion and hid it, suspended specie payment for bank notes issued under State laws and refused loans to government and people. The treasury had been bankrupted by Rebels under Buchanan and the Financiers had deprived the country of all money. Having largely cheated the government plans which it was compelled to consider for a currency based on national credit rather than on the pretenses of money

business they forced legislation that enabled them to put a price on our leading commodity for it is payment of interest on a public debt to be created. And for custom duties of imported merchandise largely destroyed by war. Thus buying imports to buy their needed commodities at premium rates entirely determined by the holders. It gave stands at nearly three times par. This caused depression of currency government was obliged to send for business and for war purposes to the extent of nine premiums, and equally the price of bonds to cover deficits in cash paying the exigencies incident to this policy and the expenditures of war for their issue. The law also gave coin speculators opportunity to buy the lands with government at their face—giving them the advantage of enormous profits for coin and bullion and extortionate discounts on bonds. For instance, they will \$1,000 in coin for \$1,000 of currency. They buy \$2,000 worth of government bonds with it, a discount on government credit of two-thirds of the value. The country bears the legitimate cost of war, and this threefold burden imposed to buy the rigidity of money and credit shocks in a time of national stress. They are now reaping a harvest of unholy plots. First they were "done in the morning" threatening ruin to the country. Since they forced the adoption of their plots they are devouring time. It is plain how their course has prolonged the war by expending our resources until they could impose "burdens previous to be borne" stimulating speculation and encouraging treason to persecute. Do not mind either in the pockets of money sharks, millions out of the toil and valor of the people. Generations must pass before the country can be extricated from these meshes of Shylock. Every hour they are extracting blood every hour carving flesh! O, baseness of unbridled greed! The groans of thousands of boys shall be groans, these pretending tricksters will bring newspapers, prostitute dens, debauch courts and when congresses and presidents to trace up government evidence of debt then forced and have charged, after treacherously debauching it, during every hour of bloody struggle. The injustice and cruelty of such selfishness has no counterpart. The men hanged at Andersonville for the murder and robbery of fellow prisoners, were miserable compared with these, and they were justly executed. The group described by Milton—"Devils with devils damned firm concord hold"—can take a luck and!

When peace shall have been restored these demons of finance will take a new turn at their infernal lavers. There will come a reaction from this wave of forced inflation of commodity prices, an appreciation of public credit they as usually treasured and so readily possess, that will shatter private credit and business and float industrial rafters with people forced from honest pursuits and made needy and idle. Mortgaged farms and their products

will drop to "hard pan," the barriers backfilled, to being to permit them at least to get loads and rations delivered and transported to farther south the row. These two conditions brought about by arranged together, make this night feasible. They will wait together like a star and pluck all absent workers of the dignity. They run the narrow during the past by inventing the death. They will rise again when battleship business and labor shall fill the credit from the pit into which they miserably plunged it, by backslapping millions in their private locations.

Thursday, October 20th. Days pleasant, nights cold. Disagreeable estimates, some prisoners, P. G. and Corp. Jim J. do not try to kill their acres of rice. They are demoralized, half-dead of sense. They have no excuse for clothing but coat and pants apiece, apart from nothing about the top. And being on the bare ground, their flesh has become drier than husk. My god! Who ever saw an eye food more once a man? Some men make five eyes. We have been using "disrespectful language" toward the Corporal. He don't take it to heart, and "dig out" the dig through. Giff and I half resolve to leave no spot there. But what shall we do? They claim a share in the hole, some of us own dig another. I believe this is harder than Egypt, when Aaron stretched out his rod and smote the dust, and all the land became lice. This is tribulation indeed. We passed a cold, short-sleepy, painful night. Hatties more absent but not absent. Sanitary goods from the dear folks at home have been here several days. Yesterday biscuits were turned, about five to one hundred men. Names of the seven names taken. Buns and prize tickets were placed in a hat, from which we drew. Five chances in a hundred! Fortune gave me and my honey partner the biggest chance—a blank. I got the lottery of good this morning with a blanket on in lieu of an overcoat. U. S. hats are often seen on Rebel heads. Lieut. Barrett, 4th Georgia, having immediate charge of prisoners sports a military hat on his red pole. He had better thank our Yankee ladies. I would like to lead him into their presence by a rope around his neck. The "red-headed Lieberman"—"miserable run!" he is called. He is the son of a Georgia, one of the most despicable, insignificant, cowardly characters, physically, ill-tempered, hell-buffed fouger of man that ever served a worthless wicked cause! He will stand at the gate two hours with a revolver in hand, occasionally patting and snapping it, scolding playfully, calling them "dirtiest sons of b—s," "damned devils," laughing friendship. He often snatches clubs and drives them with all vengeance into crowds of prisoners who come to look at the little fool attracted by his loud notes. He with them call them to come back, not to be afraid; and again jump at them like a mad gander, flourishing sword and pistol. The damn coward!

He is meaner than Wirz, but can't carry it out so logically with a tyrant's grace. Don't know as much—low, shameless, drunk with a little brief authority. Wirz did not care so much to look on the side he wrought, the misery he caused, but knew his plans. "Red-head" likes to invite the ladies and go up with them and look down from the wall and jolly tolly and sipper and giggle, ordering us, Syrian style, to do some insignificant thing. At some Turkiye remark, like "Where did you get your hat," he will go into a sporadic rage—cold water on a griddle! Presenting his revolvers, cocked, with assumed dignity will say:

"Who said that? I dare the son of a b—h, the d—d Yankee, to say that again!"

We suspect this is butcombe, for the high-bred, gay ladies no use the honor to address. They sometimes innuendously laugh at his unrefined behavior. Some seem to think it cunning, and few less offer to please. I have noticed some who looked astonished at him, half wishing, I believe, he would fall over the wall. Do Wirz and Barrett embody Southern chivalry? Fit subaltern fools of Davis and covered of the bigger devils, to attend to the details of their political pantomimes!

ON BARRETT.

Barrett. He bears a name as if a man!
 Snake! If such a thing a man could be!
 Beast! I know no beast as mean as he!
 Reptile! No viler serpents ever ran!
 Viper! None fouler befoul you man!
 Pook! None so big a fool as he!
 Barrett, keeper of the prison pen,
 Parades these starved, torn, naked men
 Before women invited as his guests,
 Curses and flies in their paths,
 Bestows on them insults and pests,
 Venomously shows his apish pranks,
 All for torment, sought to please;
 Adds insults to their miseries.

Real love for woman much protests
 That such a brute should on them fawn;
 That to such presence they be drawn
 To see men cringe to vile beasts;
 To hear him swear and act the knave
 And like a demon laugh and rave
 As though it did those guests amuse
 To see an imp as Yankee abuse.
 Thank God, the soul of womanhood
 A worthless cause can never crush!

Her virtue has these wrongs withstood;
Her scorn revealed, by frown and blush.
But Harrett does not weep or heed
They are but yillness in his deed.

DAVIS AND WINDER—THEIR WORK.

Sergeant Hunter, Massachusetts genealogist, Winder, who presides over our pernicious keepers with malicious grace. The gist of it is that his monstrosity had the virus of despotism in that blood. His character is rooted in Toryism; his aspiration is ventured by animosity to popular government. Like most Southern leaders who are labeled Democrats, and smile the same to serve the opposite, he is an aristocrat with the instincts of a tyrant. He is of the vicious stuff left over from ages of despotism. Our era is sadly burdened with much of that rubbish. It is the fuel of this war. The appointment of John H. Winder by Jeff Davis as commander general of prisoners has in it more villainy than is imagined. Davis knew him. Davis is Winder's confidant; Winder is his. They perchance from one root. Had Davis wanted a proper man, Winder would not have been in it. His unpopularity with the mass of Southerners who know him, condemned him for any place. Davis is his affinity. He loves his low meanness because it reflects his own. Davis' meanness is his chief characteristic. It is so big he wants this fellow to help him carry it. He is doing it to destruction. Richmond had its fill of Winder as provost general. It howled. Davis saw this place and handed it out. Richmond yelled: "Thank God, we are rid of old Winder, but God have pity on Yankees who come under his sway!" Odious even to houses of Rebels, but not to the nose of the chiefest Rebel. Davis was happier than they, for he had Winder's pledge (that he would be "old plow" to Yankees in "durance vile," as his Iron Barren delights in saying to us of Harrett. Davis enthroned him to rule over these later prison halls he devised which are worse than the first. He resolved last fall that these prisons should become deadly engines of war, to help fight the battles of the South. Devilish as he is, he is the fit tool of that arch conspirator, Davis. He is pledged to a work of murder. Had it been an honest job, his pledge would never be kept. He is keeping his pledge. Davis saw no humane traits in Winder toward Yankee prisoners. Davis was farther seeing in that conclusion than in any other public act that distinguished him. His Confederacy will fail. Winder has not failed to murder thousands. That was the covert aim of Davis as a means to success. Just, considerable men were intelligible. Winder was for Andersonville, Harrett for Florence. Winder knew them; they pleased his ferocity. Two meaner pieces of treachery in

strongly back cannot be found except Davis and Winder. They are like them, but not as big, and no braver as the chief culprits. They have no higher consciousness of their position than to be brutal, harsh, vulgar, murderous toward Negroes. "Vas not vhu vund?" said Wink to us. "Vas of vund to G-d d-own Yankers," says Bartlett. Their remarks prove it. They are written in blood, painted and with agony embossed in ground, embossed by the deaths of over 12,000 in two prisons to date. Nothing just or sensible is found in their prison management. Both are addicted to outrageous fits of bloody rage. The fit is generally on in their contact with prisoners. They invent pretense as slave scourge and persecutor. They are regarded as good as the Devil, but are notorious for killing more men of the color than forty brigadiers. That suits Winder. Davis approves. If not he would suppress them. Like Davis all Winder wants is to be let alone. Davis lets him alone. What destined locality to the cause of human bondage? What inevitable conspiracy?

Saturday, October 24.—Got a small piece of soap yesterday, the first I know of being issued. Besides my general wash, keeping an eye open for sores. The water is cold. Several hundred suits or pieces of suits of clothing from our lines are being issued. They go about four pieces to the hundred men, so each getting more than one piece, whether it is what he most needs or not. The articles are shirts, drawers, pants and hats. To my knowledge no jackets have been received by men inside; some paroled outside the healthiest, warmest dressed, have appropriated by Rebel permit, rubber suits. Picked up "extra grub" like, see above. This afternoon there have been in and around through the streets in salubrious goods, among ragged victims, who behold, envy, and despise. Could they not at least have given their old clothes to the naked and suffering? That is the work of benevolence and benevolence turned to the account of plumping struts who like too well to swagger around in coats. The wind is cold and swift this afternoon, cutting us to the quick. We have been seeking at the gate an opportunity to go out for work but have returned to our hiding place without success, crumpling and shivering. Few go out but policemen. The police was first organized for our protection but it soon serves a purpose of Rebels and themselves. Nevertheless it has done work which would not have been done by Rebels and bayonet extra returns. But it does not harmonize well with good sense to "Lafu Turkey" to please the ruffled Rebs. It all leads to strengthening these green fellows, already blued and led away, who are getting, say? "You a good Rebels or vena for vena only fighting to keep suggest down, and if vena hate nig-gers, what vena fight vena fur?"

Sunday, October 25, 1864.—Crouching all night, in our row,

cheerless nights. Rations are irregular, and denied us with taunts; they trifle with thousands of hungry men with promises never fulfilled.

The folly of Rebels leaving the election of Lincoln's opponent will shorten the war, or give a rise to their favor, is apparent. Lincoln is president until March. Till then the war will be pushed vigorously. The Rebels cannot hold out longer than spring. It will be as surely over that even McClellan could not find excuse to seek a "new issue." He will not have the chance. Leaders boast, if Lincoln were defeated, for further grace for slavery, and the setting of a few rocks. In the matter of hanging none can be more mercifully disposed than Lincoln. "Medals toward none, charity for all." Charters Wm. Winslow and Barrett if brought to court for compound murder of war prisoners, may swing. The whole Richmond administration is accessory to these crimes. No one will object to sentence if they are quick enough.

The chance of freedom there is no doubt of proving. Public sentiment will not call for extensive use of hangings. Hundreds deserve it, few are worth the rope. The Army is not fighting for such ends. The restoration of the Union for Freedom, South and North is the aim. That we will have. The Rebel finger in the presidential pie is an impertinence. If wise they would end the strife now. They never will get terms more to their liking. If just, they would parole every prisoner regardless of exchange. It would be gain, not loss to them. Every hour they hold us under the circumstances, is to perjure in most horrible manner. Their assumed rights is atrocious.

HISTORY STUDIES UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

PRISON DAYS

Our strength is gone, our hearts are almost broken
And but the ghosts of home to us remain;
Heavy and dark upon our eyes and hearts they lay,
From head to foot, of an unspoken pain.

O prison days, dark prison days of sorrow,
Bring us no only gloom and pain and grief;
Bring no promise of a bright tomorrow
Of any sign, but death, for our relief.

Dusky forms of men against streaked and stained
Lie cold within the shadow of the wall;
In each prime time there comes strong hope is blasted,
And they are numbered on the death-roll call.

O, prison days dark! prison days of sorrow!
 Will ever hunger cease to gnaw with pain?
 O, will winter light beam on an lampoon,
 Or bring our hope attorney this dog-eared patent!

Thursday, October 27th.—For three days my complaints have been more painful; render me almost unable to walk. It is with nothing that I lean on the belled wheel and leave my feet every two or three days. It is the most disgusting little patch I can think of. The nose is noisy, the tongue is hot, half galled by huge vesicles. It is impossible to work or suffering with any allowance of wood. Often the substance is only soaked or scalded till our breath is gone and the wood too it being gone. At this jubilee our paper is ready. There are those more fortunate for wood, a few who get out by influence of others, a few who have money to buy of men who chop and at night bring in a load; but the majority are equally destitute.

Frank Jones, of Company B, 7th Regiment, comes to lodge with us. He is terribly afflicted with scurvy in the mouth, blood and matter issues, emitting an offensive smell continually. He groans night and day. It is very disagreeable to us, but he has a blanket, which we have not, and he is benefited by covering under our earthy roof. The sky is dark, gloomy. Indications of lingering rain already begun a dense, dreary dampening everything. Who can wonder at the influence of passion, words declaring that men are enslaved from indignation as soldiers from men subjected by long hunger and exposure, constantly stung by prongs of dark maligned scurvy, and darkness, colder days before us? One thing among us seems absent. Some say were it not for the oath taken when they mustered into the U. S. service, they would enlist when promised pieces to eat and wood. Not too these men are good, brave soldiers, not too they are patients worthy the name; but they do not exactly recommend the purpose of the oath. It is not whether the oath is binding, but is our cause still good?

Is the country still bad? Nevertheless they say "the old flag" enthusiastically, and deeply hate Rebels. But the technicality of oath, instead of the deeper sentiment binding all men to the cross of God and Liberty, now in hunger and manifold sufferings, seems to stand foremost in mental debate. We are not in the abstract serving our government. We wish to preserve it that it may be a blessing to the future greater than in the past. Grant that it has errors in certain details, we can never put up the Rebel gray and fight under a Rebel flag. If Rebels are loyalists and loyalists are Rebels. Among us are those who never took a soldier's oath in form. But that is no excuse. As citizens our duty is the same. It were far better to renounce it as though we had sworn it and adopt the truth; but the hour is late when absolutely

detests the Union more I have not seen. Nothing could more embitter us against the Southern cause than our enforced here. These remarks are elicited by a conversation heard this afternoon.

Monday, October 21st.—Weather warm through the day. My health is improved, but I cannot get the rational mood so soon, and my stomach and bowels are so weak. The 25th I exchanged eighteen steel pens at \$2 per dozen for sweet potatoes and nearly a quart of rice with a Rebel soldier. I am scantily subsisting on these. I keep them very choice; feel that in them is my earthly hope.

Occasionally, soldiers with officers come in to trade some sort of escape provisions for watches, rings, buttons, etc. officers paying money—\$25 and \$50 for \$2.50 to \$5 rings, and from \$50 to \$120 for common watches—an article scarce now. Staff and New York State buttons are worth \$10. An officer was in recently to purchase a button like some he wore on his great coat. Not finding a full set with the size of which he bought, he stood in the crowd eagerly inquiring for more, when a shrewd fellow slipped slyly behind and cropped the four that adorned his lordly shirt which happened to be the number lacking, and soon appeared in front and completed them with the others. Then, were exactly the thing, he soon had his money and was gone. Another recently "got short" of his watch and chain. A soldier agreed to give me four quarts of rice for steel pens, but by a trick he got my pens and refused to give it, saying he "must get a ring with that sho'."

We have a watch first, a shoe cobbler, a tinner. The first two are patronized by Rebel officers. The tinner makes cook pots and pails out of old tin and copper, ripped from old rat bottoms, without solder. There are small sawing stands for two strokes, which Lieut. Barrett in some of his freaks kicks over, and which are sometimes raised by foraging men. So we have the genius and the indomitable will to raise a Yankee kingdom, had we material. All around are dense woods. A few hours liberty on parole, would enable us to construct comfortable quarters from pine boughs. Though we can see and think we sound loud. Special exchange of 10,000 has been rumored. An officer inside says it is all air. And says we had better improve chance to collect, as old Sherman had his oft supplies from Georgia, and we shall be "tight short out 'fore a week." He also said we are to remove to another "high-post."

Looking at Orosimond's History today, I noticed this passage on Benedict Arnold:

"Oppression, extortion and misapplication of public money, furnished him with the means to gratify his ruling passion; treachery and ingratitude afforded the only ways of evading, severing, and replenishing his exhausted coffers." In this is a les-

men to those interested with the people's affairs. His sympathies and duty drive him to grief and indignation, and to better his cause. If this does it, soon the passions will subside, waiting their knowledge to justify themselves. What is required is a faithful stream, all its consciousness more broad. Time wants can never need to elude. Truth, intelligence, scholarship, international, multi-racial human duty before the most gifted minds, makes the strongest time and calm peace. Through curves are blessed with intelligence and beauty of heart they must rely on the strongest men for support. The world's experience is that the strongest theme will lose its might and beauty at the revolution, when the people depart from that standard of integrity, patriotism, pride and intelligence that gave it strength. It is sure to be broken if peace is the virtue which the preservation of justice, without its tolerance in the most and deepest its form and quality to the spirit of the age, for ages must advance. No spirit's hand can remain in a land where liberty dwells.

There come moments of quiet contemplation. The night air is like a wet blanket wrapped about us. It is dreary to go into our world-like world to walk through darkness, harassed by fire, light with images, living with pain, shaking with cold, languid with disease till another day. Morning comes flooded by a heavy mantle of fog, and we knock out at the hotel doors look for cold soil. Such our life, how long? How long?

The month of October is gone, in for the most beautiful of autumn. These thoughts seem to me—

Golden nights with evenings long
How oft I've seen those charmed ones,
And heard them in their golden song,
Alas how strange life's first quest,
And when nature's progress rights
Have come again, so true and gay,
My thoughts must with and delight
To be as I have seen the day.
My change of change how marked the road
On the down which we meet—
For O how true changeless gift bestowed—
Memory eludes to early love,
The days of youth go fitting fast,
And youthful friends must part,
For O Love's memory? How fast,
A gift of beauty to before which heart,
October nights with evenings long
More pleasing time for rest at night,
To read the new world from the song
Around the endered family heart.

CHRONICLES OF A WAR PRISONER.

But do they think of me tonight?

My seat is vacant at the hearth;

There may be sadness as I write.

And in my heart there is no strife

I know there not to speak or sing.

And yet I strive to cheerful be.

The night is dark, sinister and long.

I hope, yet still they think of me.

They read the news but naught of me,

I am forgotten of the day!

O, can I ever, ever see,

The loved at home who for me pray?

I trust it all to fleeting days.

They may be few that I shall live

As well as strange these strenuous ways.

Yet I will not cease to strive

I trust it all my country's fate.

May meet this painful sacrifice.

I trust it all, oh, God! and wait

For that which is the future here.

And should I come to linger here

To break this languor, pain and night

I'd seek to pause without a tear

Clothed in robes of "diffused light!"

For it must be as has been shown

By wondrous vision, holy light!

My soul will not be left alone.

I shall not cease to-night!

O, may they see it as I see.

Be to my mortal fate resigned;

The death may fall my spirit free

From this where I have long retired.

VOTE FOR PRESIDENT.—A FROSTY WAVE.

Friday, November 4th.—Clouds whose last date, forty-eight hours old since forty hours without fissions, our city roof was braced with coming a howl. With Walker, Ed. N. Y. Herald, of New Wardstock, and the rest, they are trying all about, death being hastened by inclement weather. Yesterday morning when we crossed not one of the men who lay near us on the top of the ground, was dying, wrapped in a ragged blanket laid close to a faded blue blanket the man beating mercilessly on his chest face. His friends who had laid with him had walked all night to keep from freezing. This is one of many scenes, equally if not more appalling. The sun greets us today for a single hour. Tonight it

is plastered solid. We have constructed a fireplace in the back of our bunk, walling and lapping it with clay, found in some parts, which we made into bricks and hardened in the sun. Several attempts have been made to build houses with it, but they are hardly perfect the art. The first rain crumbles it. A smoother, finer quality has been found, or made (the boys make pipes to imitate of mouth-blown pipe) lapped with the same substance of wet, this material may be quite as available as being moulded and finished as that material. It is found in beds or strata. No wood for warmth—indeed enough to be used, and when that is done we have our drying racks, keeping them warm with our breath till they are wither. I never suggested a single meal of fire or a few hot embers could be so precious, could make me so happy. Wood is put in piles at low price, so much for such thousands. When divided each man's share is but a small green stick.

Saturday, November 16.—Three dead this morning. Saw a man lying near the engine house and dead. Another boy, who went from place to place apparently without trouble, was stiff and dead, one spoke pressing under the neck, his hands thrust into the lap of his trousers some time as I have seen him rest there as he walked slowly across the street where he lies. Many of the sick whose clothing and wet bed frames were chilled, some dead in their greatest extremities. It is a horrible, most ungodly thing—the fact cannot be told. Thousands of naked feet and recovered from sun burn and never's sun burn, inflamed by a touch of frost. Two young men I have seen together for weeks, lie dead at their sleeping place where I saw them lying at dark last night, the left arm of one clasped with the right hand of the other.

Officers in searching for a previous corpse, promise plenty to me, and never shoulder a gun. It is to go with the steel to build roads, wireworks, etc. I suppose to take the place of Jackies—they seriously talk of arming. It is a punitive scheme, numbers take and are going on the strong pace of destitution, exposure and lack of sanitation. It is hard to see them turn the tables on Uncle Sam, to drink from his cup. Treacher holds in the left hand, to stay the jagged knife of starvation held in the right.

Sunday, November 17.—Yesterday the names, ages, birth-places, trades, and time of capture of all prisoners were taken. The motive is a mystery. Great feeling about election, groups of boys to a banquet gather and talk. Great development of sentiment by force of London, almost unanimous among those who talk, notwithstanding the total absence of political news from the North. Debates have done much to discourage by words and threats, and are apparently quite hopeful, both paper and fact, but

one captain in today told us, great of us evidently that it was vain to hope for success through the streets, for Lincoln could not be defeated. When he saw the feeling so strong in his favor, and men in our condition praying for his re-election, he could judge of the feelings of the people and soldiers. No one that the stake of battle had been laid, and the North would decide it fairly to be gained soon. The South will find it out so, but he would not express his own wishes.

We have watched with intense interest the result of battles, have felt that the great issue is to be decided tomorrow, that the triumph is a party with which Rebels sympathize, will be a dishonor to our glorious cause, let battles go on they must. We have full confidence in the ability of our army to win the greatest victories ever won for freedom. It is not with our armies that the great danger rests. It is with the people at home. I have not seen a man though in the for "Mac" that believes that the election of Lincoln would be a detriment to our cause.

Tuesday, November 5th.—It is election day. Early it was announced there was to be a sham election. Accordingly two packs of boys, white and black, were placed in charge of Sergt. Kemp by the Rebel quartermaster to be used as ballots, the white to represent McClellan, the black Lincoln. The Rebels are pleased with the idea, having manifested a desire to know how we stand, for they know if McClellan be elected the war will soon be over with results favoring them. By 8 o'clock the top of the stockade was swarmed with soldiers and officers, and a few ladies. Regiments of ballots were placed inside the stockade, two empty boxes hung on the wall to receive the ballots. Men who wished to vote were marched in by squads. The Democracy leaders (Irish police) were loud in their cry for "Mac", the Rebels looking on with various interest. When whole hundreds went in for "Mac" they were very noisy, but when a party separated and stopped at the white box, they began shouting "Mac! Mac!" They dipped their hands and gave that word Rebel yell heard at the front, with a half laugh and a "hallo." Their enthusiasm was but momentary, for the cry often went up, "Colonel, give us another flag of your black boys," and "cheer" was written on their faces. But about 1,300 votes were cast, Lincoln receiving about two and a half to McClellan's one. The whole number in camp is about 15,000, five-sixths refusing to vote, saying it was gotten up to please Rebels.

Tuesday, November 15th, 1864.—The dreary days bring no change, existence drags—life and liberty sick. Officers generally admit Lincoln's re-election. Prisoners in this morning from Columbia. A few recently from Sherman's lines, belonging to the 120th N. Y., captured on Hooker's Atlanta line. I inquired if they were men who had escaped from Andersonville. One

and he was now a thin figure behind the capture when walked out of prison in the grasp of a hated sergeant. Back in hand, one reaching across with call with several others who had been in the allied to their side, who belonged to the old Michigan. I think this was Harry Brown who returned in that manner only in August.

J. H. Russell D. 1911, was seen outside by a member of his company with a gun on his shoulder. On being recognized he went like a lamb, saying he felt compelled to do so. Vance Copeland and Duncan of C. 11th, had been in prison. To the credit of the two last, they seemed in discomfort and after several days absence were brought back to the prison in the morning, for which they had exchanged their old lives, hoping the more easily to avoid detection. Captured one hour in the morning unable to travel for three days and was led by a negro and a negro who brought him food in the night. He seemed distressed, weak and alone in a strange country. He went to the residence of a planter, was fed and returned to the prison military post.

I heard a story about two negroes who attempted escape and were going from house to house. I told it because it is different from other stories told me one night or two and are told by negroes and then picked up by whites or whites. He, with a companion had reached North Carolina and were traveling one day in dark woods when they discovered as they supposed, they were pursued by men and dogs. Hoping to evade them they broke trail and lay down in a hollow and covered in the brush. It was not until before they heard the pacing of the dogs as they leaped and barked directly toward them and presently their whining and snorting came to where they lay. They stopped and waited for their masters to come up, which was not long. The men who seemed to be hunters on their own track, knew very well the meaning and surprised them by asking their name of them to go where they passed or to follow them for safety as left Davis had no choice as to them that they had fled from his master. They followed not far behind the hunters, and an hour later found themselves in a strange sort of camp, surrounded by deep swamps and a dense wilderness, that seemed it a most secluded retreat and to the midst of strange looking men, women and children, who regarded them with wild, questioning looks at first. There were several prisoner camps built of logs and staves from pine. They judged they were made from pine and cottonwood. It had been given the name of "Davis's Swamp" as called by the Rebels—the name of Union men and their families—refugees from their homes and sometimes from the Confederate armies, whence they fled at the first signs of terror, coming once to fight for a power that led to just cause for existence. Prisoners remained

Three days, were fed and treated kindly by all, and told they were welcome to remain as long as they pleased. But too anxious, as it proved, to get to our lines in the vicinity of Newbern, they started on their journey, and the second night were captured attempting to cross a bridge that spanned a large stream. His name is Francis an Irishman; his comrade's name is Heyl. Approaches to these camps are guarded by men and dogs. The men immediately going to the settlements for necessary food.

Wednesday, November 16th.—Getting another bit of beef and flour and meal, we thought we would have a fine supper, we sold our beef and bought potatoes, and traded meal for flour. We think a quantity of flour has more nutriment than coarse, musty meal. There are two reasons why: First, with our limited amount of wood we can cook it better; meal is often raw, after fuel is gone.

Second, digestion is so deranged by improper diet that the system allow meal to pass in the form of chyle, or as eaten. Thus its nutritive quality is but partially imparted.

The terrible abundance of vermin is a continuous scourge. We can hardly realize it possible. A great part of the day we are employed in exterminating lice. Next morning they appear as prevalent and lusty. Every rag of clothes is infested. It impresses me with an appalling sense of degradation, impoverishment, physical wretchedness! No language can interpret it. We have fought it in fear and deathly dread. Now the keen air of autumn makes the task a drear much as we never felt to strip off belov'd garments and feel the chill strike our emaciated frames, still and heavy with languor, while we search out with weak and watery eyes, and crush with trembling fingers the miserable pestering, blind-sucking war beasts of a day! Sitting at that work this afternoon, I heard an unusual hilarity; an uproar in the street where a squad fresh from Sherman had just arrived. Looking that way I saw Thompson approaching, and singing, "Clyde leads the Van," and clapping his hands in glee. He was coming to tell me news.

"North North! I have rich news; Lately carried every State but three. The Copperheads are beat out of sight, old Seymour of New York is driven down without sharpening; Fenton is elected governor of New York by from 30,000 to 50,000. Hully, hully, hully! North! I told you we'd beat."

I had had fears that the people might despond; that Copperheads might manufacture stock out of the great sacrifice of the campaign, though successful, not completed, and by fashion and sweet scheming with Rebel renegades, they might deceive the common heart. But I was not faithless. So I replied enthusiastically.

"Glory to God! It is the greatest triumph the world ever saw. The moral sentiment of the North is truly in the ascendant. The victory is won." Shouts pealed through the murky air, and satisfaction beamed on faces that had not smiled for weeks. Rebels were greeted with "Get ready for four years more war." "Mac's gone for a new base." "Copperheads are in the last ditch dead and buried." "Who is after you another four years with an million hostile right smart go?" "Ho, Johnny, come to America." "Three cheers and a tiger for the Union." Rebels are many gloomy souls.

Thursday, November 17th.—Fine weather. Sanitary goods have again arrived, are being distributed to patrol men on duty for Rebels, and the police, except that which is retained for the hospitals. The most needy in camp receive nothing as before. If Yankees are to do Rebel work let them be clothed as well as fed by them. Let not the aim of charity be thwarted. There are hundreds who have not even a blanket, a hole in the ground, or a stick of shelter. Col. Harrison has been induced to let a few from each thousand go to the woods for poles and brush that a shanty may be built on the ground of each thousand for those entirely destitute of shelter.

This morning the prison was noisy over the return to prison of about 200 galvanized Rebels (those who went out on oath and enlisted). Wherever they go they are hunted and abused. "O ye banished from your chosen country!" and other epithets are bestowed. They are a sorry looking squad from Summerville, S. C. have full Rebel uniforms, and to us look miserable; still we pity them. They, too, are without blankets; stripped of everything, they are turned back into prison, from whence they purloined themselves to escape. Knowing the boys were coming, Col. Harrison had the loyal prisoners working for the "Rebel poor" as the boys call them building shanties on the pretense of sheltering the sick; and now these "galvanized Rebs" come pouring in enough to four times fill the huts we had let us build, and the shanties for whom we intended them, get no relief. No one knows who they were turned in. They say it was because they stole a bull and chicken to get a "spicy meal."

We have an energetic man near us nicknamed "Stork." His name is known from Georgia. He was confined with us at Andersonville. He left his home to escape Rebel rule and joined the arms of the Confederates; has been a prisoner ten months, had an interview with a sister at the prison last August, when David Davis was in command, during Wirt's sickness, and received a few articles of apparel and food. His expressions against the Rebel cause are bitter. For a while during the summer he was placed in a dungeon. He goes outside to chop. On return at

night campers are searched, not allowed to bring in anything except wood or a bundle of wild grass, unless they buy it of the seller. Citizens are anxious to trade but are forbidden. "Shirk" and one other I know, make a big trade now and then and splitting a large piece of gum they sweep out one of the natives in the form of a trough, and frequently bring in a peck of beans or melons or something that fill the cavity, concealed by repacking the pieces.

Not far away is a group of Tennessee men. Among them is a man, apparently fifty-five, a planter, John Chickamauga, has been in the Confederate army since the spring of '61. He left his home and family and a well-to-do estate in the mountains, traversed by wagon to join our army. He is more than ordinarily intelligent, of pleasant nature, an example of integrity, an exemplifier of the love of that people for republican government, against the hateful oligarchy under which they had lived. In the smokehouse of the day often gathered about him to hear him talk, his melodious bass voice, and forthright words touch our hearts. We call him "Uncle." Such men are the mainstay of every golden age—menal without alloy, though fame may and be mingled in their characters, the true one will thrill the nation's heart in time to come, tribute to the better deeds of our fathers and wake our souls to gratitude. They are the true among the false.

I was up in the gate this morning (18th), noticing some of Barrett's gymnastic gymnastics. Quite a crowd was present observing the champions going out, others waiting an opportunity to go. One of his predecessors was to rush, wildly up to men in front, shake his revolver in their faces then fire it over their heads, saying with an oath, "I'll make you get up and go!" The adjutant of his regiment, a tall slim good-natured laughing fellow—never cross or morose,—with a big top hat, had charge of the wood squad and was going with them, Barrett interposed, remarking to the adjutant that it was foolish to laugh or make fun for them.

BARRETT'S STARVATION ORDER.

Wednesday, November 22d. The Irish began training, continued till the night of the 2d, and grew cold from that night. Most of our door had left an outhouse. In pools along the swamp I saw ice an inch thick. The morning of the 21st, while resting our last mules in the barn of flour shed, our abject state once collaborating. The bank suffered by rain, leaked off as the day letting the rollers down. Inquiries often were accidents, fortunately we had obtained a piece of coil of 8000, a phoebe, and laid it from bank to bank to keep it from being stolen, which saved the whole weight of dirt from covering us.

Today, and for two days and nights there are six of us in our last two best squares and about three feet high in the arch, having

taken in two who were shelterless. No railroad have been leased since Sunday morning (23th), when we received our day's only—about three guns of iron. Three days more passed; we have waited, watched and prayed, but no railroad yet. About Everett somewhere from the east that no railroad will be leased until a tunnel and spurs are built, adding that it is by order of Col. Leeson, and that good day's living will be brought in. But if the tunnels were exposed we would get double railroad tonight. This is the first we have heard of a tunnel. To satisfy this ridiculous selfishness 10,000 men are brought to the verge of starvation, for nothing but what they are on alive. Knowledge of a tunnel is confined to a few, perhaps a dozen, and they have a perfect right to escape. So early now a time has been fixed on the most active of our men, hoping to release the secret and get loaded railroads. It is now late in the afternoon, while waiting it has been announced, "Tunnel found!" Railroads are being sent in. O God it is grand—some news. With double shouts of joy it is hailed from dead line to dead line. Monday night, Wright, Goodage and Fred Clifton, worthy of remembrance, gave us a pile of good, out of about four quarters hoarded for an emergency time of their men being on police. It made a light meal for four. Noble fellows, I shall ever be grateful. Since then forty-eight hours we have not tasted or seen a cracker. A good part of the camp has not had anything since Sunday.

There is a sad sequel to this story. But few of thousands who expected at the coming of railroads after the ships of seventy-five hours of fasting, realize how devil they were bought. Barrett's vicious adist that no railroad should be sent in until a suspected tunnel should be discussed and the diggers introduced, who really adhered to. Several hours had passed since the last meal when men comprehended that thousands had reached the brink of starvation. Every nose had been exhibited to gain compassion. Our sergeants who handle railroads inside, connected us to what could be done to locate the supposed tunnel and those connected. No new tunnel was found of course, so our who knew of our But said must be had. A tunnel was started and exposed. Men were called to volunteers to face his inside—pull, and to save their comrades. A score reported. Some questioned but the punishment would be as cruel as the pain which could inflict. High courage, physical and moral, was required and was manifested. Four was deemed sufficient to feed the ferocity of Hulse Barrett. They were selected by lot. Accompanied by the sergeants they went to the gate and delivered themselves to Barrett who thereupon sent in our day's ration of meal and stratted in brutal pride over his murderous triumph. Many men ate it raw, mixed in cold water, rawness. They were in the fever of starvation, their brains

publishing with bellum.

The sun shone this afternoon, the first since Friday, the 18th. During these dreary, cold days of famine, the lack of wood have been more fatal, and by economy we have been able to keep up a little fire during the coldest, which we have hovered over till we are beset with pitch smoke.

A report that Sherman had taken Macon with 6,000 prisoners and was pushing for Savannah, is all we have had from without to cheer us. One man in our hundred was found frozen this morning. Three other men were frozen to death last night that I know of. To add to our misery, all the wells in the camp are ordered filled, compelling us to go to the swamp brook for water. Every man was ordered in line and kept standing, many bare-footed, all ragged, for over an hour while it was being done. On the stocks near our hundred (the seventh of the third thousand), Lieut. Barrett with three dressy ladies with jaunty hats, appeared to give directions in the police in doing the work, making some broken remarks to the ladies and a show of authority. He had come out with his sanitary hat on, the brim looped up blusteringly, set back on his red pate, in his usual swearing mood for one of his delectable show-offs, to his subjects; the ladies his audience. At first we were prompted to retire from the presence of ladies, our toilet and attire being imperfect; but his old revolver and Dracots kept all in line, whether cold or modest, and finally we concluded modesty might be something different among those upper-tons from what rude nature taught us, so we submitted to their scrutiny. But his bellate ear was shocked by voices, now here, now there, uttering groans, "Red head," "Sanitary, where did you get that hat?" Perhaps those ladies would like to know," and like exclamations, when he would verily hop from the ground, swearing madly and brandishing his revolver, not knowing how to vent his wrath. He would point it cocked directly toward us and say, "Who said that? G—d d—n you, who said it? I dare the son of a b— to say it again—I dare—what? what?—say it agin—I dare you to say it—G—d d—n you—I'll put some of you under the ground!" Between these exclamations he would pause for a sound. Not long after breaking ranks, the lieutenant and the ladies retired. Rations—nearly a pint each of meat and rice and a spoonful of salt, after dark.

Thursday, November 20th, 1864—A chill on the air, but pleasant. Report that an order is received to cut down rations. The colonel said at the table if we get our pint of meat a day we will be well off. Indeed, better off than we have been at all times under his fostering care! Today a new avenue of freedom is opened. The fleet want bookkeepers to go to Charleston and other points. Those wishing to go write their names and hand them to

an officer at the war prison I visited. Large wages proposed, they are to be considered citizens of the South believing it optional with us whether we be exchanged. A pretty notion! Several of us were urged to get fast felled on the ground that we would not waste the money of our country, even what may. "They never fail who die in a great cause: their spirits walk abroad."

Saturday, November 16th.—Nerve cases of a sudden that hospital sick are being paroled. It is said that 150 are to leave on Monday.

Steward Brown, paroled at the hospital, tells the tale of the four martyrs who went out to make the camp. They were put in the guard house the first night and given a supper. In the morning, Lieut. Barrett, half drunk on morrhum whiskey, ordered the heroes brought out and stung up. A strong hemp cord was looped around their thumbs, then drawn over coils of poles projecting from the guard house roof, three guards to each of the victims, pulling them clear from the ground. The agony caused was a terrible crucifixion. They had resolved not to please their satanic persecutor by crying out. But the pain was insupportable it was beyond both nature and will to endure silently. They shrieked in frenzy. The agony was so apparent that a couple of the guard involuntarily protested and were ordered arrested by Barrett. The men begged to be shot. Barrett laughed, sneered, and swore in fiendish delight, answered their agonized supplication with vile ridicule, vulgar boasting, savage denunciations, murderous threats, swaggering about with drawn sword, saying it pleased him best to let them die in their present plight. That he had authority and proposed Yankees find it out. While he would delight to shoot them he preferred to let them die slow in swift misery. His profane and vulgar rant is unfit for and impossible of repetition. Paroled Union men were near enough to witness the outrage, hear their screams. An hour later they learned they had been cut down after fainting and almost dead, when taken to the hospital by a surgeon, where they are in a state of prostration and distraction. These men suffered to save prison comrades; are as innocent of having committed a wrong as any of us. Their act is the very highest exemplification of the principle of love for mankind. It was devoid of motive for self gain or gratification. They knew they were walking directly under the sway of a man who was determined to cause them suffering, perhaps death, their motive being, in the face of this to alleviate the suffering of others. Indeed this is real martyrdom!

Sunday, November 17th.—The first detachment is marched out, and a number of the worst cases are selected for parole, no doubt, though all sorts of stories are afloat. It seems like a dream. Shall

leg upon wheels is a bad instance? Is delivered high? Notwithstanding about 1,200 from Savannah and some from Sherman arrive, confirming previous reports. Lincoln is watched and great movement from the heart of the people.

Orders Sergeant Mattemos, Horton and Doodger, of my company, shot for parole. The bribe paid, the first we have to acknowledge since we left Gen. Lee's lines, is playing, "Dance like King," "Dance" and other tunes.

Tuesday, November 29th.—My lieutenant called for critical inspection, but is sent back. More prisoners from Charleston, Ga., who report exchange, "kicked in head."

Thursday, December 1st.—The camp is over again today, marching all on the west of the river to the east, then all back to the west, counting us to ascertain the exact number, to prevent any dressing double cottons, taking coats all day. The column was moving over the long corduroy road across the marsh, when Lieut. Barrett came running toward the stream with the pomposity of a brigadier. Attempting to cross, he slipped and tumbled in. The boys laughed. He so soon got on his back, wet and drenched with the black mud; then he drew his revolver and snapped it. It missed; shots increased; snapped again; again it missed. Pulled again the nap went, but missed fire. The crowd became tumultuous and jeering; he grew excessively mad. Fired with passion, he leaped the stream, ran through the swamp to one of his guard, seized his musket and fired quite at random, though he intended to hit, for his bullet whistled along in-line, grazed a man's arm, and covered the dirt roof of a shanty, but seriously injuring none that I know of.

Friday, December 2d.—On his sick call with Com. Carless, got a decoction of wild cherry bark. The steward dealt it out to whoever came with a tin, cup, or bottle, until it was gone, not a half when applied getting any. He had two kinds in pills and some pills. He asked which I wanted. I told him no difference. One was a decoction of wild cherry, the other white oak bark and sweet fern. It is laughable to see the poor fellows drink it down, thinking perhaps it will do them good. This is the usual way the medicine is given out.

I succeeded in getting some time ago in passing the guard with Sergeant Springer, of Ohio, and getting a view of the interior of the hospital. To go and lay among those skeletons on the ground, without food or covering is not hospitable; conditions are but little improved except in outlook, which are mostly of wheels and rags. To call such miserable shanties "hospitals" is a perversion of language. To go in a hospital here is lying down by one's grave to wait for the adding of life. The majority admitted are past hope. No floors, no straw, though it could be easily had. Much-

warmed in my hands and laid a few times like a live man's. But it was with great effort that I could put my thoughts clear over on the bright side. I could hardly imagine it almost vainly started to see it. The deadly shadow of this experience had dimmed my sight negatively than it was my mind. So physically watched we shrank in terror in my present phase of life, that I had but a dim idea of what I was.

During the night a squad of 170 men had arrived from Sherman's army. They were drawn up in single files, gulphing in a rigorous salute. While awaiting the process of marching I watched the proceeding and it is never particularly worthy of note because of the season of the year, and the fact that there might be a possibility of their retreat. They were dressed in uniforms, stripping off even their breeches. Their overalls, blouses, all extra clothing was thrown by, and then they were roughly ordered to dress hurriedly, and were marched into the palace from which we had just escaped, leaving blankets and changes of clothing. It seemed to us that nothing but a needless, useless feeling of so many could have prompted such an incredible action on the part of the Rebels.

After the day had within our return company and regiment two miles further the road, underneath the people, which was to undertake a passage not to take up arms or work in any branch of military service of the United States, or to do any duty usually performed by soldiers, until our discharge exchanged we moved to the railroad to await the return of the train from Charleston.

Several soldiers came over us with cooked sweet potatoes and Irish-potatoes, and were called to exchange for rings and the like. My hunger was now keener—I was morbid. I tried to leave my old bare head—could this hurt one man who would look at it, he didn't want it. He ate a little about 10—10—10, and held two small loaves to his head. I insisted he should take the loaves and exchange it, he did and at the same time I insisted to "left the bread" and took away and made off to the best of my ability, leaving Mr. Johnson to throw out the superior qualities of the bread, saying, "This war! I want a tip or buttons for an act—good!" "But as bad as I do them" was the thought, and before reaching your Hanks I had vigorously discomfited both, and felt that I would have more a look—day.

Next night a sword was placed over us and twenty rations of our food taken. I took my small pen-knife, having kept it very close, with a soldier for dinner of bread and bacon, worth, he said \$2, not more than a man's ration for a day. This time Hanks shared.

The exercise of the day had quite exhausted me and caused

with bareless larger than most schools in some buildings a dozen of them, where one shell had entered. In several places large buildings were dead masses of ruins—brick and dust. Sidewalks were up with shell, weeds higher than my head close by where we walk, and in the barest regions there was almost a wilderness of tall, rank, dead weeds, and among them fragments of broken lumber and brick. Every step of streets and walks, every door and window, pillar and veranda, post or sign, was desolation. Stupendous ruins on every hand! Horizontal, dusky walls, leaning and gray with premature decay, reminding me of a land of ruins of cities fallen five centuries ago. We were utterly amazed; no one can imagine or conceive the awful wreck. No pen can write, no pencil point, no tongue tell. Every shade was loneliness, the air dreamy, anched. Could ruin be more complete? An age of downfall had perched on this proud city. It is not Pompeii nor Thebes; but it is our own architecture, built by our own fathers, even ourselves, in our own age and generation, and in our new world, in ruins as awfully sublime as they.

Hotels were without a guest without a host. Within was a hollow echo without knocking, gaping walls, piles of dirty rubbish, and wild weeds had grown and were gray with autumn decay. Commercial houses were empty as my stumbling tread. Glancing through broken doors we saw masses of rubbish fallen from roofs and ceilings.

Few people were seen in the vicinity, once the principal business part of the city.

Opposite the wreck, hundreds lay behind, and the column was scattered. Assisted by Hawke and H. P. Madson, of Plainfield, Orange County, New York, we had chosen the sidewalk, allowed to take our time. We were thinking of the past's payment, going thoughtfully of desolate scenes, when a man appeared at the door of a large, broken establishment and accosted us in an impatient way:

"He, well, well isn't what it's cracked up to be. Ha—after all, is it?"

I suggested: "By the cracks, you have got around here, I guess it is."

He seemed curious over our wretched condition. After more than an hour's wanderings we entered Raper Hospital, a large commercial building that had been used to confine Federal officers in, but was dirty as a barn. It was surrounded by a high iron fence. The guard was placed outside the fence and we had access to front and rear. "Sisters of Charity" with something to give and colored women with various articles to sell or exchange for notions or photographs. I traded a photograph of Gen Grant for a little cooked rice, the first ration received from Grant in a long time.

A silver mirror sitting on a shelf between me and mine. One fellow traded a likeness of a lady representing it as the Queen Victoria. Men whose names excited interest in progress started the same tale. These pictures excited hot talk and a brisk stir among them which would have been laughter had we not like it. Many ladies of Charleston, who were young or so very beautiful, often went beyond the guards' orders to give or exchange something, but the "States" represented that they were hostile, and the little we could hear of her was not a sign in the way of truth.

We had barely begun to feel that we were getting comfortable, having large stoves in use or less accessible, and very calculating on a night's sleep under a roof when just before dusk all able to walk were ordered out and marched through the penitentiary into a bare yard enclosed on all sides by buildings and high walls. Quarters rooms were given, the provision given as while we remained, and two meals of food. Nothing had been heard since the night before. What they calculated for twenty-four hours was hastily devoured. The air was horrible, the ground dirty, rough and hard. The stoves would not hold a quarter of us, consequently many were exposed to the cold rain. December 10th it rained severely all day. Most of us had not given up all business. We were informed that a new load of prisoners had arrived from Florence, and the storm having subsided they had taken our place in the Franklin and we would be sent to the workhouse at Florence. In the forenoon, Dec. 11th, we again went to the streets and took a shorter route to the Custom House street. Everything about it looked old from decay. The large brickwork buildings were closed and silent. I climbed up the steps and looked through the large window, but it was useless. To avoid an hour our Confederate transport steamed ahead and we went aboard. The harbor was empty. There was not a house of men or women, nor continuous puffing of steam flags. I saw two or three boats, only at rising steam. Even from them the Confederates lay away off. We took a deep interest in everything around us, a deeper interest in hearing ahead. The thick smoke had fallen away, the sun shone brightly, the rigging was stationary, and with a keen steady breeze we set out for the offing where our vessels were waiting. Standing upon that crowded deck we watched eagerly for our flag, and finally we discerned it not above the water, before the ship that bore it appeared. Meanwhile we glanced at Castle Pinckney and Fort Moultrie, looked long on the ruins of Sumter, a shapeless mass of broken masonry, with a great pile of cannon that was but little remembered in a fort as we passed it, raised round firing Charleston with Monitor, whose partners of the wall were standing, but on the latter side, Robert had left his marks in April, 1863,

and a vast number of logs were piled along the harbor and against the wall. The side opposite Fort Warren, whose works were quite plain, was in ruins. The rebels have exhibited remarkable facility in changing in vast numbers where rebellion first embarked.

The river of Charleston is loaded on a flat, even surface, a peninsula formed by the Ashley and Cooper rivers, west and north, and the tip on the peninsula and south, and from the water it was one bounding shore from it and finally it seemed to sink leaving only straight ridges of high water but I had sight of these. We were on a bridge where a straight line between the widening bounds of nature and increasing noise of reason. From the miserable Red-I lay long over the ground where Anderson pulled down the blood stream, and bright stars under the guns of Beauregard. But it was a proud thought that we had survived horrors of suffering and were looking triumphantly on the renewed city which welcomed not its invasion. About noon the U. S. flag of peace had with the confederates on board, and announced us and were announced that we were paroled prisoners from Charleston. 600, 800 being left to be returned for. About 1 o'clock p. m. we were in the midst of several large steamers. On the "Star of the South" laden with colored Union soldiers newly arrived in plain bright blue was waiting anchor for Annapolis. The decks of a number was thronged with ladies from Hilton Head and other points, and never did women look so beautiful. Short upon short came over the broad water, old caps and new caps were thrown as the boats continually waving handkerchiefs and little flags all waving in praise the banner of blessed deliverance—as glad to see us as we seem to be none. We obeying the impulses of our good and better: they manifesting the joy of generous souls and noble natures untrammelled by love internal. O, how deeply and wide a love, how deeply dear in the hearts of those who met when U. S. were. No suffering, no peril could drive it out. How colorful! How flag, never so brightly before! It never so united us with the joy of freedom of which it is emblematical. The old flag! O, it is a new flag forevermore! Its stars are changed in color, but its folds embrace our lives, in its character is our own, all our noblest deeds are there contained. And that noble white flag that floated noble where it, that had known the burning summer gently for a time, spoke peace to troubled souls. Verminous ever a hand went forth sweetest unknown men: The better ship. I thought then we had surely got to God's goodly. Goodnight in colors we watched that splendid steamer as it took its departure southward with its blessed tones. We were the "Vanguard" the "New York," the "Recovering ship" and helped blessed. Gray with delight. The boys indulged in and sang songs about "Red and pink," "Carm meal," "meal

fort, still madly, morbidly hungry, feverishly longing with the starved man's voraciousness!

On the evening of the 13th there was the unceremonious but solemn spectacle of burial of dead men at sea. In the forenoon of the 14th several more were brought up wrapped in blankets and lowered into the water and parted from us forever. Men on the boat, may it be recalled, were from prison not from hospital, according to Itzehel regime, considered inadmissible; men who were considered healthy, strong enough to subsist on our worst fare, a mere life, as we may say, for it is an actual fact, from day to day, at no time a sufficiency had been given. On hospital boats, I was told by persons who came on them, the burial of from 12 to 30 was common during the voyage from Savannah and Charleston.

Fortunately, perhaps for myself, I only sickened of rations, or they became tasteless, for most part I subsisted on crackers furnished by the Christian Commission; the doctor gave the worst a drink of hot whisky punch three times a day, or a dose of Jamaica ginger tea supplied by the Soldiers' Aid Society. But nothing checked my complaints, and owing to dropsical tendency, that made me sluggish and clumsy, my complaint was all that saved my life in the end; for while the operations of the urinary system were entirely checked, laxity of the intestinal organs nature seemed to demand. The last was uncomfortably crowded, and selfishness, the human hog, deprivation and pain had served to develop and stimulate to monopolize better parts, covering as much space as possible, for some persisted in spreading their blankets at all times and stretching at full length and breadth without regard to others' rights or wants and were ready to fight it out on that line—classes of men who rebelled as loudly when free as any, though perhaps less grateful for respect and kindness shown by friendly strangers, who took every little tenderness, every expression of affection, every service and sympathy, and devoured and forgot, or trampled them under foot. Few among this class, however strong—and they were among the strongest—gave their places to weaker ones. They were the stoutest and they would stay. Shall we say this is big the world over again? Sea sickness among some, added no beauty to the scene. "Crowded in the rank and narrow ship," nothing of the fair and exquisite did we behold in our strange voyage. But through the stormlike mist and threatening whirly wave the "Crescent" plowed its way, bearing us to the loved North, our homes, our friends, we half unconscious of hungry destiny. We kept far out from land, the crew talked much about the stormy waters of Cape Hatteras, we felt a dread, not really feeling, but not liking a rough time.

Late on second night, lying on the upper deck, I heard the watch announce "Cape Hatteras Light House." The feeblest on

deck raised their heads; men came from below, and we saw far shoreward, through fog and darkness, a red light glimmering, then standing steady, larger, brighter than *Verona*. It was from North Carolina's most seaward coast.

I shall always remember the feeling of wonder and gratitude as I knelt upon the deck, wet with the spray of the sea, and beheld that friend of the women on the wharf, and felt assured that we had heavily rounded the cape. It was said we were sixty miles at sea, deeming it less dangerous at such distance. All was deemed safe, until waves rolled high the wind-swept sea roared, the vessel rocked and rose and fell with them, but worked steadily on. We did not see the indescribable spectacle of a clear sunrise at sea for it was cloudy and foggy all the way.

Late in the afternoon of the 11th, before reaching Fortress Monroe, we met Farrer's great fleet, whose destination proved to be Wilmington. I merely raised my head during on the deck, and gave a sidelong glance, and heard the glorious shouts of heroic men as we swept by. There is no greater sight than a vast fleet, the decks thronged with men, and the thought that they were friends whom we had left, not far from ballistad to prison, that we were going for rest and quiet and reconvalescence, they for labor and battle-strife. Remembrance of the past and hopes of the future combined to produce a romantic feeling of pride, of joy and fear, of a character seldom known to be real.

That evening we saw the light of Cape Henry, and those in the vicinity of Fortress Monroe, and on the renowned waters of Chesapeake Bay we rode gently between the Virginia shores. Fifteen months before I passed over these waters to Alexandria, to engage in scenes that cost many noble lives, much suffering and my own capture and imprisonment, and having been dragged through the self-styled Confederacy, return, unscathed and impoverished, but still alive.

The afternoon of December 18th we came in view of the city of Annapolis and moored our vessel at its wharf. The Marine Band was playing a welcome and the passage-way for quite a distance from the wharf, was lined with men and women. On leaving the vessel, agents of the Christian Commission distributed tobacco, towels and handkerchiefs, giving to every man who would receive. As we passed, the ladies waved handkerchiefs and said: "Welcome home, boys", "We are glad to see you, boys"; "God bless you, boys; may you soon get home to your friends," and other kindly greetings, so pleasant that I never can tell, and never can forget how it blessed and comforted; the sweetest words, the kindest looks, that women ever gave. But I cannot tell my wretched state, none wish to hear, I do not wish to pollute the page. I only wondered then, as now, that I had any feelings

of a man. I wonder (and I have) felt my degradation deeply; my loneliness and torturing loneliness, self-disgust! Then the oppressed soul within lifted its head from weary nature's bosom and sighed a living breath.

By the assistance of Hawks and Madison, I succeeded in reaching College Green Barracks. Here each State's troops went together. Hawks bade me good-bye, and with Madison and Montgomery I went to barracks occupied by New York men.

An entire new suit and change of clothing, with blankets, were given every man.

Those taken from prison hospitals came on separate boats and are in the Naval School and St. John's College Hospital. New arrivals are being sent to Parole Camp Hospital, two miles from the city.

I acknowledge a debt of gratitude to James B. Hawks, Wakarusa, Kalamazoo County, Michigan, whose brotherly care and faithful services, and patient forbearance toward my white suffering pain himself, did much to relieve and comfort, and quite probably may have saved me from a woful grave. Also Benjamin Frank Madison, whose kindness was like a father's.

Out of darkness, out of din,
Unto realm of peace I rise,
From a den of war and sin
Where squallid misery filled my eyes.

A haze risen from the night,
From the worst of mortal ills,
From its fumes and from its blights,
'Gainst which every thought rebels.

In that midst of circumstance
Strong men winced and cried aloud
Twining hindquarter of hate and chance;
Yet my soul is strong, unshook.

There is no spot of wrath or loathing,
Or horrors worse than that foul place;
The suffering for the sin of years
That brought the Nation deep disgrace.

There is no crime that men commit
That brings to people more distress;
Nor uglier war fires yet were lit
The wrath of Treason to suppress.

Born of war shall come new life;
 Great wrong is blotted from the roll;
 The future yet shall compensate
 For all that stained the country's scroll.

CONCLUDING SKETCHES FROM DIARY.

From College Green Barracks, I was taken, with others to Marek Camp Hospital, Ward 3, December 17. Several acres are occupied for prisoners and hospital wards are being added, the need far exceeding expectations for more than half of those from the prisons need medical attention that cannot be given in camp barracks. Here I remained until February 8, 1865, being confined to my cot for over six weeks. The place seemed a heaven; my notions of Union hospitals became exalted, though filled with starved and sickly men from the prisons of the South. The change was so marked that my existence verily assumed ecstatic. As natural functions began to resume their activities, they met the resistance of disordered systems and brought great pain, fevers, spasms, blood, and eruptions, conditions very rare in medical practice. Friends of patients from the North frequently arrived to take them home. Generally patients were adjudged unfit to be removed. Christmas and New Year days are remembered for death scenes near my cot. In the ward were five men recovered from wounds received in battles of May and June, 1864—broken bones yet knitted, flesh unhealed in cases where they were taken prisoners and were not properly treated, all doomed to end fatally. The endurance of these men under the circumstances is a marvel to our doctors, owing to the poison diffused through their bodies which no known treatment can remove. The last of January I began to recover. But when the crisis had passed ravenous cravings of morbid prison hunger prostrated me, loosening with my strength. Nothing satisfied however plenty and good. This was true with all. Months elapsed, even after leaving the hospital, before I dare eat a common meal. The act of "filling up" did not stop the growing. It seemed to increase the abnormal hunger while it starved and inflamed the system.

Books were furnished by Mrs. Carey and Miss Phillips, who resided near to deal out goods furnished by Sanitary and Christian Commissions. These ladies were from Massachusetts. Truly did they perform their labors of love. Ladies from other parts were established at Washington, came on the same mission—ladies of culture, high character and intelligence, whose conduct made us feel they were comforters and teachers. It is but an expression of gratitude to say that there was the noblest part. Many

bravery and hardihood faced the dangers of battle, but womanly love and kindness, through many sacrifices, dealt with horrors left thickly behind.

The evening of February 20th the chief clerk brought my thirty days' furlough. I had not been out of my ward, but the next morning I ate my ration of bread, steak, milk and eggs, and dressed for a start. Calling on Miss Phillips I found her unpacking clothing, baggage and the like. She had invited all to call who had been furloughed, to bid her good-bye. She was efficient as a mother in ascertaining the wants of "my boys," as she called us. She gave me underclothing, a scarf, gloves, and insisted in putting up crackers and candy—"Innocent little things to gnaw on the way. They will be good for you," she said, and she came around and crowded them into my pockets.

While this leaves the impression that the lady is kind and philanthropic to unfortunate soldiers, I am constrained to note, also, that she is a pretty young woman—a beautiful blonde. Mrs. Carey is an older woman, perhaps forty-five, a lady of culture, gentility and ripening womanly graces that compel respect and admiration.

I was off at 9 a. m., but did not leave Baltimore till evening. The train was crowded with invalid soldiers, accompanied by friends. At Harrisburg depot at midnight I found a lady and gentleman sitting besides a soldier son, whom they had been to Washington after. He had been wounded and a prisoner, having a broken leg which had not healed. They were Ohio people. While waiting for the train, he expired.

It was five days and nights before reaching my home in New York, having to stop at Binghampton to recruit. The proprietor and ladies of the hotel were extremely kind to me. Fifty days, twenty more than my original furlough, I was under the care of two doctors, getting to the floor for the first time to listen to booming cannon. April 10, celebrating the surrender of Lee to Grant. April 11th I started for Annapolis, Md., via New York City. April 14 I left that city in the afternoon. Reaching Baltimore about 3 a. m., April 15, the train was stopped in the suburbs and boarded by officers and all doors locked, no reason being given, until daylight when news of Lincoln's assassination was announced and the doors were opened and all cars emptied. There were probably 100 furloughed soldiers. A crowd of rough men, of the degraded class, confronted us and began to jeer and shout "Good news this morning," and rejoice at the murder of the president. We immediately formed as if by impulse, and with canes and revolvers charged them. They ran for their lives, scattering into alleys and behind buildings until all had disappeared. The movement was earnest, every soldier meant business, and citi-

were cheered as they saw us rush up the banks and chase the lightning railroads.

It was announced that no trains would leave Baltimore that day. It was apprehended that the assassins were in the city. Trains were coming in, but all were retained. The city was filled with people from other sections. Many Union soldiers. It was estimated that 40,000 Pro-Confederates were there, all in uniform, to be paraded. We mingled freely with them, they rejoicing with us that the war was over and most of them freely condemning the shooting of Lincoln. Churches universally observed; buildings were draped, flags hung low. Great change of sentiment among the more intelligent since the April of four years ago was apparent.

Many pathetic scenes occurred. Ladies filled the yards of residences anxious to converse with Union soldiers and learn the latest bulletin from Washington, expressing sympathy and regret. It was a warm day with frequent quiet showers. As we were talking with a group, one lady with hands clasped before her said: "See, the heavens are weeping for Abraham Lincoln!" The excitement continued the next day. On the morning of April 17 trains again moved South, and at noon I arrived at the hospital, not extended although two days over due, and reported. As none from hospitals were allowed to report to their regiments, I was placed in charge of a ward; later detailed as clerk to the office of W. D. Stewart, Surgeon General of U. S. V., to Chicago, where I remained until June 24, 1865, assisting in the discharge of soldiers.

It was a sad sight after four months in hospital to look through sickly yards still filled with yellow, rigid victims. It is worth to think that the grim visage of disease and death was stamped upon so many to a warlike studied system of revenge. Out of 3,000 Union prisoners arriving the 19th of March, 1865, over 1,200 were sent to hospitals. On the 11th, another installment of 402 arrived, 340 of whom were sent to hospital. These were men taken from prison, not from hospitals. The burial of twenty and thirty a day was frequent. Fifty-four were buried one day. I state these as coming within my knowledge, not as a whole. The horrors of prison life were not all left in Georgia and South Carolina. One mile from the city of Annapolis, in the national cemetery, are graves of many victims of "Camp Sumner" and other prisons. Among them is Waldo Plachen, a personal friend and of my company.

Richmond, Knoxville, Salisbury, Florence, Milton, Savannah, and Charleston, as well as Andersonville, attest the barbarity of the treatment of prisoners, and will stand on historic pages as dark and loathsome spots. Not till the sea shall give up its dead and the hidden monuments of those who died in transit, shot

by the way, or managled by dogs in attempting escape, of which there is no account, will it all be revealed.

I have alluded in same acts of kindness of some people of the South, for which I was and am grateful. There were acts of brotherly kindness shown by Southerners on the field towards captives, but prison life was a scourge, a horror, a merciless slaughter pen. At Lynchburg, Va., Greensboro, Salisbury, and Charlotte, N. C., Augusta, Ga., Charleston, S. C., and other points there were unmistakable tokens of friendliness. When I speak of the barbarity of the South I mean that ruling spirit that first concocted the infernal scheme to subvert the Government to an instrument of oppression, finally to overthrow it.

The funeral obsequies for President Lincoln whom most soldiers esteemed as a loving father is esteemed as well as the most lovable of public men, were in progress at Washington, and the wailing thunder of cannon was heard from the Potomac to the Chesapeake, on the forenoon of April 19th, 1865. Walking among the trees near my ward, deeply feeling the great solemnity of the occasion, these lines were composed:

LINCOLN.

To Conquer is to Live, Enough.

Arise, ye sons, of brave Columbia, rise
And pay a tribute to a martyred son!
Let tear drops fall, like soft rain from the skies,
Beflowing the earth where our own Lincoln lies,
As great and good as our own Washington.

Ye daughters rise and let your voices sound.

In solemn anthems chant a people's grief,

That sound the glorious things far around;

Again the lost Atlantis has been found.

Though deeply rare we mourn our noble chief.

Long he lived to check this swelling tide
That flows to undermine the Nation's hope,
Devotion struggling at its bleeding side
To soothe up all Freedom's hope and pride;
He drew the sword harsely to cope.

He fought, oh, bravely fought and well.

The maddened waves were dyed with burning gore!

The monster reared, but sounded often fell.

So firm did Lincoln stand its power to quell,

He saw the monster fall to rise no more.

The land rejoiced and shouted o'er the sea
Good tidings gladdening every foreign shore.

He saw the light of peace glance o'er the Southern sea,
Heard trumpets swell, "America is free."

But, my power is broken, exhausted?

He would scourge his soul, had all the devils of Hell

He truly galled with a thousand fangs;

But a faint tremor, such as death-rattle, came,

And shook his whole whole shuddering of the side;

To welcome back the spring of the soul.

Most surely he understood that Thomas's crime

Had not so long as that long had been.

He pulled his country, the sturdy soldier,

For money and more, were all our present crime.

His virtuous heart his prison labourer's cry.

Most surely he knew himself a better man

Step by step he turned the inward way.

His heart's house, opening up the door

That the Nations are to his free lands, there—

He called the Nations to the great day.

He drew the Nations' heart and mind away,

He turned away his heart and mind away.

He looked to rest and further forward his heart

And, turning from the path of a great name

He will be found before the highest throne.

How oft it's been that night, how oft it's been

To prove the truth of some great holy cause,

To meet the life that all—confronted.

There were mountains, mountains, mountains, mountains

So, surely, and the Mountains were

Which colder, colder, colder, colder, colder

Who, surrounded, surrounded, surrounded, surrounded

He, surely, sure, to satisfy Thomas's heart.

To see and remember all was known to him,

To see and remember it to the end.

Then, when they were then, then, then, then

Thomas, that without, then, then, then

Keep, Thomas, when that, then, then, then

One of the spirit, then, then, then

Here, for the flag of the spirit, then, then

Millions, millions, millions, millions, millions

With, then, then, then, then, then

Right to the, then, then, then, then

From to the, then, then, then, then

Never, never, never, never, never

So, then, then, then, then, then

A, then, then, then, then, then

Moved is the, then, then, then, then

Then, then, then, then, then, then

A, then, then, then, then, then

VISITED CLARA BARTON.

While in hospital at Annapolis, I answered inquiries made on printed slips seemed to be posted by Clara Barton, regarding missing soldiers, and received letters from her in acknowledgement, one of which asked information about Andersonville prison and cemetery, stating that she had authority to go there to arrange and beautify the cemetery, and desired an ex-prisoner to accompany her, and invited me to visit her in reference to her mission after my discharge. On June 25, 1865, I called on Miss Barton in Washington and was pleasantly received, she extending her hand and thanking me as gratefully for my letters as though I had done her a personal service instead of giving slight aid to her efforts to serve hundreds of people who had never known. She had been made the head of a special bureau with the title "General Correspondent for the Friends of Perished Prisoners," having been appointed by President Lincoln March 13, 1865. I related to her all I thought might assist her. She asked if I could go. I doubted my ability owing to prison ailments. She asked me to go with her to a physician for examination, which I did. He strenuously advised against my return to Andersonville.

It was a pleasure to meet Clara Barton. She is noted for business and heroic service in suffering soldiers and their friends. I judge the lady thirty-five years of age, medium height, dark eyes and hair, slim, graceful form. She is not what society people esteem a fascinating beauty. Her face is plain but bearing about it that which is better than physical beauty—a sweet convincing expression of kindness, self reliance and trustfulness and when her interest is aroused it is lighted, her eyes become fully brilliant and impart a gleam that commands admiration, due a soul whose iron wires not narrow bounds. It is a face of firm intelligence which with other graces inspire associates in the work to which she has been highly devoted. Her purity of purpose and fidelity to her mission has led her to know no danger, to dread no experience she must have met in the years she witnessed what no woman or man had seen in this generation. I felt impressed that her lofty unselfishness and the selflessness of her mind are motives that we need not look to the murky past, about which we little know and little tend, to find heroisms and heavenly spirits.

Yet she is only one of many noble women engaged or alleviating the pains and sorrows of war. Both sides of the struggle have witnessed this saintly effort in a dreadful work to which men and disinterested good women would so heroically, yet so tenderly become devoted. By a lofty sense they knew no foe if foe came within their ministrations. Theirs has been a mission as high as the gateway for which galligents warred. While I have not been

situated to know much about it personally until after leaving Charleston, S. C., yet I am thrilled with admiration and gratitude beyond expression. Miss Barton seems to be distinguished as an organizer and manager of the work so as to have influence in the government and has been assigned to crush it wherever it found she desired. Indeed she is recognized as the main organizer of the work to which so many great women have given themselves service in the war.

FOUND HER BROTHER'S GRAVE.

In 1871 a considerable part of our diary was published in The Parish (N. Y.) Mirror, of which I was editor and proprietor, (in which the writer of the following letter, whose husband was a major in a New York regiment during the war and later a president of Georgia, was a subscriber, Editor Parish Mirror:

Dear Sir: I presume some of your readers have read your "Diary of a War Prisoner," and more interested than myself as a brother of mine lost his life in the Andersonville prison and his remains rest in the cemetery so long placed * * *

In my home I often hear from the cemetery. And the year after my removal to Georgia in company with a lady friend from Skaneateles, New York, we made a trip to Andersonville and gave the place a thorough inspection.

A night's ride from home brought us to Macon, where we parted company with my husband and proceeded alone the rest of the way. We had been told there was a little "hell" there where invaders could be entertained, and we grant you our desire to see the noted place; but I dare to undertake it. At that time the old bitterness between the North and South had not faded away, as it has now, and we sat quietly by ourselves in the car, feeling that we were indeed "strangers in a strange land."

I had with me a huge bunch of flowers that I had collected in my own grounds before leaving home, thinking that for some my brother's grave should be decorated. All unwittingly I had selected upon the day set apart for Confederate decoration. I was frequently asked if I was going to decorate in which I replied in the affirmative, but when the conductor came for our tickets he glanced at the flowers which were swinging from the basket over our seat, then at the ticket, then at us, when the following dialogue took place:

"Are you going to Andersonville?"

"Yes, sir."

"Here you should go to Andersonville!"

"Yes, sir, a brother."

"Are you a Southern woman?"

"Yes, sir—Are you a Southern man?"

"Yes."

After giving me a searching look he said:—"Well, you have come a good way to find your graves, and I will help you all I can."—which he did not forget in the when we arrived at the station, for he waited his train until he found the man who had charge of the cemetery, and also the records, which he left me watching. The grounds are in charge of a superintending regular army sergeant, who is exceedingly polite and accommodating. He informed us it was his duty to challenge any persons who came to visit the place, but I found there was a contraband school kept by two ladies from the North, in a building that used to be a Confederate hospital in prison days, and I went there and threw myself in their society, and passed a pleasant time with them; they being, evidently, anxious to see some person from the North as we were to get quarters. In a short time the old sergeant and his wife arrived at the school with a pair of mules and a cart, with the landlady behind U. S. on both vehicle and animals, and filled some hay in the bow. We all got in (five ladies) and took seats on the bottom, and were driven away through the pines and up the rise of ground to the cemetery. I feel that you will readily see how we looked and where we went, for all will be familiar to you. Anyhow at the time we were astonished at the beauty of everything around, the lodge just visible (the sergeant's home); the greenness of the gates, over which was a large board on which was printed an order from Washington, framed in language so plain and pointed that no one would be left in doubt as to the penalty that would be inflicted on any one who dared by any means to desecrate these grounds.

The carriage drive was wide and beautifully kept, rising in the center and sloping away on either side to a handsome piece of brick masonry which is to serve as a drain; for you must remember how the land will gather and gather here after the hard rains. A white picket fence encloses the whole, inside of which is an orange hedge. Just in the center of all, in the main carriage drive, is a tall flag staff, and I believe Clara Barton had the honor of hoisting the first flag. A large handsome one was slowly flapping in the breeze that day and seemed to be guarding the spot where so many slept.

The records had told me the number of my Brother's grave was 1154 and the sergeants commenced the search along the acres of the dead, as if it was a track of his. We would look at the first head board of every row and with us would go in the eleven thousand rows. Finally, upon reaching three, he would seem to make a calculation as to how many was in the row, when he would say,

In one place I found six grooves in a row by themselves and on the headboard were inscribed "Hong! Hong! Tung!" In horror I asked, "Was doing these men?"

"They were hung to their own confusion" was the prompt reply, and by then afterwards I told me 10% more (as I found in your record, and I must confess I have always associated it with grains of silliness) until testified to by yourself. A handsome weeping willow was drooping its branches over them, which the sergeant informed me he placed there when his men made for said by: "Mithras, had they not really a right to the rest?" On glancing at the record on the records and according to the own peculiar boogie, I could picture the particular likelihood for them.

After obtaining the number of grasses in the cemetery—45 716
Etiopia, and 113 700—these are taken the and others, by
type. We found it very difficult to get. The whole was falling
down, and the old bones were all mixed. The bones of the
dead (which were all) and there was a lot of brick and mortar, which
they told me was where they had come. The stones were running
through the gap, and brought out very much and that that if they
had chosen to have it we had might have been quite well fixed
for a person. The stones on the north hillside than where we
were. I should judge that this is the best. I stayed at the
large table dug by the grasses, and stayed in the bottom. There
was no water in them, and with some standing up and down the
sides, preventing a good collection. The hills give you some
of the best of the old bones, and some of the best. I was told the
same tale about the Egyptian South, and had a good draught from

It is a great slipper. They now call it "Providential Spring." We looked about the grounds for some relics the poor fellows had left behind, but could see nothing but old shoes twisted and blackened by the sun and rain, until my friend picked up a button that had been lost from some coat. We were told that trinkets of all sorts, forks, spoons, buttons, etc., were plenty at one time, but too many had been there before us.

One thing I noticed in particular, was the color of the soil or sand, which resembled iron ore, and from the soiled condition of our clothing after walking about the stockade, (now covered with grass), we calculated what your clothes might have been for cleanliness, after the soil had been ground fine, as it naturally would be, trodden by so many feet. I gathered some in a paper and brought it home, and enclose you part, which will no doubt awaken reminiscences of your brick-colored "boon." . . .

After spending a day and night in Andersonville we left for Macon with feelings of satisfaction I never expected to experience in relation to my brother's grave. We had always hoped we should be permitted to finally lay him to rest in the family lot in our native village, but every appointment about the "National Cemetery" was so appropriate and beautiful that I felt content to let him lie with those who suffered and died with him. I could see but one improvement that I could make: That would be to place a marble stone at his head, which would be more enduring than the wooden headboards, but government has even done that for us, and the friends of those who lie there may know that there is at least a bright side now that is in contrast with the uncertainties and agony of mind they endured when their friends were there, and in no selfish way could they reach comfort or aid them.

MRS. H. C. DEVENDORF.

Boston, U.S., December 10, 1875.

PRISON PSALMS.

No. 1.

Alas for our help, and redeem us for Thy mercy's sake.—
Psa. cii. 26.

Heavenly Father, we adore Thee,
In affliction fall before Thee;
Humbly low and supplicate,
Trusting Thee will guide our fate.

To Thee, O Lord, our sins confess,
All our guile and wickedness,
And come to Thee, now weak and poor,
Asking aid, Lord, at Thy door!

Patience and death are here,
Day and night are looking on,
And thousands suffer in the hour,
Unhallowed like prison pain.

Men sleep in all of deepest dye
Sin with a savage heart and high;
With theft and murder by their side,
All love of God and man departs.

Scenes too horrid for the gaze,
Of nightly plunder, daily fears,
Too horrid for the human eye,
Or heart nor cold of sympathy.

Heavenly Father, Thou knowest the sin,
All without and all within—
Thou knowest our wants and Thou shalt give;
We thank Thee, Father, that we live!

Thank, yet from our fearful hearts
Some yearning deep to Thee departs;
For midst affliction, night and day,
What can we better do than pray?

Pray and let our thoughts above
In hope and faith, and trust, and love,
Save us from the wiles of sin;
Purify the soul within!

And from disease our bodies save
Lest soon they languish in the grave!
Shield us, Heaven, from all we fear;
O, may we break these ill away!

Deliver, from affliction's land,
To Thy glory and the good of man—
Lift up the right, confuse the wrong,
Till men the ways of peace are found!

But if foul diseases and weeping pain,
Should send these souls of ours in vain,
Thou take us home unto Thee at last,
'Sweet Father' and eternal rest.

No. 2.

But he still gives His whole charge to keep thee to all thy ways.—*Psalm 119.*

Lo! Thou hast been our dwelling place
Since Time's first morn'g was begun;
Strong shelter by Thy power and grace,
Hidden graciously at Thy feet
And when all other things
Thou dost graciously heed;
From above to us the music rings
Of that All-Potent word—

Oo earth! Thy power is all supreme,
All Hail to thee Thy way,
And all Thy goodness—like the beam
Of Thy perpetual day.
The Heavenly hosts around Thy throne
Sing anthems to their bliss,
And angels from their happy zone
Nods all the din of this

From their bright eth'ral towers
They watch our earthly race,
And scatter in our course sweet flowers
To help us on in grace.
O' who shall say they do not oft
Descend to be in love,
Compassion to us, in sweetest sort,
The words that is above—

How oft dost surely not send
And scatter us in mercy
As heaven's shining cherubim—
Bring messages to those
Dost not just nothing would know
Their heavenly presence lost,
(As oft in prayer, surely they do)
And their shining voices hear.

If there not that these mortal cells
And lower presence bind,
And keep us from the highest hills
That yet communion find,
Yet could our souls close never still
When would the dark—oh! die
We stumble oft on life's steep hill,
To save us from our woe.

They keep us in our better way,
 Though waysward oft we be,
 Though prodigal may go astray
 And blinded cannot see.
 They seek to call us back in love
 And heal our leprous sight—
 There's rejoicing to the world above,
 When sinners turn to light.

But these are those whose sin and ours
 Their presence may not cease—
 Such poor benighted souls below—
 Sweet heavenly love is theirs—
 And so we grovel, knowing not
 Their constant righteousness.
 They'd guide us to our better lot,
 And fit us for its bliss.

O, raise the veil from this dim sphere,
 And let me look beyond,
 And to my prayers, O! let me hear
 Their voices sweet respond!
 O, let their everlasting hymns
 My plating spirit raise
 To join the songs of seraphims,
 God's gracious love to praise!

Military Prison, Andersonville, Ga., July 14, 1864.

No. 3.

I've almost wished that I were dead
 And far beyond the wood and din
 Of this dark world and all its sin,
 Now buried where lay my weary head,
 Nor whose rough hands prepare my bed.

I've sometimes thought it would be sweet
 Where none affliction did oppress,
 And all around me was distress
 For my strong heart to cease to beat,
 In the deathly realm to seek retreat.

O let my spirit rest in peace
 And know no more of war and strife
 That cost all happiness of life.

CHRONICLES OF A WAR PRISONER

And from this bondage seek release
And go where love and joy increase!

And then I've thought it could not be
This world is a redemptless place;
That man is out of reach of grace;
And then I checked the thought in me,
And sighed, and thought, and felt more free;

Thought of all so dear to me,
Of many a happy, peaceful day,
Of loving friends, far, far away
And knew their hearts did yearn for me;
Then hoped that soon I might be free.

Then I thought to die would not be sweet,
Imprisoned, exiled, and oppressed;
To die unheard of and unblessed
And all my fondest hopes defeat;
My life would seem too incomplete.

And I've resolved to struggle still,
Strive not to faint and not to tire,
O'er towering peaks still looking higher,
Trusting in God's most holy will
To make me strong to brook each ill.

Is there no happiness below?
Should I deplore my birthright here?
Who knows the joy for every year?
O! Who should fear to live and do
The work to God and men we owe?

Swift rush the currents to the sea,
And clouds come lowering o'er the way;
The dust of worlds in mutual fray,
And now I trust, but scarce can see,
A higher growing destiny.

I trust, I hope, I almost know
It is the coming of the Lord,
His chariots through the centuries heard,
Leavening the sudden world below;
To prepare the way His armies go.

O, I would live to see that day,
Of which prophets spake and sages wrote,
In great historic days remote;
O, I'd go farther on the way,
Till Freedom's laws all men obey.

Andersonville, Old Military Prison, August 8, 1864.

No. 4.

O, They who was all else before,
Above all else extol'd,
Whom angels reverence, saints adore,
Whom knoweth every want,
We turn to Thee in darkest day
Knowing not the way!

In prison cast, afflicted sore,
Where help of man could scarce be found,
With death and misery at the door,
We turn Thy goodness still aloud.
In Thee we hoped for our release,
Come in Thou hast pleas'd.

Long days of suffering passed away,
Many sank in nameless graves,
But the closing of an autumn day
We heard a cry my heart still craves,
As down the gates were open thrown,
A light momentarily shone.

Out poured the famished, sick and lame,
Overboard to breathe a purer air,
Till to this prison door we came
To feel anew our misery despair;
Hope sunk low, still murmuring ran
Like yills did from the sun.

It had relief our hearts to find,
To come forth from that deadly pen,
To gain some respite from distress
That shamed that host at Anderson;—
To hasten onward miles from there
To fight this new despair.

They were by scores and tens sent forth
Each day—and hundreds were that dead;—

CHRONICLES OF A WAR PRISONER.

Once stalwart men and men of worth;
 From youth and prime the life-glow fled.
 Midst filth and vermin, spite of pride,
 As they had lived they died.

Al! We had hoped to see no more
 Of such dark woe, and yet we feared;
 But it is here, even at the door
 To blast the thought forlorn hopes cheered.
 Still we are prisoners and the foe
 Will not, will not let us go.

Yea, these hard trials come anew,
 And famine stares us in the face;
 Horrors thicken 'round the place
 Making sad and dark our view.
 Yet, dear Lord, we look to Thee
 For our salvation free.

Deliver us, good God, we pray,
 From the hands of bitter foes
 Who seem delighted by our woes.—
 O, haste deliverance day!
 'Tis hard to linger thus distressed,
 Though trusting, yet unblessed.

Unblessed except in faith in Thee,
 Knowing Thou rulest o'er all, Most High!
 E'en though we faint, and rot and die,
 A bird so worthy of Thy note?
 The fall of sparrows Thou dost see?
 From Thee am I remote?

Thanks and praise unto Thy name,
 O, Great and Holy One!
 We bow contentedly at Thy throne
 Whence all life and being came,
 Keep us from famine and from cold,
 Be with us as with those of old.

Purge our hearts from sin, good God!
 And seal them with Thy seal
 Thy grace and wisdom in Thy rod
 'Tis justice oft to feel—
 Off turned be on the better road,
 Off light and peace bestowed.

No. 2.

"Lead me, Father, holding up Thy hand,
I ask not whither, for I trust in Thee."

REV. J. W. GALE

Trials dark, afflictions sore
Have burst upon my soul dire
But Thou shalt safely bring me on
As Israel's folk the Red Sea through
By Thy great power
The sea rolled back its waters' bed
While through the deep and dread abyss
The chosen children waded
Safely to the shore of peace,
Beyond the raging flood
That swamped their swift Egyptian foes
Confused and broken as they rose
From Gilead Mount did Gideon
To Jazeel vale, with doubtful host,
Demoted to the house of Midian
Whom the Lord delivered to his hand.
Nearth an oak in Ephraim came the word
There was an angel of thy Lord
How oft was Israel, when oppressed,
Though fought upon an evil way,
Delivered from her foes, and blessed
By faith in Thee from day to day,
And such deliverance I pray, O God, my
God of mercies! send me now.

O, give us faith, be it our guide,
As Abraham had faith in Thee,
To offer up his son, when told,
A living sacrifice and free—
Yet spare us Isaac, with child,
But make him patient, satisfied,
Thou'lt send an angel to embrace
Thou wilt withhold the fatal rod!
What e'er Thou wilt, oh, give us grace
And lift us to some blissful shade!
Like Joseph tempted in the skies
So let our aspirations rise.

No. 6.

God of our fathers! O, God of all!
 In Thee we live forevermore,
 In all our hearts sweet peace install,
 And make us welcome at Thy door.

Forgive each soul that wrongly slept,
 That it shall seek the rightful way,
 If in the wrong our spirits slept,
 Awake them by Thy heavenly ray.

Thy mercies send our lot to bless, —
 We feel that e'en this woeful place
 Thine fillest with Thy righteousness
 And lightest with Thy holy grace.

For in our hearts doth still abide
 Thy word of truth, and light, and cheer,
 And whatsoever may us baffle
 We'll trust Thy goodness still, nor fear.

Here weak with pain and gaunt our frames,
 Slow fading in this earthly light;
 Parched with chill, then feverish flames
 Unserve by day, disturb by night.

Yet every heart in Thee may trust
 To free our souls from every taint,
 We know Thou lovest, Thou art just,
 That Thou dost hold us when we faint.

Excerpt: 18 C's Confederate Military Prison, November 8, 1864.

[These poems, written as indicated by dates, are inserted in deference to the opinions of a few friends.]

OF FAR AWAY.

The drowsy winds come murmuring in
 And in the old woods roar,
 And the faint November sun
 Cold in the west doth lower,
 And shadows thicken round the door
 Where I have sat at noon's bright ray,
 And I think of those now all the more,
 Who made me happy then and gay,
 For I am sad and far away.

The Gothic house, its windows low;
 Its rattling rails for lightning-rod;
 The chamber where I used to go
 To read, to write and rest,—
 Old fuddled schemes my thoughts infold—
 The old grey hairs the chosen one
 Where mother's hand each huddled nest
 And gambled with a strange delight,
 Ah haud me thoughts this loss twinged!

The red seashouse, the watering place,
 The penstock in the yard;
 The stubbled hills, that southward face,
 Is sadder than an dry old bard;
 The wood tops looking brown and bare;
 The Gull by the picket fence;
 The mountain ash the cattle murred,
 Near the wall where fragrant fragrances
 And roses here twined bouquets, perchance.

The cold west wind sweeps 'cross the field
 And o'er the old causeway;
 The frost-lid leaves in silence field
 Unto the Autumn's away.
 The orchard's bare that blossomed in May,
 White curtains o'er the windows fall,
 The red rays on the carpet lay
 And break against the farther wall;
 These scenes my longing thoughts recall.

Light steps upon the kitchen floor!
 The creaking stool I seem to hear
 Where softly silver waters pour!
 My mother's form is at the door,
 And smiles from appeal—
 My father, ripe with many a year,
 Moves up the dooryard from the gate;
 A living voice his heart hath cheer;
 My sister hith upon him well,
 The gods and stay of the estate.

Now, sitting by her bedroom door
 One grown venerable and fair,
 As she was wont in days before—
 Sits in her highback rocking chair;
 And her hand across were with care.

CHRONICLES OF A WAR PRISONER.

She speaks of those dear to her heart,
 Of one far away she knows not where;
 Of both with whom 'twas hard to part,
 And soon her eyes tears often start.

Now when the evening draweth nigh,
 Twilight's gray streamer is poured,
 Shadows come o'er earth and sky
 Like curtains softly lowered.
 They gather round the family board—
 My father's board was always free;
 Who would right share the riches stored
 By dint of virtuous industry,
 How gladly would they share with me!

But the sun will rise and set again,
 I know not how many times it will;
 November's fog and cheerless rain
 Will dust and fall upon the hill,
 The ice below may flow and fill,
 And winter snows as they have been,
 And I may be here still,
 Within this cold and dreary den;
 A living tomb, a hell of men.

POETRY. 2 C. Millbury Prison, November, 1864.

PILGRIMAGE.

Childhood has its golden charms,
 Mesmerizing through the maze,
 And thought of it I know disarms
 The roots of later days.

The sweetest dew of verdant morn,
 The gentlest April showers,
 Wake from the mould the germ forlorn,
 And lift the happiest flowers.

The warm sun comes, the warm bright sun,
 And all the day it shines
 Till washing in the west sky run
 The sunset crimson lines.

Day light goes, the twilight comes
 Then cooler, darker shades;

Then bright white silks set by the sun
As bold as modest clouds.

Then deeper grew their silver glory,
As darker fell the sun,
And later still, more bright appear'd
The sunbeams to the day.

The herbage everywhere of the night
The plants from various groves,
And all the soft, star-lit night
There is a fresher glow.

Peasants green and green more green
Meadows begin to wait,
The grove, and even in forest woods
The dewy air and July.

Then dark thick clouds begin the work,
And darker Southern sky
And looms with that light to rest
Dark ferns white grove and high.

Then thunder roll and all the air,
And rain to torrents fall,
Thick, soft and down the mountain fair
And land against the wall.

Then with the storm the dreary storm
The clouds break off in sheets,
The atmosphere down quick reform
And with the sudden storm.

The squall comes again, again
The storm-lust breaking inside
Of thorn and grass, and corn, and grain
Rake from their happy beds.

Bright sun and white and silver glow,
The earth is washed and
And fruitful fields all white now
Even harvests of your door.

The sun shows that the gale had been,
Have brought their good supplies,

CHRONICLES OF A WAR PRISONER

The air is rich with sweetest scent
 From the evening skies.

And everywhere there is a beam
 Of happiness and love;
 The storms that once did adverse seem,
 Have helped to lift above.

The spring of life, the summer come,
 The harvests' glorious show;
 I would my life were such a tone
 For all the winds might blow,

I would it were!—oh, may it be!
 Would I be spared the lore
 That makes the spirit truly free
 When its pilgrimage is o'er?

No; I must toil from door to door,
 Nor lay aside my staff,
 Nor think my day's toil is all o'er
 While yet unfinished half.

The angel that I seek afar,
 Throws open wide her door,
 And beckons me on from star to star,
 And smiling will no more.

On clouds grow dark and rough the way,
 Betimes I cannot see;
 And I have sighed, oh, many a day,
 Hard is the lot for me.

Then jelled the storms that rolled above;
 There glows a beam more fair;
 I stranger grow in my sweet love
 E'en fainting with despair.

O, shall that Paradisi hour
 Ever greet my parting soul,
 When like a full-matured flower
 I shall have gained the goal?

But the angel sought is far away,
 Still smiling at her gates,
 And says to me: "This is the way,"
 And watches, chides and waits.

APPENDIX.

CONFEDERATE TESTIMONY.

Statement of Dr. Jones, Professor in the Medical College of Georgia

Beginning on page 121, serial number 121, of the War Record, is a report as to the condition at Andersonville in the summer and autumn of 1864, prepared by Dr. Joseph Jones, Professor of Medical Chemistry in the Medical College of Georgia, at Augusta, Georgia, by authority of Surgeon-General Moore of the Confederacy, and was to have been presented to him at Richmond, and the sailing of the ship being prevented, it fell into Federal hands and was sent to the United States War Department and used by Judge-Advocate W. P. Chittenden as evidence. Dr. Jones also being a witness in show the competency of this report as evidence and its accuracy against Henry Wirz in his trial before the military commission charged with murder of Union prisoners while in charge at Andersonville. Wirz was convicted and hanged November 10, 1865. Considerative of my diary, I use the substance of that report which is remarkable for frankness in stating the truth, and in the absence of any defense of our keepers for the terrible condition that prevailed, magnanimously putting the responsibility upon his own government. It being loosely written its value is preserved in condensed form in which the language used is that of the Confederate doctor, eliminating superfluous sentences, and removing complicated relations which would confuse plain statements. The significance of the document lies in the candor with which it tells some of the facts relative to the management and consequent conditions at Andersonville, which had its weight in the conviction of Wirz. Dr. Jones states that it was in Richmond that he heard of the horrors at Andersonville, so it is the regrettable that the Confederate authorities were ignorant of the situation. Dr. Jones began:

"Knowing of the unusual mortality of Federal prisoners suffered at Andersonville, Ga., in August, 1864, during a visit to Richmond, Va., I expressed to the surgeon general, S. P. Moore, Confederate States of America, a desire to visit Camp Sumter, with the design of formulating a series of inquiries upon the nature and causes of the prevailing diseases. . . . It was believed that a large body of men from Northern United States, suddenly transported to a Southern climate, and confined upon a small portion of land, would furnish an excellent field for the investigation of the epidemics of typhus, typhoid, and malarial fevers. The surgeon general of the Confederate States of America furnished me with the letter of introduction to the surgeon in charge (Isiah H. Wilder) of the Confederate States Military Prison at Andersonville, Georgia."

After describing the constructive features of the prison which are previously stated, he says:

"Within the circumscribed area of the stockade Federal prisoners were compelled to perform all the offices of life. . . . Prisoners were crowded into the confined space, until in the month of June the average number of square feet of ground to each prisoner was only 33.2 or less than four square yards. These figures represented the condition of the stockade in a better light than it was; for a considerable breadth of land along the stream, flowing from west to east between the hills, was low and boggy, and was covered with excrement, and rendered uninhabitable, and useless for every purpose except that of defecation. . . .

No shade trees were left in the stockade. With their characteristic industry and ingenuity, the Federals constructed for themselves small huts and caves, and attempted to shield themselves from the rain and sun and night damps. . . . In the location of these huts no order appears to have been followed; regular streets appear out of the question in so crowded an area; especially as large bodies of prisoners were from time to time added suddenly without previous preparations. . . .

"The large number of men confined soon covered the surface of the low grounds with excrement. The dikes over the lower portions of the stream were imperfect in place. The volume of water was not sufficient to wash away the feces, and as they accumulated in such quantities in the lower portion of the stream as to form a mass of mud excrement. Heavy rains caused the stream to rise, and as the arrangements for the passage of the increased amounts of water out of the stockade were insufficient, the liquid soon overflowed the low grounds and covered them several inches, after the subsidence of the waters. The action of the sun upon this substance mass of excrement excited rapid fermentation and developed a horrible stench. . . . As the forces of prisoners were reduced by starvation, want of exercise, improper diet, surfeit, dirtiness, and misery, they were unable to occupy their bowels within the stream or along its banks, and the excrements were deposited at the very doors of their tents. . . . The accommodations for the sick were imperfect and insufficient. From the inauguration of the prison, February 24 1864, to May 22 the sick were treated within the stockade. In the crowded condition of the stockade it was impossible to secure proper ventilation or to maintain necessary police. The hospital was on the 22d of May, removed to the present site without the stockade, and five acres of ground covered with sods and pine appropriated to the use of the sick. The supply of medical supplies had been insufficient from the foundation of the prison. . . .

"From the want of proper police and hygienic regulations it

it not wonderful that from February 24 to September 21, 1864, over thousands upon thousands and seventy-five deaths nearly equalled the entire number of prisoners, should have been recorded. I found the stockade and hospital in the following conditions during our pathological investigations, instituted in the month of September, 1864:

"At the time of my visit to Andersonville a large number of Federal prisoners had been removed to Milledgeville, Charleston, Florence, and other parts of the Confederacy, in anticipation of an advance of General Sherman's forces; however, about 12,000 remained confined in the stockade and hospital. . . .

"Each day the dead from the stockade were carried out by fellow-prisoners and deposited upon the ground under a high arbor, just outside of the southwestern gate. From thence they were carried in carts to the burying ground, one-quarter of a mile northwest of the prison. The dead were buried without surface side by side in trenches four feet deep.

"The low grounds bordering the stream were covered with human excrements and filth of all kinds which was alive with maggots. An insupportable stinking stench arose from these fermenting masses of filth.

"There were over five thousand seriously ill Federal in the stockade and hospital. Deaths exceeded one hundred per day. Large numbers of prisoners who were walking about and who had not been visited upon the sick reports, were suffering from severe and incurable diarrhoea, dysentery, and scurvy. The sick were attended almost entirely by fellow-prisoners, appointed as nurses, and as they received but little attention, they were compelled to exert themselves at all times in all kinds of nature; hence they retained the power of moving about to within a comparatively short period of the close of life. Owing to the slow progress of diseases most prevalent, diarrhoea and chronic dysentery, the corpses as a rule are emaciated.

"I visited two thousand sick within the stockade, lying under long sheds erected here in August, which had been built at the northern portion for themselves. At this time only one medical officer was in attendance, whereas at least twenty medical officers should have been employed.

"Scurvy, diarrhoea, dysentery, and gangrene were prevailing diseases. I was surprised to find but few cases of malarial fever, and no well marked cases of typhus or typhoid fever. The absence of the different forms of malarial fever may be accounted for in the supposition that the artificial atmosphere of the stockade, crowded densely with human beings and loaded with animal exhalations, was unfavorable to malarial poison. . . .

"Effects of scurvy were manifest on every hand, in all its

CHRONICLES OF A WAR PRISONER.

vious stages, from the sallow, pale complexion, pale gums, feeble, rigid muscular motions, lowness of spirits, and fetid breath, to a dusky, dry, leaden complexion, swollen features, spongy, purple livid, fungoid bleeding gums, loose teeth, oedematous state, covered with livid effluvia and petechiae spasmodically fixed, painful and hardened extremities, spontaneous hemorrhages from mucous canals, and large, ill-conditioned, spreading sores covered with a dark purplish fungus growth. I observed in some cases of scurvy the parotid glands were swollen, to such an extent as to preclude entirely the power to articulate, saliva also appeared. . . . Severe pains and livid patches were associated with swellings in various parts, especially in the lower extremities, accompanied with stiffness and contractions of the knee joints and ankles, often preventing the motion of the limbs over the swollen parts. . . . I observed numerous cases of gangrene, and spreading scorbutic ulcers, which had superadded upon slight injuries. The scorbutic ulcers presented a dark, purple, fungoid, elevated surface, with livid swollen edges, and exuded a thin, fetid, sanguinous fluid, instead of pus. Many ulcers which originated from the scorbutic condition of the system became gangrenous. . . . From the crowded, filthy condition, and ill, and debilitated, depressed condition of prisoners, their eyes had become so disordered that the smallest abrasion of the cornea, from the rubbing of a shoe, effects of the sun, the prick of a thorn, from scratching, or a mosquito bite, in some cases, took on a rapid and frightful ulceration and gangrene. The long total deprivation of vegetables and fruit are the chief causes of scurvy. Carefully examined the bakery and the bread furnished the prisoners, and found that they were supplied almost entirely with corn-bread from which the husk had not been separated. This husk acted as an irritant to the alimentary canal without adding nutriment. . . . I strongly urged the preparation of large quantities of soup made from the cow's and calves' heads with the ears and tongues, to which a liberal supply of sweet potatoes and vegetables might be advantageously added. The material existed in abundance for the preparation of such soup in large quantities without little additional expense. Such aliment would have been not only highly nutritious, but it would have acted as an efficient remedial agent for the removal of the scorbutic condition. The sick within the stockade lay under several long sheds, these sheds covered two floors which were open on all sides, the sick lay upon the bare boards or upon such ragged blankets as they possessed, without any bedding or even straw. (Building these sheds is mentioned in my Chronicle in August).

"The haggard, distressed countenances of these miserable, emaciated, dejected, living skeletons, crying for medical aid and

food and crying their government for the refusal to exchange prisoners and the ghastly corpse, with their glazed eye balls staring up into vacant space, with the lips hanging open and open and glooming mouths, and over their ragged clothes infested with lice, as they lay amongst the sick and dying, formed a picture of helpless hopeless misery which it would be impossible to portray by words or by brush. A feeling of disappointment and even resentment on account of the United States government upon the subject of the exchange of prisoners appeared to be widespread, and the constant hopeless nature of the negotiations for some general exchange of prisoners appeared to be a cause of deep and injurious despondency. . . . A hundred or more prisoners had been released from confinement in the stockade on parole and filled various offices as clerks, druggists, carpenters, etc. . . .

Patients and attendants, over two thousand, were crowded into one confined space but poorly supplied with ragged beds. Large numbers without blankets lay upon the ground, others without even a blanket. No beds or covers appeared. The tents extend to within a few yards of the small stream, the eastern portion of which, used as a privy and is loaded with excrement. I observed a large pile of wet bread, cakes, and bits of all kinds thirty feet in diameter and several feet high, swarming with myriads of flies over the pots used for cooking. Millions of flies swarmed over everything, covered the faces of sleeping patients, crawled down their open mouths and deposited their maggots in the gruesome wounds of the living, and in the remains of the dead. Mosquitoes infested the tents, many patients were so stung by these insects that they resembled those suffering from measles.

The police and hygiene of the hospital were defective in the extreme, actually . . . seemed to have in many cases but little interest in the welfare of their fellow-captives. They carefully appeared to neglect the comfort and cleanliness of the sick unthinkingly, even after making due allowances for the difficulties of the situation. Many of the sick were literally infested with flies and flies and covered with vermin. When a gangrenous wound needed washing the bath was thrust out and water poured over it, and all the putrefactive matter allowed to soak into the ground from of the tent. The supply of rags for dressing wounds was very poor. I saw the most filthy rags which had been applied to wounds and imperfectly washed in lukewarm water. Where gangrene was prevailing, it was impossible to escape contagion. The results of the treatment of wounds in the hospital were of the most satisfactory character, from this respect as well as from various other causes. I saw gangrenous wounds filled with maggots. . . . This sort of cleanliness appeared to be the result of carelessness and inattention, rather than of ma-

gross neglect, and the whole trouble can be traced to the want of proper police and sanitary regulations, and total absence of systems. In calculation of these abuses it was alleged by medical officers that Confederate troops were barely sufficient to guard prisoners, and it was impossible to obtain experienced nurses from Confederate forces.

The manner of disposing of the dead was calculated to depress the humaning spirits of those men, many of whom have been confined for months, even for nearly two years in Richmond and other places, and whose strength had been wasted by bad air, bad food, and overcrowding. The dead-house is merely a frame covered with a tarpaulin and built and situated in the north-western corner of the hospital grounds. When a patient dies, he is laid on the narrow boards in front of his feet, until he is removed by the Federal negroes to be carried off the dead, if a patient dies during the night, he lies there until the morning, and during the day the dead frequently remained for hours in these walks. In the dead-house the corpses lie upon the bare ground, and were covered with straw and vermin.

The cooking arrangements are of the most defective character. Five large iron pots similar to those used for boiling sugar cane, were the only cooking utensils furnished for the cooking of ten thousand men, and patients were dependent in great measure upon their own miserable stoves.

The air of the hospital was foul to the extreme. The entire grounds emitted a noxious disgusting smell. I entered several cell-vents and carefully examined causes of interest, especially cases of gangrene. During the prosecution of my pathological inquiries at Annapolis, and enjoyed every opportunity to judge correctly of the hygiene and police of the hospital.

There appeared to be almost absolute indifference and neglect of personal cleanliness, the presence and sitting of patients in most instances, many of them suffering with gangrene and mortification about the neck, in the extremities, and with vermin. Patients were conveyed from the stocks in most deplorable condition. I saw men brought from the stocks in a dying condition, sometimes from head to foot with their eyes excoriated, and so black from smoke and filth that they resembled negroes rather than white men. . . .

During six months, the 1st of March to the 31st of August, 1864, cases of disease and wounds were reported. No classified record of the sick in the stocks was kept after the establishment of the hospital without the prison. This fact in conjunction with those already announced relating to the inactivity of medical officers and the intense disease and death of many prisoners in the stocks, without any medical attention or record beyond the

Large numbers of the small, dark-colored fish that these figures imply are they, however, are far below the 1000. * * *

"We observe a progressive increase of the rate of mortality, from 3.11 per cent. in March to 3.93 per cent. of mean strength, sick and well, in August. The rate of mortality continued to increase during September, but notwithstanding the removal of one-half of the entire number of prisoners during the early portion of the month, one thousand seven hundred and forty-seven (1,747) deaths are registered from September 1 to 15, and the largest number of deaths upon any one day occurred during this month on the 15th, viz.: one hundred and thirteen.

"The entire number of Federal prisoners confined at Andersonville was about 4,411, and during the period of near seven months from February 14 to September 21, 1862, deaths were recorded; that is, during this period near one-fourth, or more, respectively was 42 or 25.3 per cent, hospitalized patients. The increase of mortality was due to great measures to the deterioration of the sources of disease, or the increase of exposure, and loss of all kinds, and the concentration of noxious effluvia.

His Conclusion

"The great difficulty among Federalists is the will to tolerate a Federalist in the military prison at Fort Mifflin. A Federalist is a traitor, a deserter, or in the eyes of the Federalist, a deserter."

The chief causes of death, were weakness and its results and bowed affections—chronic and acute dyspepsia and dysuria. Typhoid fever appeared to have been due to the diet and the depressed, debilitated state of the nervous system and mental and intellectual powers, and to the effluvia arising from decomposing filth. The unvarying diet of corn-meal, with one few vegetables, and no perfect supplies of vinegar and butter, was no doubt a great prevalence of scurvy. This disease, without doubt, was also aided by an important extent to its origin and progress by food unwholesome.

"From the exposure of the foot and the action of poisonous gases in the densely crowded and filthy streets and hospitals the blood was altered in its constitution, even before the manifestation of actual disease. In both the well and the sick the red corpuscles were diminished; in all disease accompanied with inflammation, the fibrous element was deficient. In cases of ulceration of the mucous membrane of the intestinal canal, the fibrinous element of the blood was increased, while in simple diarrhoea, uncomplicated with ulceration it was diminished or remained stationary. Heart clots were common, if not always present, in cases of ulceration of the intestinal mucous membrane, while in the venous clots of diarrhoea and dysentery, the blood was fluid and did not coagulate readily, and the heart clots an

fibrinous concretions were almost universally absent. From the watery condition of the blood, there resulted various serous effusions into the pericardium, ventricles of the brain, and into the abdomen. In almost all the cases which I examined after death, even the most emaciated, there was more or less serous effusion into the abdominal cavity. In cases of gangrene of the extremities, and of the interstices, heart clots and fibrinous coagula were universally present. * * *

"The fact that gangrene appeared in the stockade first, and originated spontaneously without previous contagion, and occurred sporadically all over the stockade and prison hospital, was proof positive that this disease will arise whenever the conditions of breathing filth, foul air and bad diet are present. The exhalations from the hospital and stockade appeared to exert their effects to a considerable distance outside of these localities. The origin of gangrene among these prisoners appeared clearly to depend upon the state of the general system induced by diet and external noxious influences. The rapidity of the appearance and action of gangrene depended upon the powers and state of the constitution, as well as upon the intensity of poison in the atmosphere, or upon the direct application of poisonous matter to the wounded surface. This was further illustrated by the fact that gangrene, or a disease resembling it in all essential respects, attacked the infestinal canal of patients laboring under ulceration of the bowels, although there were no local manifestations of gangrene upon the surface of the body. This mode of termination in cases of dysentery was quite common in the foul atmosphere of the Confederate States Military Hospital, in the depressed, depressed condition of the system of Federal prisoners.

"A scorbatic condition of the system appeared to favor the origin of foul ulcers, which frequently took on gangrene. Scurvy and gangrene frequently existed in the same individual. In such cases, vegetable diet, with vegetable acids would remove the scorbatic condition without curing the gangrene. * * * As in the present case of Andersonville, so also in past times when medical hygiene was almost entirely neglected, these two diseases were almost universally associated in crowded ships. In many cases it was very difficult to decide whether the ulcer was a simple result of scurvy or of the action of prison gangrene, for there was great similarity in the appearance of ulcers in the two diseases." * * *

After saying that in this foul atmosphere amputation, though freely practiced for gangrene, did no good: that the disease reformed and patients died from it, and from prevailing bowel troubles; that ordinary medicines did no good owing to bad conditions, he continues:

"I endeavored to impress upon the medical officers the view that in this disease treatment was almost useless without an abundant supply of pure, fresh air, nutritious food, and tonic and stimulants. Such changes, however, as would allow of the limitation of the cases of gangrene appeared to be out of the power of the medical officers."

"Finally, this gigantic mass of human misery calls loudly for relief, not only for the sake of suffering humanity, but also on account of our own brave soldiers now captives to the hands of the Federal government. Strict justice to the gallant men of the Confederate armies, who have been or may be so unfortunate as to be compelled to surrender in battle, demands that the Confederate government should adopt that course which will best secure their health and comfort in captivity or at least leave their enemies without a shadow of an excuse for any violation of the rules of civilized warfare in the treatment of prisoners."

EDITOR'S COMMENTS.

The last paragraph of Dr. Jones provides a smile, wherein he urges the Richmond government to remedy the great evils he describes so that the Federals would find no cause to rejoice the less of war in the treatment of prisoners. He may have been unaware that his honest, humane plea virtually accused his government of being guilty of such violations. His report proved it guilty beyond question.

The variation from month to month in the proportion of deaths in the prisoner living is interesting. Facts taken from the official report, show:

In April one in every sixteen died.
In May one in every twenty-six died.
In June one in every twenty-two died.
In July one in every eighteen died.
In August one in every eleven died.
In September one in every three died.
In October one in every two died.
In November one in every three died.

Think of the magnitude of this horror. Tell any one you hear of an epidemic so fatal that one-third of those attacked by it in one month died; one-half of the remainder the next month and one-third of the remainder the next month?

Dr. Jones' report from prison records, puts the total number of Federals imprisoned at Andersonville at 49,511. The cemetery records show 14,714 deaths, nearly one-third of the number sustained. Only 28,895 came out alive. Of these doubtless 10,000 died in persons to which they were transferred, and in transit, and after reaching our lines because of disorders contracted in this

The first of these is the fact that the birds are not always found in the same places at the same time. This is due to the fact that the birds are not always found in the same places at the same time.

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Notes on the Breeding Habits

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CHRONICLES OF A WAR PRISONER.

EDITOR'S LAST SAY.

What better can be said of Florence and several other Confederate military prisons?

The sudden death of Winder as he was entering a banquetting tent for officers at Andersonville the evening of January 1, 1865, doubtless saved him from the fate that later overtook Wirz. And if Davis had been tried as an accessory to the fact, what could have been his end? In fact, were not Wirz, Winder, and others accessories, and was not the principal at Richmond, as Mr. Blaine saw it?

ADDENDA.

The quotation on page 126 escaped proof reading and was not redited. It should read:

Seeing too much sadness has congealed your blood
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy.

Frame your mind in mirth and merriment,
Which turns a thousand harms and lengthens life.
Shakespeare.

The word "Guerilla" for the use intended, should have been spelled "Guerrilla." A few other slight errors escaped attention in proof correction.

B

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